Summer, 1965 OW/K

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JACK HAYS INTREPID TEXAS RANGER

Flacco, celebrated Lipan, once said of an Indian friend, "Blue Wing and I no 'fraid to go to hell together; Captain Jack, great brave, no 'fraid to go to hell by himself."

AND ANOTHER

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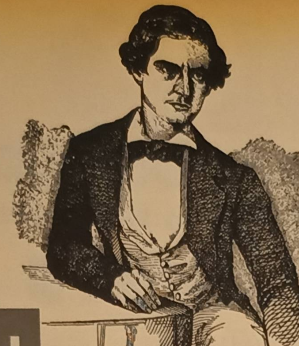
OLD WEST

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

Summer, 1965
VOL. 1, NO. 4



BOOK BONUS!

JACK HAYS

INTREPID TEXAS RANGER

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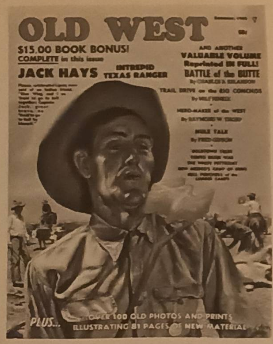
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Nearly All . . .

IF YOU haven't already done so, take a long look at the cover. It appeared on TRUE WEST Number Three, dated Winter, 1953. We have had more comment on it than any other cover we have ever run and we have printed sixty-eight issues of TRUE WEST and thirty-four issues of FRONTIER TIMES! IS THAT POSSIBLE! There are times when I thought we'd never make a round dozen—like on that Number Three issue of TRUE WEST which we thought just *might* be our last! We were considerably more in debt by that time than the amount of capital we had at the beginning. With four issues a year at the start, and six issues a year since Number Three—that represents a *long* time!

This issue of OLD WEST will give you a good idea of what this magazine will be like when we stop reprinting the old issues of TRUE WEST and have OLD WEST a completely new magazine. For you late-comers, we are republishing a few of the early and practically unavailable copies of TRUE WEST along with an old book and much extra new material. For instance, we had to leave out Norm Wiltsey's long Indian story which was reprinted in his own book, as well as several that were reprinted in THE BEST OF TRUE WEST so that eighty-one pages in this issue are new and fifteen pages are reprint of the valuable TRUE WEST Number Three.

Therefore, almost all of this issue is new and it might be a good time to ask you folks just how far you think we should go in reprinting those first issues of TRUE WEST. Most of you can't get them at all and those who do have to pay from $5.00 to $30.00—depending on the owner and how badly he needs the money! It is just as easy for us (and, I believe, not quite as costly!) to publish a brand new magazine—so when the time is ripe, let us know.

You've already written that you like old pictures. There are around 100 in this issue! Also, as you noticed on the cover, we are running *two* books this time—BATTLE OF THE BUTTE, a paperback which sold for $1.50 when it was published, and the Jack Hays book which is valued at $15.00 now. Take the Jack Hays book, for instance: You could buy the next thirty issues of OLD WEST with what it costs alone. Add the other book, the new features, and the valuable old Number Three TRUE WEST and perhaps you'll get a better picture of what we're trying to do.

NO, we aren't just trying to pile up merely "valuable" items to impress you—we are trying to publish the best dad-burned authentic Western Americana magazine in the world and give you one dickens of a bonus for your money at the same time! Many of us just can't go out and buy all the rare good books we'd like to read when they cost from $10 on up to $100 and over in some instances. But in the pages of OLD WEST you'll find these old books in every issue and we already have bought some that sell for $30, $70 and $100. Perhaps I am putting too much "value" on value—but in our estimation, and I am sure in yours as well, these books must be *good* as well as rare. Even a book selling for as much as $500 would not be considered here if it weren't a tail-wringer in excellence, and interesting reading as well.

One thing we are watching closely—we feel there must be wide variety in these books. The last issue, for instance, carried the final half of GOLD TRAILS (we publish them in one issue unless they are unusually long!) which was about Alaska and Canada, and now we're dropping down into Texas for Jack Hays. We'll cover the entire Old West's geographical boundaries with these books.

A little more about Jack Hays—we don't want you to miss it! We are especially glad to bring you this one. To many people, Jack Hays is the most heroic and daring of all the Texas Rangers. And he played almost as big a part in California's history as he did in Texas', for he went there shortly after the gold rush began and made it his permanent home.

The Jack Hays book is really a compilation of his Ranger experiences supplied by friends and the men who fought with him. It was prepared while Hays was still living and he had an opportunity to add or delete material as he saw fit. Because modesty was such an integral part of his character, exaggeration of events was not countenanced. Some of his experiences are almost unbelievable—but they are true. It is not unusual to find daring in a young man—it is, however, unusual to find it backed up by mature judgment, a deep sense of responsibility, and the ability to capitalize on "the long chance." Hays was such a man, and many a grizzled veteran of the frontier army found himself shooting a little straighter and pulling his belt a little tighter when he rode with "Captain Jack."

BEFORE I go any farther I want to say if you missed "Cow by the Tail!" in FRONTIER TIMES—*don't!* From the boys who really should know, we have had letters saying that this is one of the best, most accurate and down-to-earth stories of an old cowboy that was ever written! Also, be on the lookout for "The White Red Man" in the June TRUE WEST. It is our pick for the best long story we have ever run in that magazine—and we have published sixty-eight issues, remember!

Now for a few words on what is coming up—sort of future plans in general. We have a book that we haven't completely cleared yet that is so good I won't even mention its name. How is that for sounding interesting and saying nothing? Then there is a long out of print book, valued at $30, written by Sarah Winnemucca about her tribe and their relations with the whites. It is one of the first published protests ever written by an American Indian. Here is a quote from one of our own Army officers of that day: "During the campaign against the Bannock, Piute, and Weiser Indians this summer, Sarah Winnemucca has rendered the troops valuable assistance. She has been constantly in the field, enduring hardships that strong men have succumbed under."

Sarah was determined to bring about a cessation of hostilities. This she accomplished but, in effect, the white man betrayed her, after all—or at least the Indian agents tried to. Her book LIFE AMONG THE PIUTES is an unusual appeal for justice—and it was written almost ninety years ago!

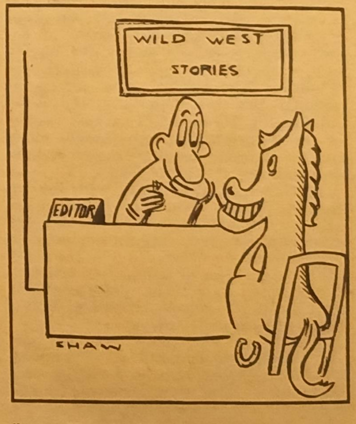
Also, from now on, we'll publish TWO issues of the old TRUE WEST instead of one. You see, we got so "pore" after the third issue that we had to cut the pages down by sixteen. When you take out the advertising from two of those issues you can run both of them in OLD WEST and take up roughly only one-third of the space! You see, by not using advertising in OLD WEST, we are giving you all meat—no bones, hide nor hair!

I think you'll like the cover on OLD WEST Number Five. It is a wide thing and we nearly went crazy trying to figure out how to use the best part of it on the front cover—so we wound up using all of it on both covers. In short, it starts on the front cover and winds right on back across the back cover and is a beautiful, panoramic view of old Virginia City, Nevada.

Honestly, the future looks good for OLD WEST. It makes me sort of half resentful. The way you are buying it on the newsstands edges me right out of my "crying editorial" corner. I sure enjoyed writing those corny things—and if you thought I was kidding, you should have come by our house for supper about that time!

Enough about business. How is your vinegarhopperitis this kind of weather? I note two friends in the hospital and many acquaintances walking around like zombies right now and my office force tells me I'm looking a little peaked myself. Seems like purtnigh everybody has at least a tetch of some sort of itis or virus these days not to mention hyperconforminanity. Just talking about it makes my right shoulder feel worse, and I'd go to the doctor but for the fact that the last time I went, he spent nearly the whole office call telling me his own ailments! I hope this has done you some good since you certainly should get something for your 50¢!

So long—see you later.—Joe



". . . Yes, it does have a different approach."

Photographs illustrating this feature are taken from Mr. Erlanson's book and were furnished from the following sources: Historical Society of Montana, Helena; The Smithsonian Institution; University of Wyoming, Cheyenne; U.S. Signal Corps; Miles City Star, and the author's private collection.

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BATTLE of the BUTTE

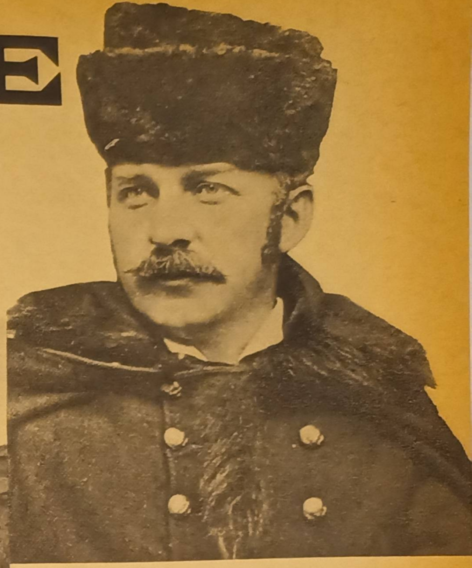
DEDICATION

To the soldiers of the Indian wars, stationed along the far-flung frontier, although the pay was low, food often of poor quality, shelter inadequate, diversion practically nonexistent; yet, who, when duty called, were always ready to make the supreme sacrifice in order that the boundaries of civilization might expand.

To the American Indians—the Soldiers of the Plains, who dearly loved their native land, their families and their mode of life; who fought bravely and well against overwhelming odds for the land they considered as rightfully their own.

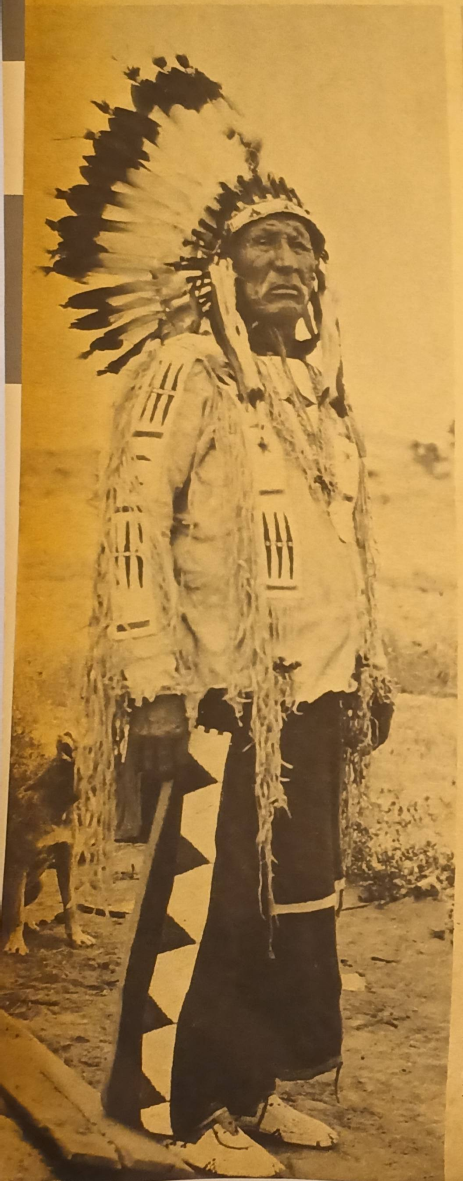
General Miles' Fight With The Indians on Tongue River, January 8, 1877

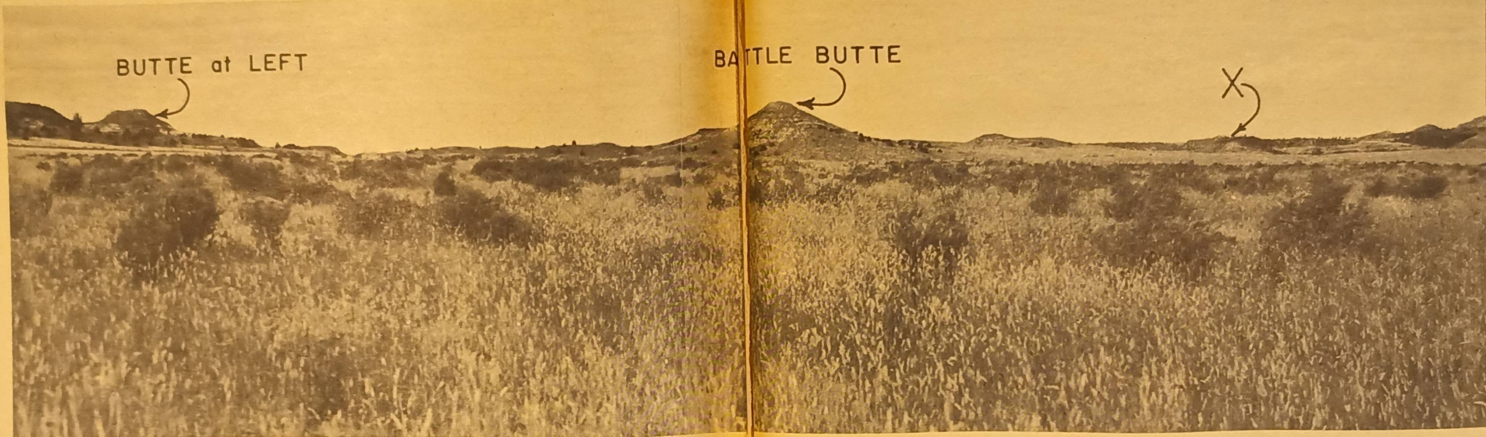
By CHARLES B. ERLANSON



Historical Society of Montana, Helena

General Nelson A. Miles





At left, Wooden Leg, noted Cheyenne warrior who participated in the battle. During the early Thirties, he gave the author much valuable information concerning Indian warfare and tribal life in general. Center spread photo shows the battlefield terrain. The X at right marks the position the Indians held, extending across to the butte on the left, at the opening of the battle.

Foreword by Jennie Williams, Sheridan, Wyoming, July 23, 1963: Charles B. Erlanson, the author of this booklet, came in 1911 to Montana where he worked on the Flying V Ranch, which at that time in conjunction with the old Three Circle outfit ran 6,000 head of cattle on the Cheyenne Reservation. For fifty years Mr. Erlanson rode the range in the region where the Battle of the Butte took place. He knows the terrain intimately. He learned to admire the "Fighting Cheyennes," who strove so valiantly for their homeland, the Rosebud country. He also feels a vast respect for the rugged soldiers who fought along our last frontier, helping to advance the civilization of the white man.

In "General Miles' Fight with the Indians on Tongue River" Mr. Erlanson has given us a graphic account of a military action that has been largely neglected in the annals of the West. He tells the story without flourishes or literary embroidery of any kind—as starkly realistic as the event itself. If you like history ungarnished, this book is for you.

ON THE twenty-ninth of December, 1876, General Nelson A. Miles left the cantonment at the mouth of Tongue River and started for the villages of the Ogallalas, under Crazy Horse, and the Northern Cheyennes. The Indians were believed to be located on that stream near the mouth of Otter Creek. General Miles' command consisted of five companies of the Fifth Infantry and two of the Twenty-second, some white scouts, two Crow scouts and one Bannock—in all, 436 men. There were two pieces of artillery, one a bronze Napoleon cannon and the other a three-inch Rodman, which were concealed by placing bows and spreading canvas over them, and putting them right in the wagontrain to make them less conspicuous to the sharp eyes of the Indians.

The troops started out on their campaign in very inclement weather, the thermometer registering thirty degrees below zero and the snow over a foot deep on the level. However, the men were splendidly equipped for such a trip. In addition to the usual warm woolen uniforms, they had cut up woolen blankets and made themselves heavy, warm underclothing. Then, for outer garments, most of them wore fur caps and had provided themselves with woolen masks, covering the entire head except for eyes and nose. Though most of the men had buffalo overcoats, a few wore the regular infantry overcoat of light blue wool. All were well supplied with heavy warm mittens and generally wore two or three pairs of trousers made of heavy, pale blue "Kersey" wool cloth. For footwear they were supplied with arctics or buffalo hide overshoes, and many of them had buffalo moccasins as well.

The command was abundantly supplied with food, bedding, and clothing, and no effort was spared in trying to protect both men and animals against the severity of that intense cold. As it was fully realized how essential it was to keep the riding animals and those used in the wagontrain in full flesh, they were fed an abundance of corn, the very best feed for cold weather, and given hay when it could be obtained, which wasn't very often, depending on what forage could be found.

Though General Sherman himself had directed that Miles was to build a cantonment at the mouth of Tongue River and occupy it that winter, there was nothing in that order that contemplated a winter campaign. In fact, at that period it was generally conceded that the cold was so intense in what was known as the "Powder River Country" that it was impossible for white men to winter there except in a well-prepared shelter. When Miles remarked to General Terry, the departmental commander, that if given proper supplies and a reasonable force, he would clear the Indians out of that country before spring, General Terry replied that it was impossible to campaign in the winter, as the troops could not contend against the elements.

General Miles, however, thought differently. He reasoned that if the Indians could live in that country in skin tepees in winter, even though camped in sheltered valleys and not required to move, that white people, with their superior appliances, could be equipped not only to exist in tents, but to move about under any and all circumstances. Furthermore, the General thought it illogical to try to occupy that country in conjunction with several hostile bands, as there were bound to be clashes with the enemy sooner or later, and the only way to make it tenable for the troops was to make it untenable for the Indians.

AS SOON AS General Miles learned that he had been designated to occupy that country, he decided upon a vigorous, active winter campaign. Experience had taught him that the only logical time to fight Indians was in wintertime when they were unable to move any great distance. However, the General fully appreciated the terrors of that rigorous climate and set about to equip the command as thoroughly as if it were going into the Arctic regions. In fact, the winter of 1876-77 was so intensely cold in the Powder River Country that it was nearly equal to that encountered by Greely and other polar explorers.

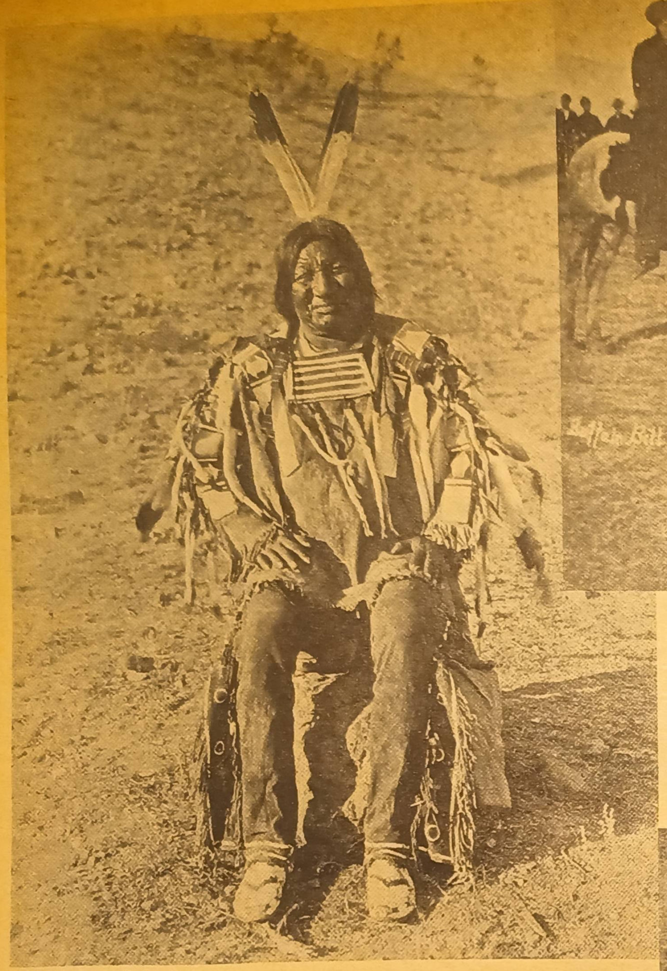
During the campaigns that winter the mercurial thermometers the troops had with them froze solid; and the following winter when spirit thermometers were obtained, they registered at 66 degrees below zero. Though it can readily be seen that a winter campaign under the above mentioned circumstances could be a highly dangerous undertaking, subsequent developments proved that Miles had been right on all counts. Only a few days before the departure of the troops, an Indian raiding party suddenly swooped down on the outskirts of the cantonment and drove off the biggest part of the beef herd, and a good portion of the horses. Had the troops not taken the field when they did, those raids would have continued all winter.

On the first of January, the troops having neared a hunting camp of the Indians, there was a sharp skirmish between the advance guard of the troops and the rear guard of the Indians, who were trying to cover the retreat of the women and children. At this time the hunting parties of the two bands were scattered over a wide area, on Tongue River, Otter Creek and Hanging Woman. As there were in the neighborhood of 2,500 people in the camps of the Cheyennes and Ogallalas, it took a large quantity of meat to keep them supplied, and big game was not plentiful anymore.

Although the main body of the Indians was slowly retreating up Tongue River, and was more than a day's march ahead of the command, war parties were constantly annoying the troops by their presence in the vicinity, always waiting for the slightest opportunity to attack and then be gone again before the troops could deploy and do them any damage.

Early on the morning of January 3, when some teamsters and soldiers were rounding up some stray stock, they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians, with the result that one white man was killed. The command was halted long enough to bury the man. His grave was dug in the trail so that the wagontrain passing over it would obliterate any sign of burial. The route of the wagontrain up the valley of the Tongue had not proved too difficult, due to the passage of buffalo and travois, Yellowstone Kelly, a scout with the command, has said.

When the troops reached a point a



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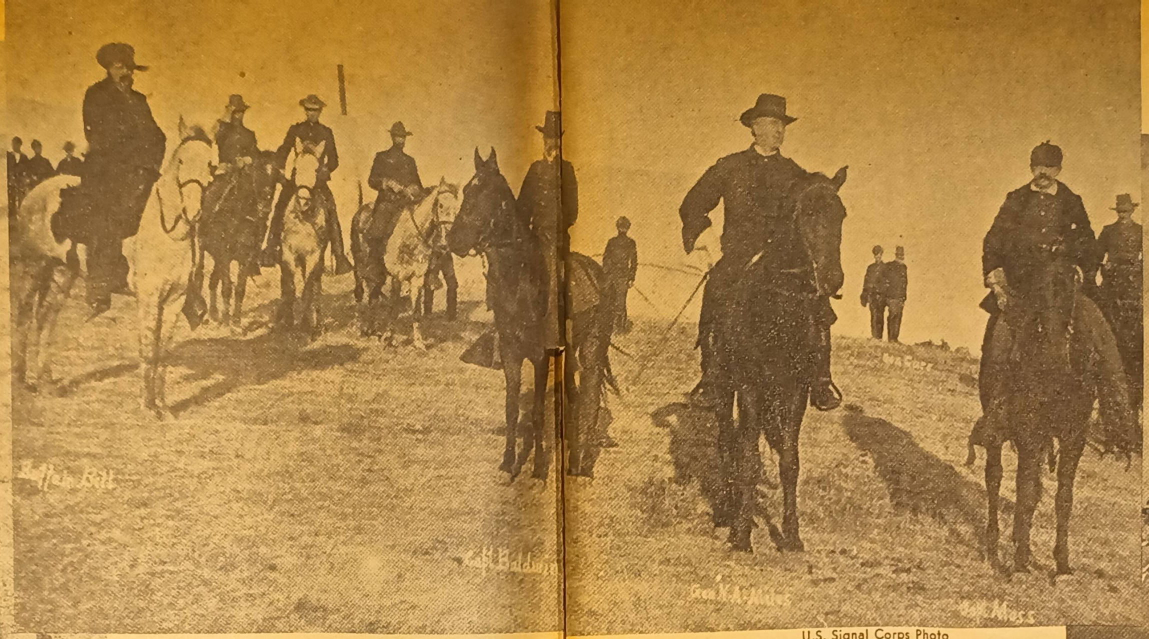

Buffalo Bill
Capt. Baldwin
Gen. N. A. Miles
Capt. Maus

U.S. Signal Corps Photo

At right, White Bull, Cheyenne chief, prominent in the fight. Picture at bottom left is of Battle Butte where the hardest part of the fighting took place. The portrait below is of Yellowstone Kelly, a well known scout with Miles' command.

Photo Courtesy University of Wyoming, Cheyenne, Wyoming

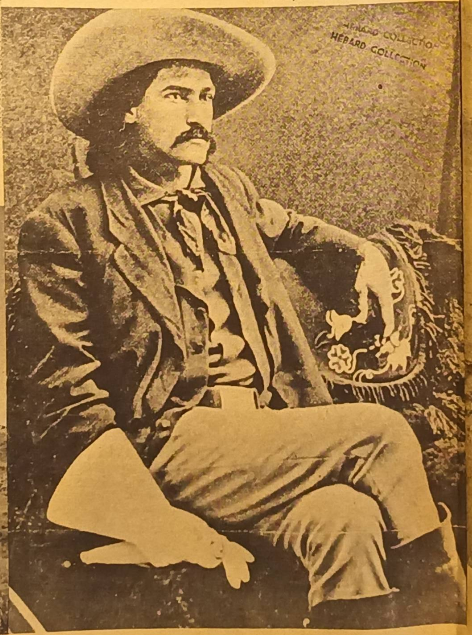
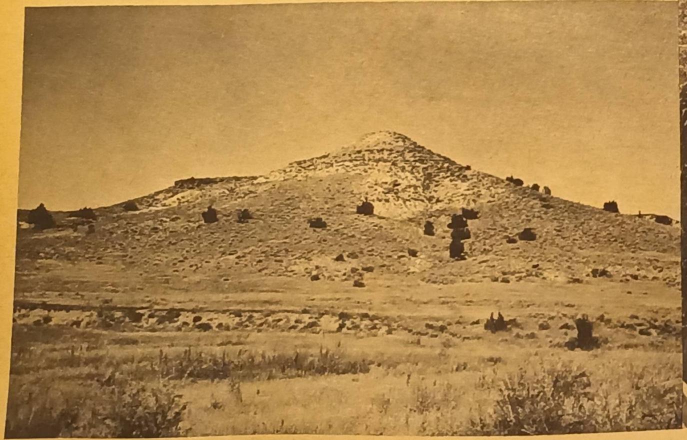
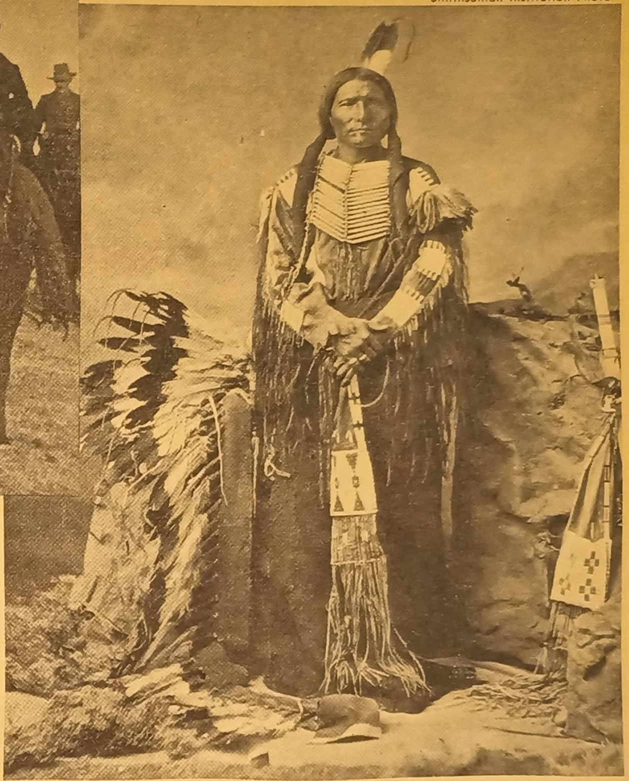

HEBARD COLLECTION

Photo by Author



At left, General Miles and staff. The photo below, taken prior to 1877, is of Little Big Man or Cha-sa-tonga, a leader in the fight.

Smithsonian Institution Photo



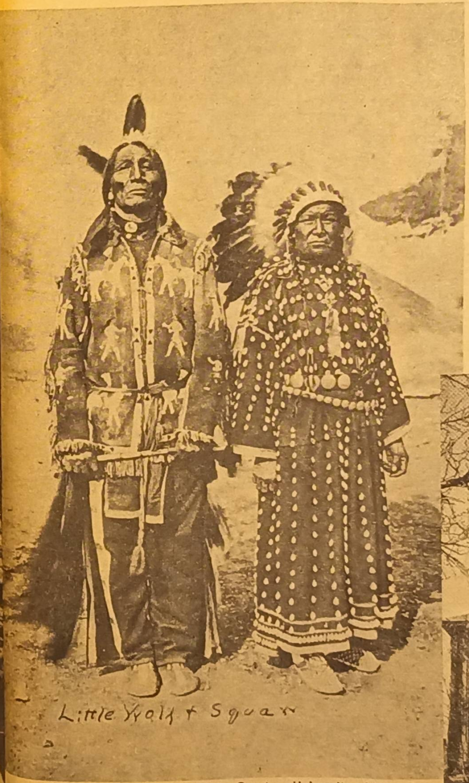
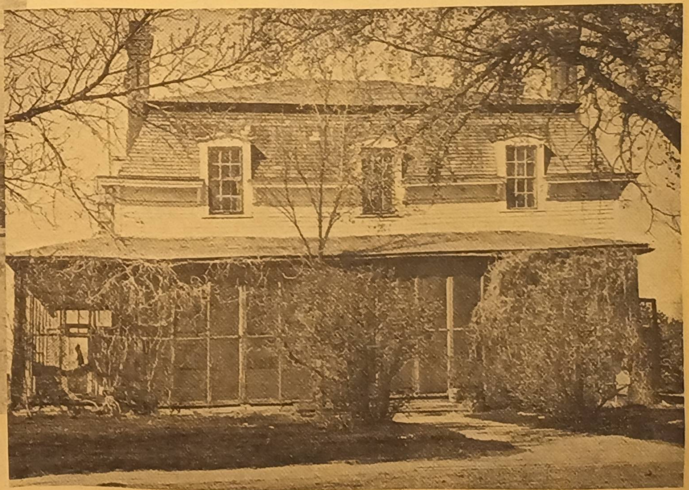

Little Wolf & Squaw

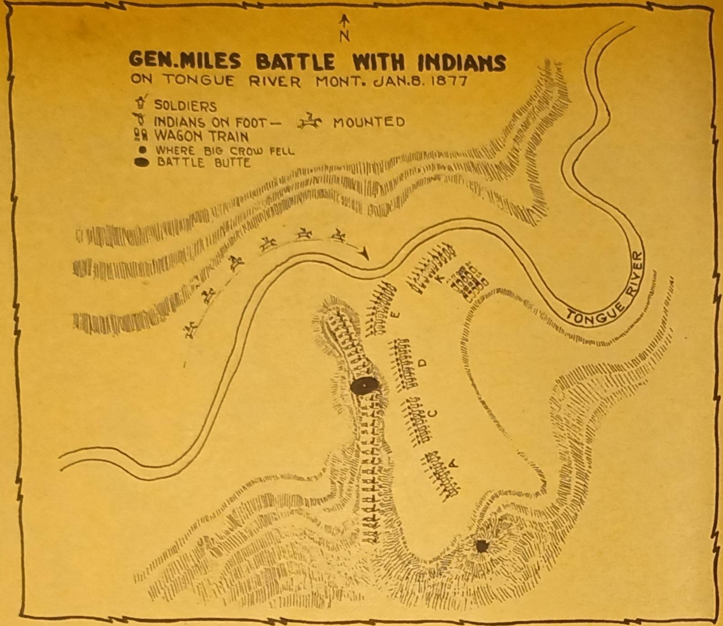
Photo Courtesy University of Wyoming, Cheyenne, Wyoming

Little Wolf and squaw

General Nelson A. Miles and his family lived in this house while stationed at Fort Keogh, which was established in the fall of 1877.

Photo Courtesy Miles City Star




N
GEN. MILES BATTLE WITH INDIANS
ON TONGUE RIVER MONT. JAN. 8. 1877
SOLDIERS
INDIANS ON FOOT — MOUNTED
WAGON TRAIN
WHERE BIG CROW FELL
BATTLE BUTTE
TONGUE RIVER
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short distance above the mouth of Otter Creek, they came upon a remarkable congregation of rude huts built of dry logs, rocks, brush and turf. The Indians had picked this place for their permanent winter camp, as it was well protected from the cold north winds by the high bluffs of the river valley. It was with great reluctance that the Indians had left this sheltered place for their retreat up Tongue River. The huts had been built by the Cheyennes to protect themselves against the intense cold. One might naturally wonder why Plains Indians, who were accustomed to live in skin tepees, would take the time and effort to build huts of any sort, but it must be borne in mind that the Cheyennes had had their villages burned out twice the previous year.

After the first time, which occurred on March 17, 1876, when General Reynolds destroyed their village on Powder River, they went to Crazy Horse's village, where they were supplied with their immediate needs. However, as the Cheyenne Tribe was as large as the Ogallala, Crazy Horse could not supply them fully and, for that reason, suggested that both bands go to Sitting Bull's village, which they did shortly afterward. The Hunkpapa band was as large as the other two combined. They had had a successful hunt during the summer and fall of 1876 and were abundantly supplied with food, clothing and shelter.

The next time they were burned out was at the "Dull Knife" battle, which took place at the headwaters of Powder River on November 25, 1876. Early in the morning, General Mackenzie's troops made a surprise attack upon them, captured their pony herd, and destroyed their village, many of the people having rushed half-clad from their tepees into the freezing cold. They again went to Crazy Horse's village, traveling for eleven terrible days through deep snow and intense cold, without any tepees, very few blankets or robes, and little food. Some without any moccasins had to wrap their feet in loose pieces of skin or cloth.

Though the Ogallalas at this time were not very well supplied themselves, what they did have they very generously divided with the poor Cheyennes. However, they were unable to furnish them with many tepees. The Cheyennes lost about 175 lodges in the Dull Knife fight. It would take many big hides and an endless amount of time and labor to replenish that many. In fact, under the circumstances, it couldn't be done, as big game was getting entirely too scarce. The Cheyennes were obliged to build themselves some huts because, even though of poor construction, they were better than no shelter at all.

ON JANUARY 7, the command, now having penetrated into the enemy's country for a distance of about 115 miles, went into camp in a grove of trees on the right bank of Tongue River. That afternoon when Miles' scouts were some distance ahead of the troops, they captured a small party of Cheyennes, including four women and three children. A warrior and a boy had been with the party until a short time before, when having killed a deer, they stopped to dress it out, and by so doing escaped capture. As soon as the two Indians learned what had happened to the women and children, they rode as fast as they could up Tongue River to notify the Cheyenne chiefs what had taken place. The villages of the Sioux and Cheyennes were at this time located at the mouth of Post Creek, about seventeen miles upstream from the soldiers' camp.

The capture of these Indians proved to be of considerable importance. Some of the women were relatives of the most prominent of the Cheyenne Tribe: Sweet Woman, sometimes called Wool Woman; Crooked Nose, sister of Wooden Leg; Little Chief's wife; Lame White Man's widow, who was John Stands-In-Timber's grandmother. John, a very able historian of his tribe, said that the captured Cheyennes had for some time been with a Sioux hunting party over on the Belle Fourche River, but getting lonesome for their own people, had left there and cut across country to Tongue River, where they were intended to overtake the bands of Two Moon, Little Chief, and White Bull. They had suffered severely from the intense cold, and two of the children had their legs frozen.

The prisoners were taken to the camp of the soldiers, placed in a tent under guard, and a surgeon started to treat the frozen limbs of the children.

Some of the scouts went ahead to reconnoiter, and were suddenly confronted with fifteen or twenty Cheyenne warriors, who started to shoot at them. Being greatly outnumbered, all the scouts but Buffalo Horn quickly retreated toward the main body. The Bannock for some reason remained behind and, strange as it may seem, not only managed to hold his own but fired so effectively on the enemy that they were forced to withdraw.

About this time Lieutenant Casey, hearing the shooting, had his troop fire the Rodman gun in the direction of the enemy but, as it was nearly dark, it is doubtful if any damage was done. Although one of the scouts had his horse shot from under him, they all got back to the command safely.

Early on the morning of January 8, Miles' soldiers were eating their breakfast of salt pork, hard tack, and coffee, when they suddenly beheld large numbers of warriors occupying the high bluffs on their left and front. Some people may question the Indians' strategy in making a stand this late in the game instead of doing it before they were driven from their permanent winter camp. But there were sound reasons for doing so.

In the first place, the Indians didn't want to risk a pitched battle with the troops if it could be avoided. In the second place, even though their ponies were weak, they hoped to be able to outdistance the troops. This, however, proved impossible as they were not equipped to travel any great distance. As Mari Sandoz expressed it in her fascinating book, *Crazy Horse*, "The soldiers were after the Indians like magpies after a sorebacked horse."

DURING the tragic frontier years very few white men would give the Indians credit for having virtues of any sort, but they had them, nevertheless. One outstanding characteristic was that they considered no sacrifice too great in trying to protect their women and children from harm. Colonel Chivington's attack on the Cheyenne village on Sand Creek, in which hundreds of Indians were slaughtered and mutilated in a manner that would put to shame the savages of darkest Africa, was still fresh in the warriors' minds. Therefore, in the council that was held the previous evening among the chiefs and leading warriors of the Ogallalas and Cheyennes, it was decided to do their utmost to keep the soldiers from getting any nearer their village.

The war party that started down Tongue River the morning of the eighth was led by Crazy Horse, Hump, Little Big Man, White Bull, Two Moon, Spotted Wolf and other prominent chiefs of the two bands.

They were in a poor position to fight a pitched battle. They had courage, ability and leadership, to be sure, but that was about all. Some of the warriors had no guns, their ammunition was almost gone, they were very short of food, whereas the troops were well equipped and armed, well fed and led by one of the greatest Indian fighters of his day—General Nelson A. Miles.

The war parties had chosen an excellent position for defense. On each side of the present road is a high ridge, and bluffs that extend from the hills on the left to the river valley on the right. At the center of this ridge rises a lofty, pyramid-shaped pinnacle, generally known as Battle Butte.

On the morning of the battle, the Indians held all this height and strategic position. Consequently, during the ensuing battle, the most bitter fighting took place for the possession of this important hill. According to the best information available, the battle line extended from the butte south of the present road to Battle Butte, and then along the ridge for about 400 yards to a point where the bluffs drop abruptly to the valley below, which was the right flank of Miles' skirmish line.

Even though the warriors were in a poor position to fight a pitched battle, they kept up a bold front, calling out, "You have had your last breakfast," and other derisive taunts from their vantage points. Some of the scouts with the command understood Sioux and not only could reply to them in their own language, but well knew what kind of insults would hurt the most, so called out to the enemy that they were nothing but a bunch of women and wouldn't be able to put up much of a fight. To be termed women was the worst possible insult that could be hurled at a band of self-respecting warriors. Both sides had some really hard language to avenge.

THINGS began to happen at a rapid pace. A party of mounted Indians suddenly appeared across the river from the camp and, riding back and forth, started firing into the troops. General Miles, with his usual energy and ability, deployed the train guard and Company K on the riverbank to repulse this attack. Company E was directed to take up position on a knoll a short distance upstream. The action on the riverbank continued for some time without much damage being done to either side. The Indians, pursuing their usual tactics of shooting from underneath their horses' necks or flat on their backs, were not very effective. And, for that matter, neither were the soldiers. It would indeed take a very good marksman to hit one of these warriors flashing by at full speed, with so little of him exposed to the enemy, and at that time very few soldiers had had enough target practice to be really good marksmen.

Having failed to produce much effect in the valley, the Indians changed their tactics. Leaving a dismounted force in the woods in front of the camp to occupy the attention of the troops there, they moved their main force across the river, passing behind the hills on the west, and took up position on the long, high ridge previously mentioned. If Miles had had any cavalry, he naturally would have tried to prevent the Indians from taking up position on this highly strategic ground, but as it was, there was nothing he could do about it.

The troops now found themselves facing the enemy on a wide front. Their lines extended from the river to the butte south of the road, a distance of about 900 yards. Miles now directed Casey's Company A to proceed to the left and attack the Indians led by Big Crow, who had taken up position on a high hill southeast of camp. As this company had quite a distance to go and, as the men were greatly encumbered by their heavy winter clothing and the deep snow, it was some little time before they could get into position to carry out their orders.

McDonald's Company D was sent to attack the Indians' left flank, which was situated on the bluffs next to the river. The Indians had massed in large numbers on Battle Butte and its immediate vicinity, so Butler's Company C was directed to take this height. This butte was the dominant point in the position and also the most difficult to take as the sides are so steep that it is hard to climb even in summertime—and there was over a foot of snow and ice on the ground then. When Butler reached his position for attack on Battle Butte, he was right beween Companies A and D.

A little to the east and south of the soldiers' campsite is a second bench or mesa that is about twenty-five feet higher than the general level of the valley. Upon this bench, in a commanding position of the Indian lines, were placed the two field pieces. Miles took position near the Napoleon gun from which he directed operations. The artillery was ordered to open fire on the Indian lines.

The material damage done by the two big guns was slight as most of the shells missed their mark, passing far over the warriors' heads. Furthermore, the redmen had an excellent position for defense against artillery as they had to take only a few steps to get behind the bluffs. Yet, one cannot deny that the big guns had an important bearing on the outcome of the battle. It was only natural

Bobtail Horse, picturesque Cheyenne warrior. After the surrender of the Cheyennes, Bobtail Horse with many of his tribe enlisted as scouts under General Miles. At one time the General directed this scout to take a message to Sitting Bull, who had gone into Canada, to induce him to come back across the line and surrender.

that, when the warriors heard the screeching sound of a shell coming their way, they would immediately take cover, thus vacating their places in the line. At this time cannon balls didn't travel nearly as fast as sound and could be heard for quite a distance before arriving.

On the left flank of the skirmish line the troops found themselves confronted with a "one man army," Big Crow, a leading Cheyenne warrior. He had taken position of the butte, and kept firing his Springfield rifle, captured in the Custer Battle, until he ran out of ammunition. Then he would run back to his tribesmen, out of range behind the butte, borrow some more, and return to his original position, all the while executing some fancy dancing, jumping up and down, running in circles, and whooping and yelling. He made a very striking figure in his tribal costume with his war bonnet dangling down his back.

Whether he exposed himself so freely out of sheer desperation or to impress his fellow warriors would be hard to say, but he had lost relatives in the Dull Kinfe fight and had another among the captured women. The soldiers concentrated their fire on him, yet for some little time he seemed to have a charmed life, as he remained unhurt. But as the troops came closer and their fire grew more accurate, Big Crow fell, mortally wounded, and was dragged back out of range by his comrades.

GENERAL MILES now directed the three companies to make a charge upon the Indian lines to dislodge them from their rocky fastnesses. This movement was carried out under the most difficult conditions. The men were not only greatly hampered by their heavy winter clothing and the depth of the snow, but the hillsides that led to their quarry were very steep and slippery. Still the men went forward, stopping every few yards to fire at the enemy.

Major Butler, leading the charge, had his horse shot from under him, but escaped injury. The Indians, with what little ammunition they had, fired on the advancing troops, but did little damage as they fired too high, invariably the case when firing downhill. When the troops finally reached the proximity of the Indian lines, and their fire grew more intense, the warriors left their position and started retreating up Tongue River toward their encampment. The steady advance of the troops and their dreaded fire power had evidently convinced the redmen that it was futile to resist any longer.

In his account of the battle General Miles said nothing about the troops pursuing the warriors beyond the high ridge which they had first occupied, but since that time other writers have stated that the soldiers chased the Indians several miles up Tongue River, passing through their camp and capturing much of their winter supply of food. This is in error, as the Indian village was seventeen miles up the river and the last part of the battle was fought in a blizzard of such intensity that it was almost impossible for the opposing forces to see each other. It would have been futile for Miles' foot soldiers to attempt to pursue the "finest light cavalry in the world" through the deep snow.

Though the fight with the Indians on Tongue River may be considered only a minor affair because of the small number of men on both sides and because the casualties suffered were slight, there are some important factors connected with it. It proved to the Indians that troops could move regardless of how inclement the weather, and could hunt them down in their camps wherever they attempted to take refuge. Since they no longer had access to white traders, they had no means of obtaining any more arms or ammunition which they desperately needed. The Indians were forced to realize that there would be no rest or peace for them until they surrendered and returned to their reservations.

With Miles' defeat of the Cheyennes and Ogallalas on Tongue River the Indian wars were practically over. Only one band of about sixty lodges, under Lame Deer, was still at large. When Lame Deer was informed through an interpreter that unless he surrendered, troops would be sent out to bring him in, the chief declared that they would roam as they pleased, and that he had such good scouts that no white men would be able to get near his camp. But his scouts proved to be not quite good enough, as Miles' troops surprised and captured his camp the very next summer.

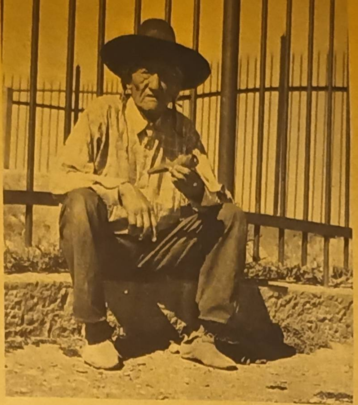


Photo by Author

Weasel Bear, who as a warrior of sixteen took part in the battle against General Miles. Note straight-stemmed pipe held by the old warrior.

At author's last visit with the Wooden Legs, he asked Mrs. Wooden Leg to permit him to take her picture but she declined and instead gave him this one by an unknown photographer.

AFTER the battle, the troops returned to the cantonment at the mouth of Tongue River, having crossed this stream 107 times. The losses of the command on this expedition had been two killed and eight wounded, of whom one died the day following the battle.

The captives were taken along to the cantonment, placed in a tent under strong guard to protect them from outside intrusion, and treated with kindness. They were well fed and well clothed.

Though General Miles was undoubtedly one of the greatest Indian fighters of his day, he was also a diplomat, always preferring negotiation to the battlefield. Miles now decided to open communications with the hostile encampment through the prisoners he had in his custody.

He directed one of his trusted scouts, John Brughier, to take two of the captured women and some presents and proceed to the villages of the Cheyennes and Ogallalas, to induce them to surrender. Both Miles and Brughier fully realized that such an undertaking would be highly dangerous for the latter, in spite of the fact that there was an age-old custom among the Plains Indians that even if a tribe or band were on the warpath, should a stranger manage to get inside the encampment, he was not only not to be harmed, but was to be fed and taken care of while there. This immunity ceased once he was outside the encampment. Brughier's greatest risk was in being killed before he reached camp. However, the scout and his party arrived at their destination safely.

The encampments were situated on the Little Bighorn, near the place where Lodge Grass, Montana, now stands. The Indians were suffering greatly from the deep snow and intense cold, and their horses were dying from exposure and lack of feed.

The Indians were overjoyed at seeing the two women, and pleasantly surprised to learn that, although they had been prisoners in a large soldier camp, they had not been harmed in any way. This fact alone made them consider more kindly the demand for surrender. The two captives themselves acted as good messengers of peace as they circulated about the encampment telling their tribesmen of the fine treatment they had received and urging them to accept the terms of the Government.

There was, of course, no immediate decision on Miles' ultimatum. You can't rush an Indian. There was powwow after powwow before they could decide what to do. Some of the young hotheads with more "wish power" than common sense thought they could still carry on with a government of chiefs as they always had. But the older and more farsighted men realized that the old life as they had known it on the free and open Plains was a thing of the past, and that for survival they would have to learn to travel the white man's way.

Finally, after much discussion, it was decided to send nineteen Indians, mainly chiefs and leading warriors, to General Miles in order to learn the exact terms under which they could surrender. The party went across the Wolf Mountains to the Rosebud, then across the divide to Tongue River, which stream they followed down to the encampment, reaching it on February 19.

THE CANTONMENT at this time consisted principally of tents, there being only a few log houses, in one of which General Miles lived. The General invited the delegation into his house, where the council was held. Miles informed them that the only terms he could offer was unconditional surrender, and they would be expected to give up their ponies and arms. He tried his best to make the warriors understand that if they would surrender, they would receive just treatment, but if not, the harshest measures of war would be resumed against them.

Though the Indians were naturally reluctant about giving up their ponies and arms, the main factors in their livelihood on the Plains, they accepted the General's terms and started back for their encampment on the Little Bighorn, apparently having reconciled themselves to the situation.

Shortly after their departure, a sad incident occurred among the little group of prisoners held at the post. One morning at sunrise the sharp report of a pistol shot was heard from the tent in which they were quartered. When the officer of the day and one of the guards went to ascertain the cause, they found that Crooked Nose, sister of Wooden Leg, had taken her own life. Much to their surprise they learned that somehow she had managed to conceal on her person a small pocket pistol.

Upon making inquiries through an interpreter, it was learned that she was deeply in love with a warrior in the hostile camp. The fact that he had not accompanied the delegation in order to see her, had so preyed upon her mind that she became heartbroken at the thought that her lover didn't care for her anymore. And so, believing that her love was not reciprocated, she decided to end it all by committing suicide. Afterwards it was learned that this particular warrior was out hunting buffalo some distance away from the village and did not learn about the departure of the delegation for the soldier camp until it was too late.

Photo by Author

John Stands in Timber. As youths, John and the author rode together on the Cheyenne Reservation roundup.

Crooked Nose was buried near the cantonment and when her friends and relatives came in and surrendered, a sad and gruesome scene was enacted. According to an old custom among Plains Indians, to demonstrate their grief over the departed one, her friends among the women gathered about the grave, moaning, weeping, and with their knives slashing various parts of their bodies until they were covered with blood. Though it was impossible to discern any emotion on the faces of the male Indians, both officers and soldiers were greatly moved by the unaccustomed sight.

Upon the return of the Indian delegation to their encampment, runners and criers were sent out among their people announcing that the war was over, and that as soon as they could, they were to get ready to break camp and start moving toward the cantonment. When they reached the mouth of Otter Creek, they were met by runners from Spotted Tail, the principal chief of the peaceful Sioux, offering them more favorable terms from General Crook than had been given by Miles, including the right to retain arms and ponies and obtain ammunition for hunting purposes.

It is unfortunate, indeed, that a uniform policy and a closer liaison between officers as to terms of surrender should not have existed on all parts of the frontier when the Indians came in to surrender. The fact that at one point they were permitted to retain all their belongings and at another they were forced to give up everything they had would naturally create bitterness and suspicion.

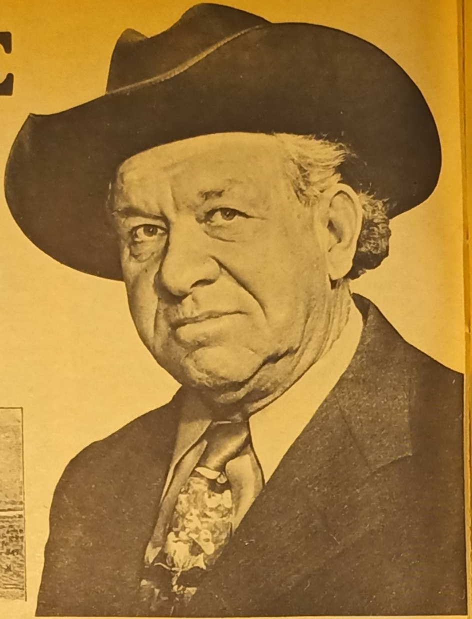
The Indians, confused at this new state of affairs, decided to send a large delegation to General Miles to learn if the same terms offered by Spotted Tail could be obtained from him. Another council was held and the General listened patiently to their request for better terms, and then told them frankly that he could offer them no more than the stipulations already laid down.

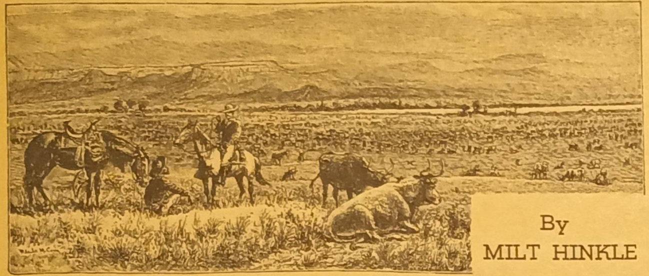
He further stated that it was the intention of the Government to have peace in that country, and troops would be used incessantly against any band who refused to surrender. He concluded by stating that it was his earnest desire to be their friend, but that he had to be their enemy until they complied with the Government's wishes.

At the close of the General's remarks, the entire body of Indians remained in absolute silence for several minutes. Under the circumstances, it was indeed a very oppressive silence. Then the spell was broken by Little Chief, a Northern Cheyenne, who came forward and stopped in front of Miles and the assembled officers. The chief was a splendid specimen of manhood, standing well over six feet in height and straight as an arrow. Dignity and grace marked his every movement and gesture, and in his beau-

(Continued on page 57)

TRAIL DRIVE on the RIO CONCHOS





By
MILT HINKLE

Photos Courtesy Author

Photo portrait of the author, then 79, taken at Lexington, North Carolina, in 1960.

He was heading south toward a big Mexican frontier-land and 4,000 cattle that he could pick and choose. With carte blanche from his boss and a bonus at the end of the road, what more could a cowboy ask for?

IT WAS early December, 1908, when I landed in Kansas City, Missouri, to see my mother. I had a pocketful of money, as Pike Stroud had sold Old Buck and Black Jack for $200 a head, and that was a lot of money for a horse in those days.

I needed a haircut and shave and walked into a barber shop on 12th Street. The barber was a tall, big red-faced fellow with a red nose. After cutting my hair, he lathered my face, and put a hot towel on it leaving a place so I could breathe. He then lighted a cigarette and held it where I could breathe it.

I took the towel from my face and said, "Fellow, I don't smoke and smoke makes me sick. Please wait until you get me out of this chair."

"To hell with you, cowboy. All you stockyard guys talk hard. I don't want any lip from any big-hat cowboy."

I asked him who owned the shop and he told me it was the man on the front chair.

I walked up to him and asked him what he would take for the shop. He said he owned only the fixtures and five chairs. I asked what he wanted for them as I wanted to buy the place. He made me a price of $1,500. I told him I would give $1,000.

"Pay me," he said.

He wrote out a bill of sale and I paid him cash from my money belt. Then I proceeded to tell the big red-nosed barber to get his belongings and get out. He gave me some lip and I gave him a good whipping and threw him out on the sidewalk.

The cops arrested me and the judge fined me $1.00 and costs. It was worth it to whip that smart barber. I sold the shop back to the owner for $750, then took a hack to my mother's rooming house at 417 Aldine Court near 12th and Broadway. I found her okay and making money.

I started to take in dear old Kansas City and it was while buying a ticket to the girl show at the Gaiety Theatre that I ran into my old friend, J. Ellison Carroll, the Champion Steer Roper of the World.

Ellison had just roped ten steers in a contest in San Antonio with C. C. Fugua, and had beat him. He had a two-reel picture of this great roping contest with him and was headed to New York to show it on a percentage basis at movie theatres, which at that time were just getting started. I told him there was a new theatre at 12th and Grand and why not show it there.

Ellison and I formed a partnership on a 50-50 basis and booked the little theatre for one week. The house got forty percent. Ellison would stand by the small screen and describe the pictures as they were run. I stood outside and talked the people in. The admission for children was five cents and for adults fifteen cents. There were about 300 seats in the house and they were filled every hour from one P.M. to ten P.M. We made big money so did not go east but played all the towns around that had theatres. I formed a shooting act where I shot candy waffles on a small steel back.

While playing Little Rock, Arkansas, about the middle of January, 1909, Ellison wanted to go back to his home in Texas. He had plenty and so did I. He left for Texas and I went back to Kansas City but I was not satisfied there and was ready to move on.

I arrived in Fort Worth about the middle of February. While at the stockyards I met Will Reynolds, a cowman who ranched near Midland and who owned, with his dad and brother, the big LX Ranch at Kent, Texas. Their range was mostly in Hudspeth County. They controlled the range on the north side of the Texas-Pacific Railroad track to the New Mexico line, and south of the track to the Rio Grande Riyer—the Mexican border.

Reynolds told me he needed some horses broke on the LX Ranch as soon as a man could get there. He would pay $5 per head and $50 per month with keep.

"Buy me a ticket to Kent," I said to him, "and you have a man who will try to break your horses."

"Don't kid me," he laughed. "Hamlin Hill and I were talking about you awhile back."

He bought me a ticket on the Southern Pacific and I was on my way.

Kent had one store owned by the Reynolds Ranch and a cattle company. The whole county (fifty miles wide and seventy miles long) did not have over 200 people. Van Horn to the west was the county seat. The headquarters sat at the foot of the big Davis Mountains just about three miles south of the stock pens.

Mr. Reynolds had wired the depot agent to have someone meet me, as the train got into Kent very late at night. One of the ranch hands was there and wanted to know where my bed and saddle was, as all I had with me was a suitcase. I had wired my mother to express my saddle and bed and rifle by Wells, Fargo. I told the hand this and he said there were no extra beds in the bunkhouse. I told him I had a note from Mr. Will to the ranch foreman and that I guessed there would be a place to eat and sleep.

I loaded my "grip" in the buckboard and rode with him to the ranch. The foreman, Pat Kennedy, was waiting up for us. He read the note and told me to come into the house. His wife asked if I was hungry and I told her I could eat a bite. She fixed me a nice meal and when I was through, Pat told me I could sleep in Mr. Will's room.

"You are the first person to sleep in that room since we have been here," he said. "Are you kin to the Reynolds?"

I knew the reason I was sleeping in that room. It all came from the talk that he had with Hamlin Hill, my old L. F. D. boss. I told Kennedy I had wired to Kansas City for my bed and saddle.

Next morning the bell rang to get up and get ready for breakfast. Well, I went into the dining room, expecting a long table like other ranches had with fifteen or twenty hands. But not so. The table was a nice round one and at the table were two Mexicans, both well dressed for ranch hands, and two cowboys. One was a man about fifty, the other a young fellow. The fellow who had met me the night before was there also. I learned he was the handy man who looked after the ranch chores. I just could not understand how a big ranch like this had no more hands.

The blessing was asked by the foreman, and we ate a real good breakfast of deer steaks, eggs, and all the milk you could drink. Pat's wife had two good milch cows. All the other ranches I had been on used condensed milk.

After breakfast Pat said I was to use one of Mr. Will's saddle horses and saddle. He also remarked that he couldn't understand it, as no one was ever allowed to ride one of his horses. Well, it did not take me long to break the two head of horses. I did not like Will Reynolds' R. T. Frazier saddle. It had a swell fork and I was glad when my bedroll and saddle got there. It took about ten days. My saddle was about a fifteen-inch seat double rig; it was very heavy rigging ordered about ten years before for roping. I used a fork saddle, no swell at all. It never hurt a horse's back and it had a seat just to fit me.

The Reynolds were all sportsmen. I could soon see what the handy man was for—he cared for about twenty of the best lion, bear and wolf dogs in the state.

The Davis Mountains were full of black bear and mountain lions; the flats had lots of wolves. We had a great time hunting. At night in the flats we would take the wolf dogs out for a run. There is no music as sweet as what comes from a pack of hounds on a chase.

ABOUT the last of February, in came the two Reynolds. Mr. Will was sure glad that I was there. He thought I might have gone. He had a big laugh when I asked him where all his horses were that needed to be broke. I told him I had broke all he had and any kid could now ride them.

"Now that is mighty good," he said. "I forgot to tell you that Hamlin Hill was over to see us last week. You see, he is our cousin and he sent you his best regards. How would you like to take a train ride with us?"

He said he would have taken Pat Kennedy, but needed him on the ranch. He then wrote out a check for $100 and handed it to me.

"That is not the deal. Only $85 is due me," I said.

"Well, we are going to give you $100 for next month's work and all traveling and living expenses—that is, if you will take the job of looking after 4,000 head of cattle we bought in Old Mexico.

"We work the cattle at the roundup. We first cut ten head out, then the next ten, and so on until we pick 1,000 good cows we want to run on the range. We pick 2,000 head of four- and five-year-old steers, with 1,000 head of steers over five years old. We think you can be of help to us. We are willing to give you a nice bonus when the herd is on this side of the river."

"I am ready and will do my best," I answered.

The cattle were from the big T. Half H.S. owned by General Travis over in the State of Chihuahua.

"Mr. Hamlin Hill, you have let me in for some hard work!" I said to myself.

Next morning the buckboard was taken to the ranch and the Reynolds' bedrolls were loaded on with only one saddle. I took my tarp along but left my blankets and quilt hung up in the bunkhouse.

Will asked, "Where is your bed?"

"I'm just taking my tarp. I'll buy some blankets in Mexico."

"Do you speak Mexican?"

"Yes, I can get by," I replied.

We drove to Kent and caught the train for El Paso. Before we went on to Mexico, I bought three boxes of .30-30 Winchester shells, two boxes of .45 shells for Miss Colt, my best friend, then went down to see the man who had made a

Juarez, Mexico, provided "a night on the town" for trail-weary riders of the border country.

Courtesy Charles F. Yaeger

SOUVENIRS
LA FRANCESA
POST CARDS MEXICAN CIGARS CURIOS
FREE BUREAU OF INFORMATION
Street Scene, Juarez, Mex.
No. 121.

$5,000 saddle for Joe Miller of the 101 Ranch.

AFTER a night of pleasure we crossed over the bridge to Juarez, Mexico and boarded a train for the city of Chihuahua. There a ranch buggy was at the station waiting to take us the sixty miles to one of the T. Half H.S. Ranches. I asked for some time to buy Mexican blankets for my bed and bought three good big ones.

The trip took a full day, so I had time to look around. I was surprised to see loosely grazing cattle in numbers sufficient to puzzle anyone, scattered as far as your eyes could see. There was nothing but wide open spaces, and sky above. Now and then you could see a few javelinas and burros run away, and Mexican mustangs ranged by the hundreds.

Vast herds of longhorns, wild of eye, roamed the flat country and spired hills; this mesquite, buffalo grass, sagebrush and cactus they would thrive on. Yes, I was riding on the last frontier, I thought. It was a sight to behold.

The ranch was nothing but a few old adobe and grass houses with some big corrals. The houses had dirt floors. But the ranch foreman was nice to us; he showed the Reynolds and me our bedroom for the night and told Segoroia and Prisciliano to go to the *Casa de Vaqueros* (house for the cowboys).

The next morning we were up very early. We started our day in the dining room, where we had a special breakfast of coffee, eggs with tomatoes, peppers, onions and garlic, then tortillas made of ground soaked corn and salt water.

After breakfast we went to the big pole corral, filled with horses of all colors. The boss caught two head of real good cowhorses, one for me and one for Will. We saddled and started to make the first drive together—the 4,000 head of cattle.

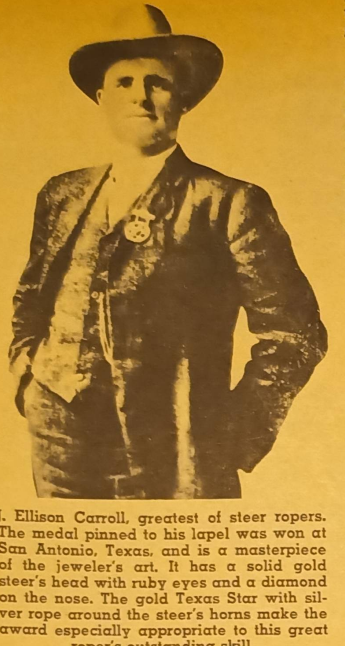
The Mexican does everything backwards, in my opinion. We rode north all day to the north range in order to work back south. I enjoyed the ride and learned that everything had a thorn on it and that there were thousands of rattlesnakes on the loose.

Camp was pitched that night on the Rio Pedro, about forty miles west from where we started that morning. The vaqueros were looking after the 250 head of horses. Supper was cooked on the open fire—lots of beans, coffee, and plenty of beef enchiladas toasted on the fire with chili powder, goat cheese and onions.

I noticed when the Mexican cowboys made their bed, they used only a blanket to roll up in. Much can be said of these strong men. They had a fire going to keep the wolves away, and all formed a circle around the fire where they rendered the sweetest music. No one else on earth can get as much out of a guitar as a charro with his Mexican songs. It was a night to be remembered.

The next day we moved on north another thirty miles and were up at sunrise to start the roundup.

Well, they worked cattle somewhat different than we did on the plains in Texas. Instead of making a circle, the boss told the men to ride north and gather all the cattle to the lake. Will and I remained with the boss at the wagon, and in about four hours you never in your life saw so many cattle being headed our way. The cows, calves, yearling heifers, steers and bulls were all together. Some had the longest horns I had ever seen—and I had seen some long horns on the plains. We know that God created the heaven and earth but I have always wondered about those longhorns.



J. Ellison Carroll, greatest of steer ropers. The medal pinned to his lapel was won at San Antonio, Texas, and is a masterpiece of the jeweler's art. It has a solid gold steer's head with ruby eyes and a diamond on the nose. The gold Texas Star with silver rope around the steer's horns make the award especially appropriate to this great roper's outstanding skill.

WILL said, "Here is what we want, 1,000 head of good cows for our range to raise from, 2,000 head of steers three to five years old, and 1,000 head of steers over 5 years old. That's the deal we made with Travis. He says we have at least five to seven more days' work to cover the range, and I want to make the pick from all on this range. I don't want to get stung on the deal. We are paying so much a head for them. Calves go with the cows. Cows only."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked him.

"We cut the first ten out of each roundup throwed together, they then cut out ten to their cut, then we cut ten. Now the ten will be agreed on—steers, cows cut at the same time. You and I will do the cutting."

So we rode into the heard. "Let's just ride through them," I suggested, "and look them over before we start work."

This we did. I said, "Let's make our hold cut to the south." We did and I told him, "Boss, you cut out the first one."

He cut out a four-year-old big yellow steer. I cut out a nice looking, red, three-year-old cow. Will cut another steer, I cut out a good cow that I did not think would have a calf until after we got her in Texas. My next selection was a big three-year-old steer with big bone and short couple. After we worked the roundup, we had over 500 head.

It was late afternoon when we had the herd worked and the boss of the ranch turned his cut back in the herd and let them loose on the range, driving them back north. Holding what we had, we stayed on the same campground overnight, as we were to drive from the south the next day to the same roundup grounds.

Will and I rode through our cut.

"Some of the cows you cut were dry cows without calf in them. The ones I cut out were all big-boned and had a calf in each cow and they won't drop the calf until we cross into Texas," I remarked. "I hope I have not done or said anything to make you think less of me, and if I have done wrong, tell me."

"Milt," he said, "my brother is in Chihuahua City. I left him there to pay and make a deal to cross into Texas; I should be with him to help. I am going to ask you to cut what we bought, and take the two Mexicans and go with the drive and see that the herd gets through with the same cattle as we cut and started with. Do you understand?"

I replied, "I do."

So I followed his intuition. We worked the range and I did my best. At the end of eight days, I had 4,000 head cut and we made ready for the trail to Ojinaga on the south side of the Rio Grande facing Presidio, Texas, where we were to cross the river and clear customs. This was about 250 miles northeast from where we formed the trail; we made our last roundup at the Rio Conchos.

The trail herd swung into a walk, headed north from the roundup grounds, and each day drew closer to the Rio Grande and the LX Ranch—the new grazing lands for the 4,000 head of Mexican cattle.

THE VAQUEROS did a good job. One night we had a stampede. It was the tenth day out on the trail. The dawn sun rose hot and bright, and a big dust cloud hung against the Mexican sky, drifting off the ground. The going was easy even though it was hotter than usual, the day holding unnaturally into dusk.

After watering the cattle from the Rio Conchos, which we had followed all the way, we drifted them slowly to the campsite for the night. At the rope corral, all of us caught our night horses.

I had not been standing night guard, leaving it up to the two Mexicans we brought with us from Texas, but now I could feel the river breeze had grown into a steady, gusty wind. By bedtime a sooty overcast had pulled across the sky. I issued special orders that the horses on picket would be kept saddled, (the vaqueros had been using their saddle blankets for beds), and for the whole crew to be ready, as I looked for trouble.

Big black clouds now rolled low; the wind had stiffened and felt damp. Its moan increased, becoming a weird warning cry out of the night. It was not time for the second guard to make the change when the longest streak of lightning I ever saw and the first big loud clap of thunder came.

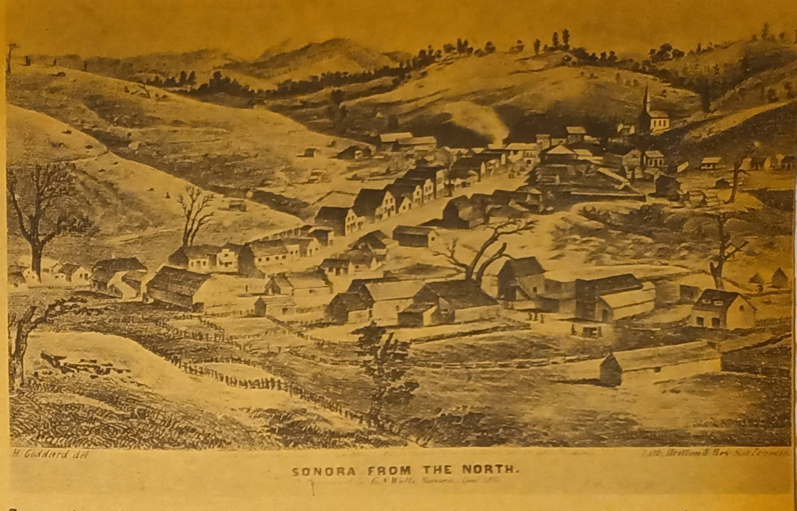
The big steers bolted in a mad stampede, but as the first and second guard and I rode to head off the leaders and keep them running in a circle, the other men were doing their part to keep them in a circle. It was not long after the start of the stampede until every one of the thirty-five vaqueros were riding around the 4,000 head of milling cattle. When another brilliant flash streaked across the herd, I could see we had the stampede under control. There was a very heavy rain, which eventually let up, but all men stayed on night guard until daylight.

(Continued on page 65)

There were many uncommon happenings in the diggin's—some very merry and all very violent. It was as if the red man, the yellow man, and the white man banded together in knavery just to create these

GOLDTOWN TALES

By WILLIAM S. FURNO



Sonora from the north, as pictured on a rare lithographic print published during the gold rush era

Photo Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank, San Francisco, California

FROM Weaverville to Mariposa, the ghosts of the California gold camps dot the Mother Lode country from end to end. All but a few may be reached by car and their stories are filled with a rare flavor and are well worth the time and money to obtain.

Mariposa, situated at the southern end of this chain of ghost towns, is the point from which Major Savage pursued a party of marauding Indians to their secret hideout, and discovered Yosemite Valley. In Mariposa, General Fremont tried his hand at mining, and later engaged in a fight for possession of his mines with the Merced Mining Company, an incident which became known as the Mariposa War.

Soon after the coming of the white miners, the Chinese invaded the gold camps in the vicinity of Briceburg, and the yellow-skinned Celestials were a source of great concern to the Indians of the region. Some of the Indians maintained that the Chinese were white men, because they resorted to manual labor, and others claimed that they were akin to the redmen because of their odd-colored skin, straight, dark hair, and black eyes.

Arguments pro and con raged in the Indian villages, and then one of the chiefs offered his most comely daughter to the brave who would solve the knotty problem. Two Indian brothers took up a position on the Merced River near Briceburg where the Chinese were wont to cross. At this point the river was spanned by a large tree, which miners had cut down to form a bridge, and the brothers stationed themselves at either end.

In the afternoon a lone Chinaman returning early from his claim, started gingerly across the bridge. Midway of the tree, he was trapped by the Indians. What the pig-tailed gentleman may have said when the brothers seized him and heaved him down in the turbulent water has been lost to posterity.

But the Indians watched attentively as the swift current sucked the Chinaman under and swirled him downstream, at times on top and at others beneath.

The brothers followed on the bank, and when the Chinaman had drowned in the tumbling water, they grunted and nodded solemnly at each other. Their mission accomplished, the brothers returned to their village to report to the chief.

"The Yellow Faces are white men," one of them said.

"What proof of this have you?" asked the chief.

"We threw a Yellow Face in the river," the other brother put in. "He sank like a stone, was whirled away by the water and drowned. Had he been a redman, he could have swum to shore with ease."

HORNITOS, situated north and to the left of Mariposa, was founded by Mexicans who had been chased out of Quartzburg by the American miners. At first the town may have been given a Spanish name, but it soon became known as Hornitos, because of the oven-like graves of adobe and stone built above the ground in which the Mexicans buried their dead.

Hornitos was frequently the hangout of Joaquin Murietta, and visitors to the town are shown the tunnel through which the famous bandit made his escape when hard pressed by the Vigilantes or officers of the law. But some visitors take the tunnel with a grain of salt, for skeptics contend that the real purpose of the tunnel was to enable men to roll barrels of beer under the street from a warehouse to a fandango hall on the other side.

In Hornitos two dancehall girls once fought a duel to the death for love. In the small hours of the morning, while the patrons looked on, the girls wrapped shawls around their left arms and had at it with their daggers. The battle was a long and bloody one, and so badly did the girls carve each other up that they both died of their wounds before daybreak.

Hornitos was also the scene for the most bizarre hanging that ever took place in California. A Chinaman accidentally killed a white boy and was placed in the local bastille to await trial. Relatives and friends of the slain boy, inflamed by rage and grief, feared that a jury would acquit the Chinaman, so they went to the jail and enticed the Chinaman to the bars of the window.

When the prisoner came close enough to the bars, horny hands seized him and drew him close. Quickly a noose was passed around his neck, and he was drawn up tightly against two of the bars. Although the victim's feet were on the floor, he was strangled as effectively as if he had been hanged on a gallows thirty feet high.

JAMESTOWN, the Jimtown of Brete Harte, a sleepy little place whose main street is shaded by enormous mulberry trees, was once the scene of a war between rival Chinese tongs. The trouble started when a member of one tong accidentally rolled a boulder onto the claim of a member of another. The offended member of the rival tong asked that the boulder be removed, and this the first Chinaman refused to do because he feared to lose face.

The incident led up to a battle which required weeks of preparation before actual hostilities began, and the white men cashed in on the Chinamen's trouble. Blacksmiths in Jamestown and its vicinity made small fortunes furnishing the Chinese warriors with pikes, swords, spears, and other arms. The sheriff ranted and raved and swore to arrest and jail the blacksmiths as accessories to murder. But the blacksmiths stood pat, called the sheriff's bluff, and the Chinamen obtained their assorted arms on schedule.

Nearly 3,000 Chinese took part in the battle that finally materialized, and strange to relate, only four were killed and several wounded. The reason for this scant casualty list was that the fighting by the warring factions consisted mainly in name-calling, fierce gestures, and the hurling of ancestor-shaking insults.

The front rank of one faction would advance a pace and belabor the opposition with a verbal barrage intended to wither their ears and bring shame on their forebears, and then they would bow and step back, so that the other side might get in its licks.

This procedure went on until a drunken Swede, one of many white spectators, brought on actual hostilities by drawing

(Continued on page 57)

There are a lot of things gone from the West because some durn contraption came along to take their place. For instance, where can you find anybody anymore who understands

GRRrrrr
Lub

MULE TALK

By FRED GIPSON

Photos From Manual of Pack Transportation, U.S. Army

THERE is hardly anybody in America who can understand mule talk anymore. I'm one of the few that is left. I grew up helping my papa break wild mules to harness and, in my mind's eye, I can still see some of the young ones he used to buy from P. C. Baird, an ex-Texas Ranger who, around the turn of the century, took up mule raising in the cedar-brake country near Menard, Texas.

There a span of them stand, out in the middle of a cedarpole corral, as wild as a couple of snakes in tall grass. Their ragged manes hang to their knees. Their tails, a yard wide, are matted with cockleburrs. Already alert to our approach, they hold heads and ears high, with eyes rolling and nostrils flared. They stomp the ground with their forefeet. They blast the air with snorts that can be heard half a mile off.

It's plain to see that they don't trust us, and they have some reason not to. They are three-year-olds and, up to now, their only contact with man has been the time they were chased out of the cedars, roped, thrown and castrated, an experience not calculated to build into them any great and heart-warming affection for humanity.

We enter the corral. They head for the far side and try to climb out. Failing that, they wheel about. Their teeth are bared. Their eyes glare their fear and hate. They come at us, walking on their hind legs, aiming to chop our brains out with flailing forefeet. They're fiercer to face than a couple of trapped panthers. They would eat us alive if they knew how to go about it.

Well, not just any and everybody can tame a pair of young mules like that and make willing workers of them. But any man who can generally likes to talk about it. At least, I always did.

Then, along in the 1920s everything got mechanized, so that all farming, logging, dirt-moving and freighting was done with engine-powered machinery. Right away, the mule faded out of the picture. Now it's got to where you can hardly find a mule anymore, much less anybody to talk to about them. Why, today, there are great big school kids who don't even know what a mule is.

Up to a few years ago, I could still talk mules with my friend, Dr. Walter Prescott Webb. Walter had earned the reputation of being one of the world's great historians by living a lot of history—a good part of it behind a plow mule. So, every so often, he'd leave his desk at The University of Texas and drive to my home at Mason, bringing along a quart of some rare old bourbon he'd picked up somewhere. And we'd thumb the cork out of his bottle and settle back in our chairs and swap lies by the hour about mules, good and bad, that we'd known. And we'd get more pleasure out of it than a lot of men get out of bragging about the fine horses, good trail hounds and beautiful women they'd enjoyed in their time.

Walter and I both leaned to the opinion that the mule played as important a role in the so-called "Winning of the West" as any Indian scout, beaver trapper, prospector, trail boss, high sheriff or gun-slinging badman. We also agreed that, for some obscure reason, the chroniclers of the Old West had neglected a mighty important and colorful character when they didn't write more about mules. We further agreed that some day we'd sit down to our typewriters and remedy that situation.

But, like a lot of good intentions, nothing much ever came of ours. Then Walter got killed in an automobile wreck, leaving me with a great empty feeling inside—and not another soul to talk mule talk with.

Until last year, when I struck up an acquaintance with a fierce-eyed, frosty-haired Irishman by the name of Mike Gannon.

MIKE now lives in Corpus Christi, working as a skilled plasterer; but there was a time, back in his younger days, when he knew mules as well as any man, and he hasn't forgotten.

In fact, he hasn't even forgotten the words. Which is giving me some trouble in writing this piece, since the very nature of a mule is such that it's nearly impossible to talk *to* or *about* a mule in any language fit for womenfolks and children to hear—or read. Mules and profanity just seem to go together.

In our conversation, Mike didn't bother to talk decent. He just backed his ears and cut loose with all of the old and familiar expletives that every mule understands and any mule man can appreciate. It was the searing, hide-peeling sort of profanity that would send a mule lunging up into his collar, all hell-bent to move a load or bust a hamestring trying. His words crashed and cut like the popper on a blacksnake whip.

To an old mule man like me, it was a heart-warming, soul-stirring experience, listening once more to mule talk handled with the force, grace and beauty that verges on perfection. And what made it all the more interesting was the fact that Mike's experience had been with a packtrain outfit, a type of mule work I'd never known.

Mike has done some ore-packing for mines in Mexico, but what he remembers best is the time when he was a packer for a mule train operating out of Fort Brown and provisioning U. S. military outposts strung out along the Rio Grande for a hundred miles or so.

It was back in 1919 that Mike threw in with Packtrain No. 17. This outfit consisted of fifty packmules, fourteen saddle mules, one bell mare and about a dozen hell-raising, tequila-drinking young packers. And, looking back on it now, Mike gets a gleam in his eye, recollecting how it used to be in the early mornings, around 5:30 o'clock, when they opened the corral gate and herded their mules into where the pack-saddles and loads were all laid out on the dusty ground.

There would be fifty piles of gear and provision to go on the trip—hay, ammunition, canned goods, smoking tobacco, rifles, extra clothing and the like. You name it; the packtrain would move it.

The saddles were numbered from one to fifty and every mule knew his saddle. He could tell it by his own scent which he'd left on it from the last trip. And, if he were a well-trained mule, he'd go and stand beside it, waiting to be saddled and loaded.

Here, then, would come the packers, two to a mule, although one man could do the job when necessary. One packer would throw a blinder over the mule's eyes, while the other set the saddle and cinched it down tight.

This, of course, sometimes called for kicking the wind out of the "blowers," the mules who made a habit of swelling up their bellies with air, so that later on the cinch wouldn't feel so tight. But that cinch had to be tight from the start, else you were asking for trouble with a slipped load that could rub a mule's ribs to the raw. So, in spite of the blower's protesting grunts, groans, wind-breaking and tail-wringing, the packer would keep kicking him in the belly and swearing at him and hauling down on the straps till, finally, he had the cinches buckled to the proper notches, where there was no danger of the pack's slipping.

To get the crupper under the mule's tail called for more strugging and more swearing, because a mule sure hates for anybody to mess with his ears or his tail. But under the tail the crupper had to go, else the load might slip forward when the mule went downhill. Then came the martingale, which went around the neck and shoulders to keep the load from slipping back when the mule climbed a steep hill.

Last of all came the "manta-ing up," a mule-train term built out of a Texas corruption of the Spanish word *manta*, meaning blanket. To manta-up, you put a blanket-type wrap around the load, baby-diaper fashion, before lifting it to the mule's back and diamond-hitching it to the saddle in such a way that no part of the load ever touches the mule.

WELL, ten experienced packers could load fifty mules, saddle their own mounts, and be ready to throw the packtrain on the trail within thirty minutes of the time they started.

And that packtrain, pulling out of Fort Brown early of a morning—with the packmaster riding in the lead, followed by the bell mare, which was in turn followed by the packmules, with the packers riding in pairs along the flanks, with every mule walking in pride and every packer riding proud, the entire outfit strung out along Elizabeth Street, then the main street of Brownsville—well, it was a sight to watch and remember.

A lot of times, the Eastern dudes—what we'd call "tourists" today—would make a point of getting up early and lining both sides of the street, just for the chance of watching this eye-catching parade go by.

And, somewhere along the line—maybe a hundred yards in the lead, or a quarter of a mile behind—would walk Old Red.

Of all the mules that Mike knew and handled in those days, Old Red is the one he remembers best—as the most stubborn, the most cantankerous, the most colorful and the most lovable.

Old Red was a bay horse-mule, called the "chow-bosser" of the outfit, which means that he packed the camping equipment for the packers—grub, bedding, booze, cooking utensils and the water keg.

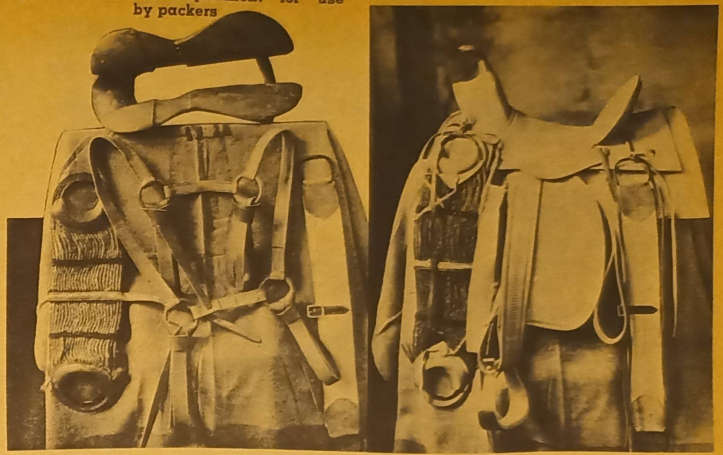
But if anybody figured to regiment Old Red into that packtrain, they had another thought coming. Red wasn't that sort of mule. He was an individual in his own right, and a privileged character. He was also well aware of this fact and worked hard at living up to his reputation for being different.

For instance, around camp, he wouldn't herd with the other mules. He preferred associating with the packers. In fact, the way he acted sometimes, it looked like he thought he was a man and that the men were mules. He enjoyed eating bacon and biscuits with the packers and wasn't a bit bashful about nosing into a pan of grub, all uninvited, if the packers were slow about giving him handouts.

He liked chewing tobacco. He liked mescal and tequila, too, any time one of the packers happened to drink himself into a state of generosity. And let them give him enough—which wasn't very often—and Old Red would tie on a big one, getting just as staggering drunk as

(Continued on page 52)

Two types of riding saddles issued by Quartermaster Department for use by packers



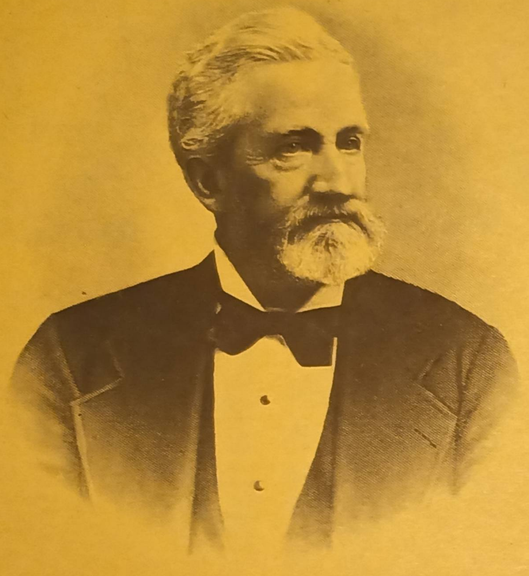
Civilian packer-instructor supervises lashing the load as military trainees prepare a Quartermaster mule for supply transport.

Do you remember Texas Jack, Bloody Dick Seymour, Dashing Charlie Emmett, Little Buckshot, Old John Nelson, Bill Reid? Meet the man who put the smoke in their rifles, lined up the Indians in their sights, and made the dime novel synonymous with adventure!

HERO-MAKER of the WILD, WILD WEST

By RAYMOND W. THORP

Pictures Courtesy Author



E. F. Beadle

The Hero-Maker, Erastus Beadle, in his later years

THE BOY who walked down the street of Cooperstown, New York, in 1841, swinging a well-laden gunnysack, was destined one day to change the reading habits of millions of Americans. He was only twenty years of age, but he had a plan, and the contents of his sack were a part of it. There was no guitar, banjo or mandolin in the sack, for he was not a Beatle or beatnik, but a Beadle.

Young Erastus Beadle was looking for a job, and he found one with a printer, Elihu Phinney. Mr. Phinney had him demonstrate the contents of the sack, which consisted of twenty-six hardwood blocks with a complete alphabet on them, carved out with a jackknife.

With this outfit young Beadle had already lettered the flour bags, horse blankets, and farm utensils of 1,000 New York farmers. While working in a grist mill near Pierstown, young Beadle had noticed the crudity of the lettering on the meal bags and had whittled out his font of letters and substituted it. In the process it occurred to him that he had made a business for himself. He had become a journeyman Gutenberg, lettering articles as far West as Ohio and as far East as Salem, Massachusetts. As an apprentice with Phinney for six years, the lad learned all there was to know about printing, binding and stereotyping, then picked up his gunnysack and moved on to Buffalo, where he set up a shop of his own.

Here his native genius again came to the fore. Instead of printing letterheads and labels, he became a songbook publisher. Young Beadle collected the popular lyrics of the day which had been issued as handbills and "broadsides" and sold for a penny each. Binding them in volumes of fifty and sixty each, he issued them as salmon-colored books at 10¢ each. Soon *Beadle's Dime Song Book* had a tremendous sale, and as there was no copyright on the material, he added volume after volume until he had published more than 2,000 songs.

In 1852, Beadle turned to publishing game books and youthful literature of sport and adventure. His first literary publication was known as "The Youth's Casket," which had nothing to do with coffins, since a casket of the times was simply a receptacle in which important household items were kept. He brought out books on riding, cricket, football, pedestrianism and letter-writing. The last named was called *Beadle's Dime Ladies' Letter-Writer*.

These were all very profitable, and throughout his entire career he never dropped one of them, even for his later dime novels. In 1863 he added to his list the *Book of Fun*, a compendium of jokes, stories and current humor. In the third volume of this series, Mark Twain's *Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* appeared for the first time in book form.

The Home Monthly, which appeared first in 1856, ran his sales up into the tens of thousands with its excellent material. The fiction in this magazine fell like welcome rain upon a story-hungry terrain, and for the first time he entertained the idea of saturating youthful readers with adventure fiction of the West. It was about time something like this happened, because in 1858 there was little to read except text-books, *Peter Parley's Primers*, *McGuffey's Readers*, blue-backed spellers, geographies, and histories of Noah Webster and John Bunyan.

BEADLE believed in using the best writers obtainable to put out swift-moving stories of frontier life. Orville J. Victor, a successful author in many fields, was engaged as his editor. He, in turn, got in touch with Mrs. Anne S. Stephens, as well-known as himself, and engaged her to do the opening novel. It was titled *Malaeska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter*, and was a roaring success. Mrs. Stephens received a lump sum of $250 for this "first" in 1860. She readily renounced all claims to further payment, by reason of the fact that $250 in 1860 was easily the equivalent of $2,500 in 1960. "Malaeska" was followed closely by *Massasoit's Daughter*, by Col. A. J. H. Duganne, *Life of Garibaldi*, by editor Victor, and *Privateer Cruise*, by Harry Cavendish. Beadle began making money so fast that his publishing house was referred to as "Rastus Beadle's Mint."

The Civil War catapulted Beadle into the millionaire class. Boxcar-loads of his books were purchased by the Government and shipped to the Northern armies as regulation equipment. Beadle confined his own energies to getting out books and counting money, giving editor Victor free rein. The latter, a widely trained journalist with high literary judgment and a frequent contributor to magazines, authored the dignified *Address to the English People*—an appeal for support to the North.

Victor said of Beadle's books, "I sought the best work of the best writers. We tried, and successfully, to get the true flavor of American life into our Dime Pocket Library. We had a consistently high level of quality." This quality was emphasized by his most popular writer, Edward S. Ellis, the only one of Beadle's writers to make *Who's Who*. Ellis wrote hundreds of dime novels as well as splendid biographies of Pontiac, Tecumseh and Daniel Boone.

Beadle took many trips into the West to engage the services of trappers, hunters and Indian fighters to write up their lives. Edward S. Ellis' first work for Beadle was his best, although all of his writing was good. As a biographer he excelled, but his fiction assured his fame. At age eighteen he had presented Victor a neatly written manuscript titled *Seth Jones*, a story of post-Revolutionary life in Northern New York. The professional's eyes gleamed when he perused it, and he nearly collapsed with joy. He called it "the perfect dime novel," and within a year after its appearance, it had sold 450,000 copies. In later years it went into countless editions and was translated into seven foreign languages.

Between 1860-1870, the Beadle paperbacks scaled the pinnacle of success for Erastus and his partner, Adams, but in 1871 a decline began to be apparent. The appearance of cheap competition was the first factor, and later the disappearance of the West as a vehicle for source material, contributed. Other men began to seek nuggets from the golden stream.

Beadle's bookkeeper, Georgo Munro, started his own dime novel factory in 1866 in partnership with Irwin Beadle. He brought out *Munro's Ten Cent Library* and *The Fireside Companion*, which had conspicuous success for many years, and in 1890 retired with a fortune of $10,000,000.

In 1867, Robert DeWitt produced a close external imitation of the Beadle books, but failed to take into account the

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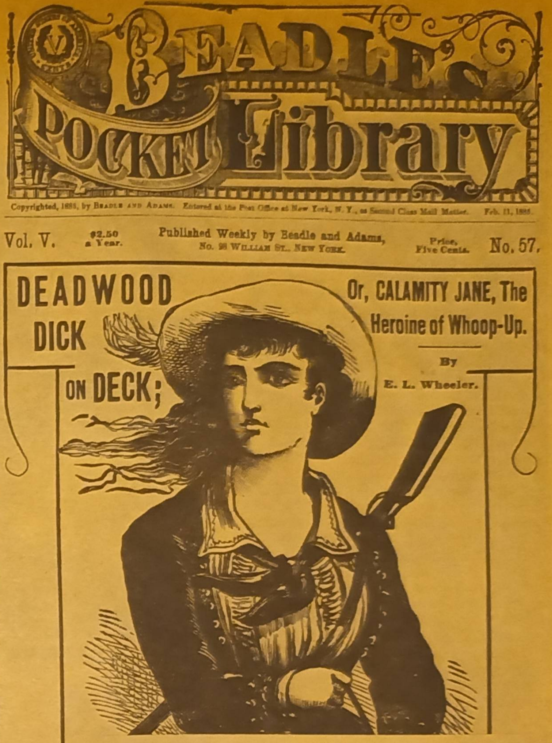

BEADLE'S POCKET Library

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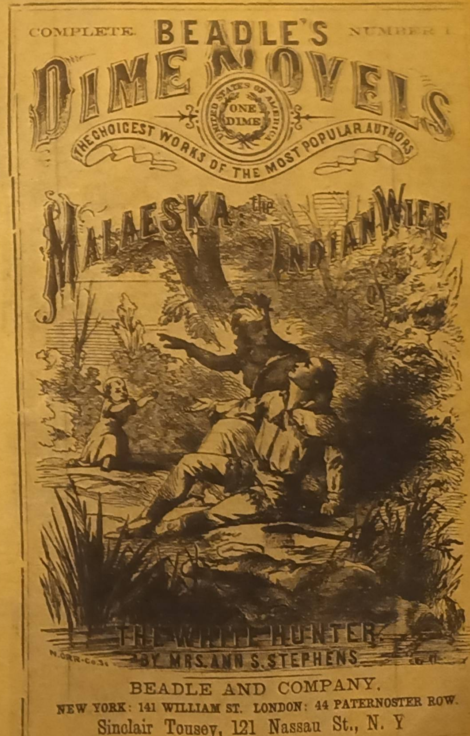
Vol. V. $2.50 a Year. Published Weekly by Beadle and Adams, No. 98 William St., New York. Price, Five Cents. No. 57.

DEADWOOD DICK ON DECK; Or, CALAMITY JANE, The Heroine of Whoop-Up.

By E. L. Wheeler.

With a keen eye toward merchandising methods, Beadle glamorized Calamity Jane on the cover above. No one should have been more qualified to tell the story of the Indian wife than the authoress "Mrs." Anne S. Stephens as shown on the cover below.



COMPLETE. BEADLE'S NUMBER 1.

DIME NOVELS

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BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS

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WHEN DEATH RODE CHERRY CREEK

By CLARK SECREST

Auraria on one side and Denver City on the other had struggled for supremacy since the day they were founded. A few enterprising merchants even built their stores in the dry creek bed so they could play both sides against the middle—then one night the "middle" washed away!

Photos from Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla, Denver, Colorado

B. SANFORD, a pioneer farmer who maintained a small spread just south of Denver, stepped from Charley Harrison's infamous Criterion Saloon just before midnight May 19, 1864. Though it was late springtime, a chill was in the air, and Sanford hunched down into his light denim jacket for the two-mile walk home.

It had rained all day in Denver, and ranchers from the high plains east of the town were complaining of high water, hail the size of hen's eggs and resultant stock losses. But scarcely any of the 2,900 residents of the five-year-old frontier settlement gave the weather much thought. After all, there were other things to worry about in a town so young—like keeping pace with the gold mine developments up in the mountains around Central City and Black Hawk. And like rebuilding from the tragic 1863 fire that started in the Cherokee House Hotel, and didn't stop until it had jumped from roof to roof, causing $350,000 damage.

And to make matters worse, Denver's population had dwindled in 1860 and 1861 as disillusioned goldseekers returned east after finding it took more than a few days to make a fortune. "Go-backs," they were called. Indeed, there were other things of concern besides the moderate rains in Denver.

Sanford dodged puddles in the dirt streets until he came to the Larimer Street Bridge over Cherry Creek—a normally small rivulet which ran smack through the middle of town, and emptied into the South Platte River a mile west of tiny Denver.

Sanford was surprised, but hardly startled, as he looked over the edge of the bridge into the creek. The water was higher than he had ever seen it. The concern was brief, however. After all, Cherry Creek had never been known to be anything but an inoffensive little stream with a hot and sandy bed.

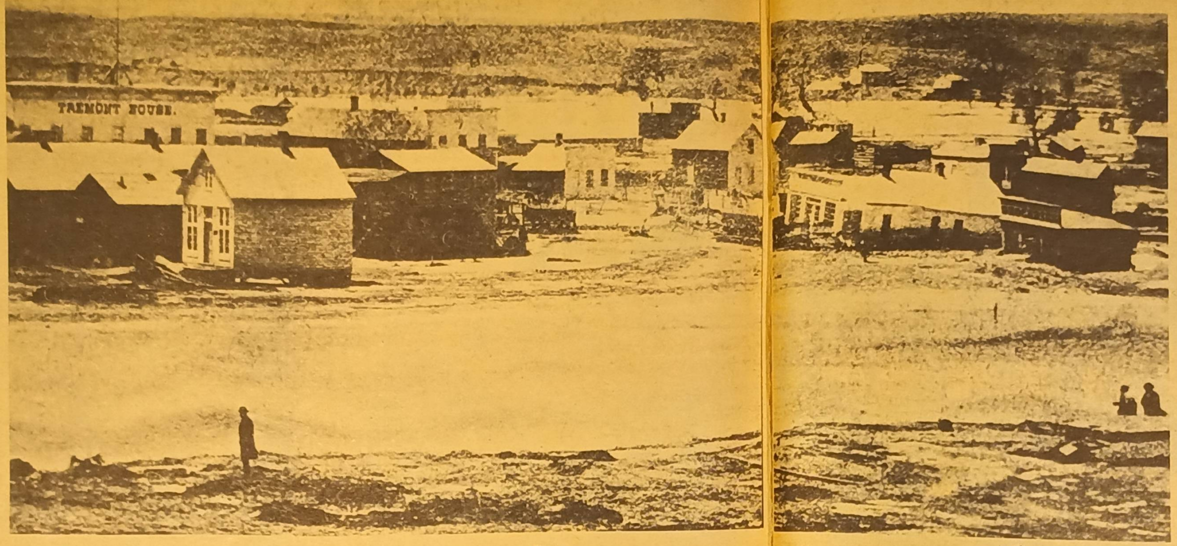
History supported the feelings of safety from floods in Denver. Colonel Henry Dodge and 117 U.S. Dragoons had come up the South Platte in the summer of 1835, and camped briefly at the confluence of that river and Cherry Creek. The Colonel wrote in his logbook that the creek was entirely dry.

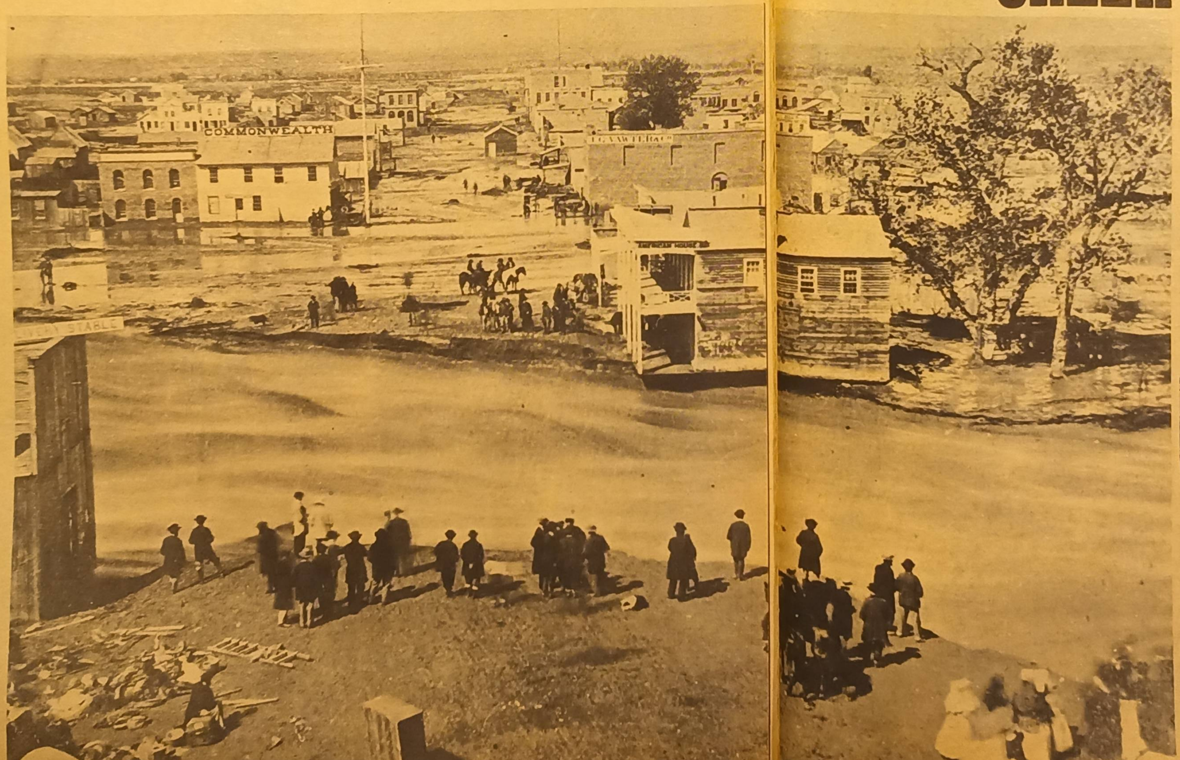
Francis Parkman, that great scribe whose early writings aroused interest in the Rocky Mountain areas, happened by Cherry Creek in 1846, and camped briefly near the orchard of wild cherry trees from which the creek derived its name. Parkman had to dig a hole in the parched creek bed to find a trace of water to drink.

Even when the first gold-seekers camped on its banks in late 1858, only a trickle of water was to be found, and soon two permanent settlements—Denver City and Auraria—sprang up on the north and south sides, respectively.

AS HE trudged home in the moonlight, however, Sanford did have a few disturbing thoughts about Cherry Creek. He remembered the old Cheyenne who had wondered out loud why new residents were building structures in the middle of the dry creek bed.

The Indian had warned of "heap big water, so-o-o high," and had raised his hands far above his head. And some trappers had told the pioneers—who were supposed to be nature-wise anyway—that all that white sand in the creek bed hadn't gotten there by itself.





As Sanford stepped through the door of his cabin just south of the creek, he paused to look at the sky. The storm clouds seemed to be scattering, and he and his wife went to bed with no feeling of impending danger.

Shouting awakened the Sanfords, and their board door rattled in its frame. Sanford rubbed the sleep from his eyes, lighted a lantern and looked at his fob watch. Two a.m. Again the alarm came, and Sanford stumbled to the door, which by now was nearly being pounded from its hinges.

"Who is it?" he demanded.

"Volunteers! Open up!"

Cautiously Sanford opened the door, and the lantern-light showed the face of a guard from nearby Camp Weld, headquarters of the First Colorado Volunteers.

"Great flood!" the guard gasped. "Down Cherry Creek! Many are drowning!"

As the Sanfords stood speechless, they could hear the roar. The air was dank with the smell of floodwater.

Sanford ducked back inside and pulled on his clothes. He flung open the door, and he and the trooper slogged across the fields toward the creek. What he saw was difficult to believe. The sluggish trickle had swollen into a torrent!

Bonfires dotted the water's edge, as the curious pressed close to the spectacle, disbelief on every face. Neighbors dashed to and fro, awakening friends and loved ones, as the water tunneled through banks, striking a new path for the creek. Its inky waves were rising from ten to fifteen feet high.

Even above the roar of the thundering water, the cries of children for parents, and wives for husbands and little ones could be heard. First thoughts were that the South Platte had switched from its path. Some even thought the world was coming to an end.

JOURNALIST O. J. Goldrick, writing in the May 24 issue of the Denver *Commonwealth,* was later to offer his description of the "Great Deluge in Denver." Professor Goldrick was perhaps the most eloquent newspaper writer of his day, and his article was to become a classic in the annals of pioneer newspapering:

"Great God! and are we all gone up, and is there no power to stem the tide was asked all round. But no; as if that nature demanded it, or there was need of the severe lesson it teacheth to the citizens of the town, the waves dashed higher still, and the volume of water kept on eroding bluffs and bank, and undermining all the stone and foundations in its rapid course.

"The inundation of the Nile, the Noachian deluge, and that of Prometheus' son, Deucalien, the Noah of the Greeks, were now in danger of being out-deluged by this great phenomenon of '64.

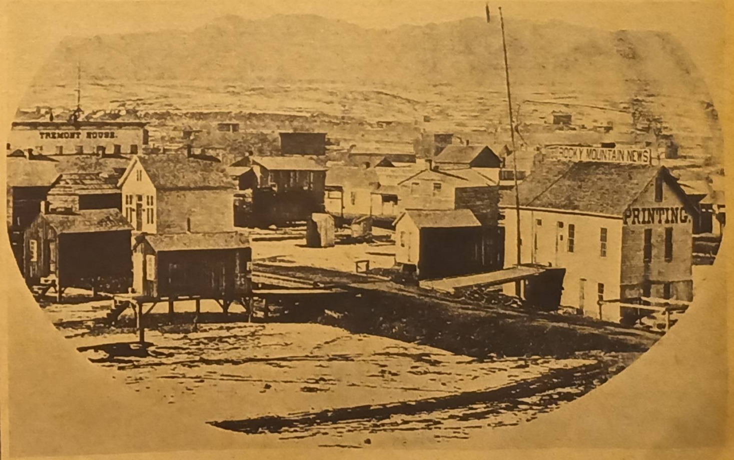
"Oh! it was indescribably and inconceivably awful to behold that spectacle of terrible grandeur, as the moon would occasionally shed her rays on the surges of the muddy waves, whose angry thundering drowned out all other noise, and to hear the swooping of the death angel as he flew o'er the troubled surface, suggesting the idea of death and destruction in the wild tumults of the torrent!

"Now we see a youth, white with wan despair, and a child stiff in the cramps of death, popping his head up stories high on the river's surface, only to be struck senseless by an overtaking tree or solid sheet of water, thereafter thence, when the roaring of the raging elements, exemplification of the Almighty's voice and power, will tell their only funeral knell as calamity's sad corpse on sorrow's hearse is carried to its watery grave, with a watery winding-sheet and melancholy moonlight for its shroud!"

In the streets along the creek banks men and women ran, some carrying precious possessions and others pounding on the doors of slumbering neighbors to further warn of the danger at hand.

(Continued on page 58)

Photos at top and bottom, left, testify to the force of the water. In the foreground of the lower photo, one can still see the wagon tracks leading to the bridge site. At lower right, the locale prior to the flood. Several buildings have been built on stilts to elevate them above the soggy creek bed, in which water seldom flowed. The Rocky Mountain NEWS structure in the foreground was washed away in the torrent.

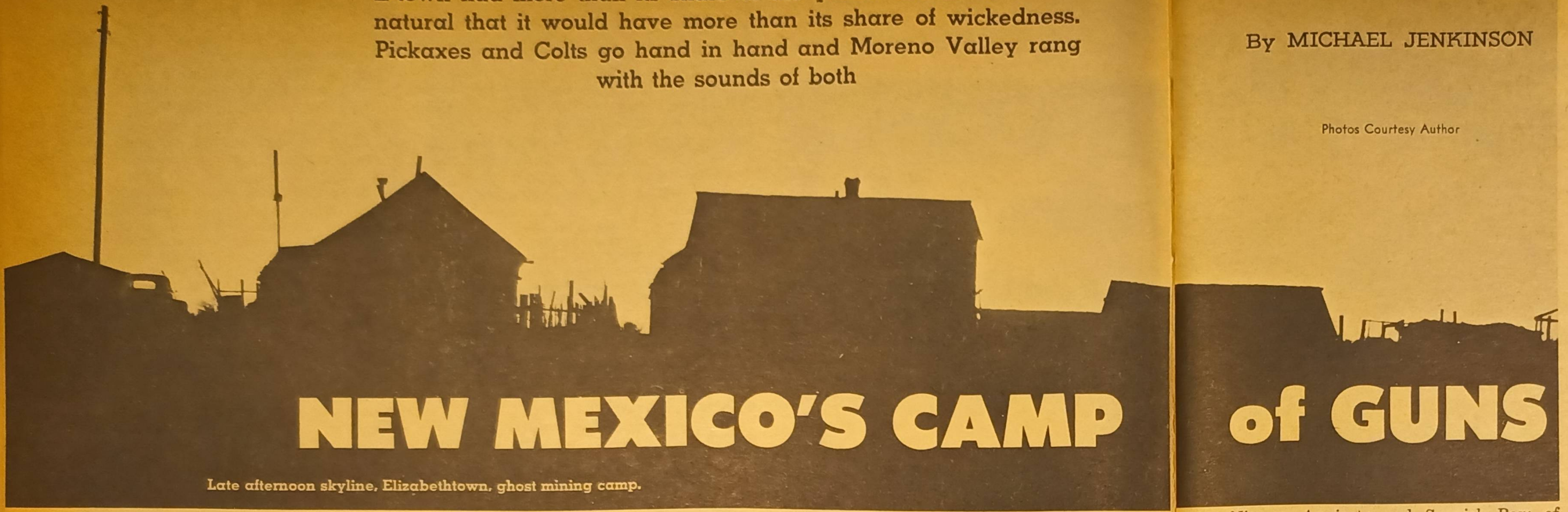


E-town had more than its share of the yellow metal, so it was natural that it would have more than its share of wickedness. Pickaxes and Colts go hand in hand and Moreno Valley rang with the sounds of both

By MICHAEL JENKINSON

Photos Courtesy Author

NEW MEXICO'S CAMP of GUNS



Late afternoon skyline, Elizabethtown, ghost mining camp.

THE MAN, leaning upon our jeep hood, squinted his eyes against the noonday glare and pointed across the valley to Baldy Mountain. "I've worked about every hole over there at one time or another. Some good; some bad. The Aztec was the richest mine in these parts. Ore came out half gold sometimes."

He shifted, and we followed his gaze to the handful of weathered cabins and roofless stone buildings which perched on the treeless hillside before us. "Not a pick in the ground now," he said quietly.

This then, was Elizabethtown, New Mexico, where gold was washed from whimsically christened placers. From the Humbug, Heart of the World, and others came five million dollars' worth. Elizabethtown—where eight men died of gunshot wounds within a single twenty-four-hour period, not a massacre or a berserk man shooting wildly, only a restless night in a violent town.

Elizabethtown: where miners sought an elusive master lode, punching a tunnel five miles clear through Baldy Mountain with single jack hand drill—where 7,000 people were once goaded by dreams. Water was brought forty-two miles through the Red River Mountains in a crude engineering wonder commonly known as the Big Ditch, water to cut and sift gold from dry, rich gulches.

Until the middle of the last century, the mountains and canyons directly to the east of the Sangre de Cristo Range were the hunting grounds of Jicarilla Apache and Ute Indians. White men rarely ventured there. These Indians fashioned bracelets and necklaces out of gold which is thought to have been taken from the slopes of Baldy Mountain or the broad Moreno Valley below. Even to this day, there are certain primitive diggings to the south and east of Baldy which are overgrown, and very old, rough scars for which there is no record. Some of these may have been the sites of Apache and Ute mines—others show signs of Spanish working. In one place there are rude sluice boxes and other impedimenta which resemble Chinese placer diggings. No one can say for sure who worked these early mines, for the miners are long dead and their stories lost or buried with them.

Indians frequently came to Ft. Union to trade furs, and in 1866 one showed up with a sample of copper ore which he displayed with the hides. W. H. Kroenig and William Moore hired the Indian to guide them to the place where he had picked it up, and the two men located the Mystic copper mine close to the bare summit of Baldy Mountain. Work was started on the property almost immediately.

It was late the following autumn that three men sent to do assessments on the Mystic camped one afternoon beside Willow Creek. While supper was cooking, one of them broke out a gold pan and tried his luck in the gravels of the creek. He had not gone far before color showed in the bottom of the pan, bits of gold washed free of the lighter sand. Excited, he called to his companions, and they soon found the sand and gravel of the entire area to be shot through with gold. But even as they worked, their spirits fired, a cold wind sliced at their ears and numbed wet fingers. The wind brought threats of snow and frigid nights, for this was high country. The elated discoverers decided to wait until spring to stake their claims, and they carved a large pine as a landmark.

The three left for Ft. Union, vowing secrecy. There, they told a few intimate friends of the find on Willow Creek, and, of course, the friends agreed to be silent. Rumors of gold however, like scandal, never find a resting place on the human tongue.

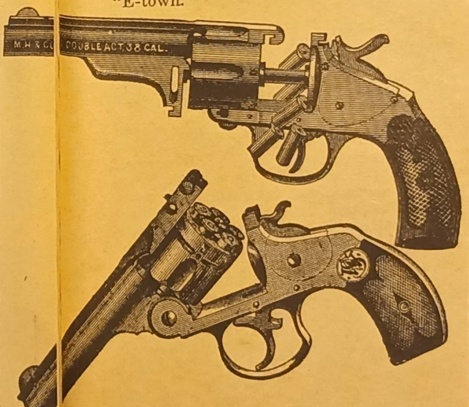
Tall grass leans against headboard in the Elizabethtown cemetery

LONG BEFORE spring, hordes of prospectors had made their way to Willow Creek. Ice still hung in narrow crystal balconies from the creek banks as stakes were driven into frozen earth. The marked pine, now familiar to many men as the "discovery tree," served as a focal point from which claims were established and numbered.

A few prospectors moved up onto the shoulders of Baldy Mountain, seeking lodes, and two of these, Matthew Lynch and Tim Foley, discovered the Aztec Mine, which produced over a million dollars. The majority of the prospectors, however, concentrated on the placers of the Moreno Valley. Gold in paying quantities was found in all the gulches coming out of Baldy for a distance of ten miles north of Willow Creek. One of the first to be worked was Humbug Gulch, so named because the concensus was that the dirt there was too poor to ever pay for the effort of washing it. Humbug Gulch proved to be the richest placer of all.

Miners flooded into this place where gold paid $20 an ounce as it was scooped from the cleats of a sluice box; where certain quartz veins assayed as high as $2,000 a ton. The gold was scarcely jerked from the ground by dirty calloused hands before it passed to cleaner and more tender palms—those of suppliers and saloonkeepers, gamblers and eager women. And the miners coming to town, hair wetted and pants shiny from repeated washings in creek water, would speak hopefully of their claims. They spoke of the placer gulches: Grouse, Pine, Big Nigger, Anniseta and Spanish Bar; of the lode mines: War Eagle, Red Bandana, Paragon, Puzzler, Only Chance and Bull of the Woods.

At the principal diggings a town sprang up, called Virginia City until it was surveyed, and then Elizabethtown after the eldest daughter of John Moore, one of the surveyors. But the name was too long for terse and exuberant tongues, too dignified for a raw town with gold between its toes. Everyone called it "E-town."


M.H.&Co DOUBLE ACT. 38 CAL.

E-town grew rapidly. It seemed that no sooner was a single wagon road cut through to Maxwell's ranch, than there were many roads, even stage lines to Springer and La Belle, to Trinidad and Questa. Hardly had the town been established when Colfax County was separated from Mora County and E-town designated as county seat. Only a year after John Moore had set aside his surveying chains, E-town had a newspaper, *The Lantern*, five stores, a drugstore, and two hotels. There were also seven saloons and three dancehalls.

MELVIN MILLS, a young attorney fresh out of Michigan University, came to E-town hoping to find enough violence to keep him busy as a criminal lawyer. He was not disappointed.

Mills' first trial was the defense of a man named Charles Kennedy. It was a hard trial, for the eyes of the jurors and the eyes of the spectators were blinded with horror and a welling anger.

Kennedy and his Mexican mistress had operated a rough log inn at the mouth of Fernandez Canyon, a few miles south of E-town, on the trail over the Sangre de Cristo Mountains to Taos. Travelers using this route sometimes disappeared, and among the townspeople there were whispers and low talk of Kennedy and his inn. There was something strange about the man; about the way at times his fingers would grip a table as though he were shrieking, although his voice would continue in a quiet monotone.

In the winter of 1871, a time of pale shadows on snow in the high country, a prominent traveler from Taos rode up the frozen trail into the Sangre de Cristo and was never heard from again. Friends promptly launched an investigation. At the inn of Fernandez Canyon the man's mules were found, and inside the log building were most of his belongings.

Kennedy said he had found the packed mules wandering aimlessly in the canyon, and that he had supposed the owner had been ambushed by the Apaches. The men ate silently that night in the log room, knowing the Apaches frequented the mountains with taut bows and ready rifles, but wondering why the mules had been left to wander away, for these were prized as meat among the Indians. Although the investigators watched Kennedy with grave eyes, they found nothing more, and left without satisfaction, their doubts and suspicions riding with them.

A few days later, Kennedy's mistress ran into E-town sobbing, with her dark hair loose and tangled about her face, crying for the authorities. To them she told of how her husband planned to kill her child, of how he had already burned the bodies of two of their children who had displeased him. She said he had murdered fourteen men, mostly overnight lodgers at the inn.

So Mills had his first trial, and faced a jury whose eyes reflected nothing but disgust. But four of them wavered. To this day it is not known whether they swayed under the brilliant legal tongue of the attorney, or under the damp pass of crumpled currency. The jury hung.

That night a mob broke into the jail and dragged Kennedy outside to lynch him from a stout pine.

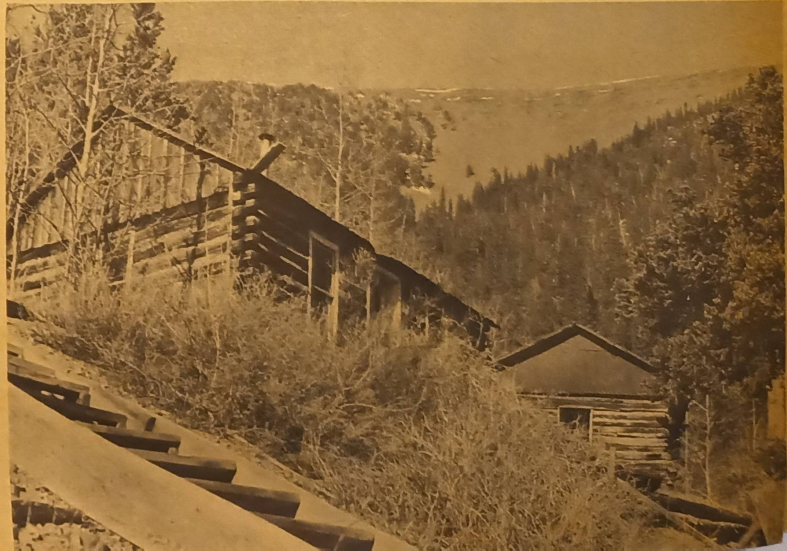
Kennedy was not the only client Mills lost to the Grim Reaper. A local gunman named Tom Taylor shot a man and then hired Mills for his defense. Before the trial could take place, however, Taylor broke out of the log jail, and Mills thought he had seen the last of him. He had not. Taylor joined a six-foot, seven-inch road agent named "Coal-Oil" Jimmie, and the two of them set about terrorizing the local stage lines. When they had become notorious enough to warrant a $3,000 reward for their capture, dead or alive, their gang swelled with the addition of Joe McCurdy and John Stewart.

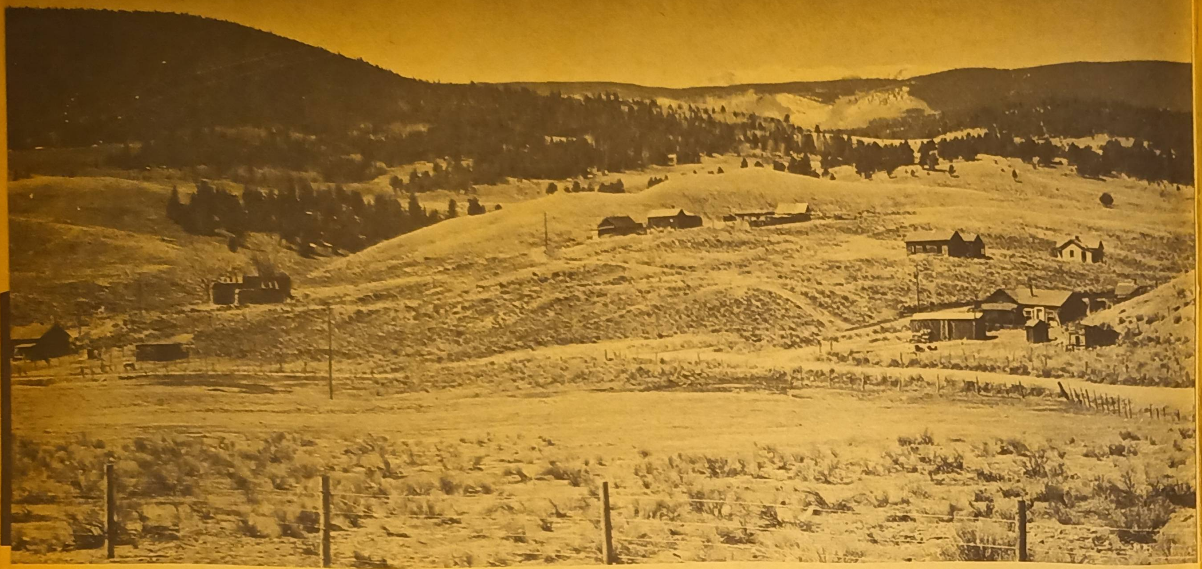
Shortly thereafter, these two approached Mills with a proposition that they retain him to collect the reward. With them they had a weathered farm wagon, and in it, tossed carelessly the bodies of Coal-Oil Jimmie and Tom Taylor.

IN THE same way that love begets love, so violence spawns terror and still more violence. By 1870, fear stalked the streets of E-town, and women kept loaded shotguns in their parlors while their men were away at the placers. Outlaws had burned the home of Justice of the Peace McBride, and threatened to fire the entire town if it did not conform to their arrogant dictates.

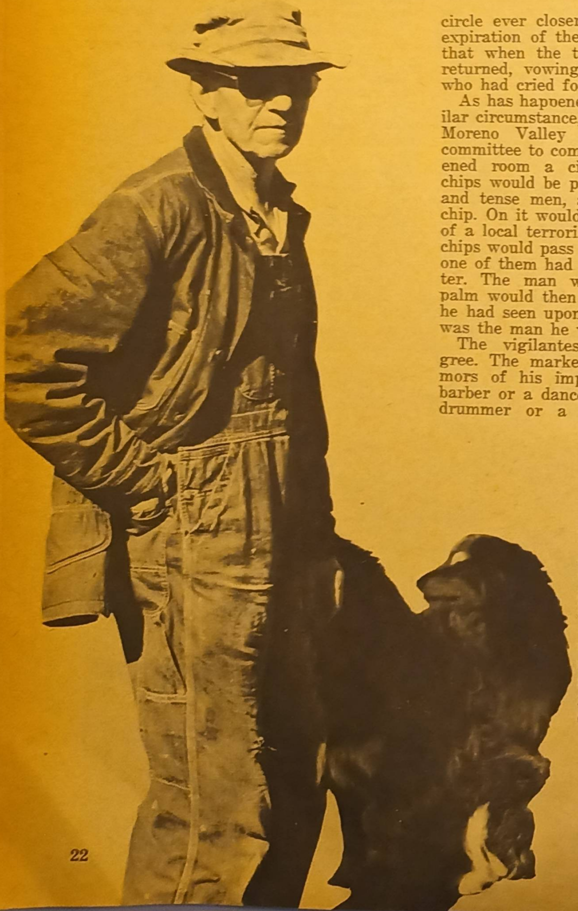
Messages were hastily dispatched to Territorial Governor Pile in Santa Fe, and troops were sent from a garrison east of Cimarron. With the troops came a sense of security and peace, but it was the sort of security a lone, unarmed wanderer might have in a blazing campfire which keeps some desperate, stalking wild animal at bay. As the wanderer, fighting sleep, might nod and jerk upright, then nod again, the strength of his fire would fade, and around him sharp claws riding the soft pads would

Cabins at the Deep Tunnel mine on the slopes of Baldy Mountain. Here a tunnel was drilled five miles clear through the mountain in an unsuccessful attempt to find a master lode. Many old miners still believe in the existence of a fabulously rich lode somewhere under the slopes in the background.





Elizabethtown, New Mexico. At one time it had seven thousand population and was the county seat of Colfax County. Today it is a ghost town. In the background, snow-sheeted, is Wheeler Peak, highest in New Mexico.



Cleve Horner, who remembers Elizabethtown when it was still a vigorous mining camp. Cleve worked in hardrock mines on Baldy Mountain and placer claims below it during the mining boom. He now owns a cattle ranch in the Moreno Valley, a few miles from the ghost camp of Elizabethtown.

circle ever closer, waiting patiently the expiration of the final spark. So it was that when the troops left, the outlaws returned, vowing vengeance upon those who had cried for help.

As has happened in many another similar circumstance, the infant town of the Moreno Valley permitted a vigilante committee to come into being. In a darkened room a cigar box of gambler's chips would be passed around to hushed and tense men, and each would take a chip. On it would be scratched the name of a local terrorist. Then a box of black chips would pass from hand to hand, and one of them had a white spot in its center. The man who found that in his palm would then never forget the name he had seen upon the first chip, for this was the man he was to kill.

The vigilantes succeeded—to a degree. The marked man would hear rumors of his impending death, from a barber or a dancehall girl, from a cigar drummer or a miner, and he would quietly pack his saddle bags and ride away.

Or he might stay, laughing sharply and cursing at the livery stable boy who told him his name was scratched on a poker chip, until some night in the darkness an anonymous .44 slug would relieve him of further responsibility to the world.

The vigilantes succeeded, for terror broke against terror. Shotguns were unloaded in the parlors and braggart outlaws fled the region or were shot. But the vigilantes failed also—for sometimes the men that reached into the cigar box were more vicious than the men whose names were carved into the poker chips.

Thus it was that Joseph Herberger, saloonkeeper who used the vigilantes as a mask for personal vengeance, spoke of the nonexistent crimes of his enemies, and they like the true desperadoes, were swept from the country by brooms of fear.

One afternoon Herberger, hiding in the shadows between two buildings, hurled a brick at the head of a man named "Pony" O'Neil as he passed on the street. Minutes later, tight-faced vigilantes put a rope around the neck of a trembling O'Neil, unmoved by his pleas for life. Herberger had told them the man was wanted for murder in southern New Mexico, and of his other crimes.

Later they found out that O'Neil was not wanted for murder or for anything else, that he died because he once quarreled with the saloonkeper.

FOR a long time after the vigilantes disbanded, Herberger continued to gorge on his hatreds, killing sometimes; but relying then on his ability to intimidate or bribe witnesses. One night a competitor, George Greeley, held a dance which was a roaring success. A dance was scheduled at Herberger's saloon for the same evening, but few showed up. Too many were at the other dance—carousers, then as now, seeking the greatest density of kindred spirits.

Herberger watched his fiddler playing to an almost empty room and did not shrug. Instead he walked out onto the dirt street where he could hear the blare and gabble of voices from the rival hall. His face set as it had on the day he watched Pony O'Neil kick in the sun. He listened motionless for a time, and then left.

The next morning, as the sun heaved clear of Baldy Mountain to the east, he entered Greeley's saloon, a Winchester light in hands that twitched from sleeplessness and rage. The bullet caught Greeley as he was handing a glass of whiskey to a customer. He fell against a man who lounged at the bar, a man who supported him until the Winchester muzzle was shoved into Greeley's ribs and fired a second time.

This time the witnesses could not be intimidated. Herberger was tried at Taos and convicted of murder. He served two years at the Territorial Penitentiary at Santa Fe, and then was paroled, returning to E-town where he died of a heart attack, February 13, 1898.

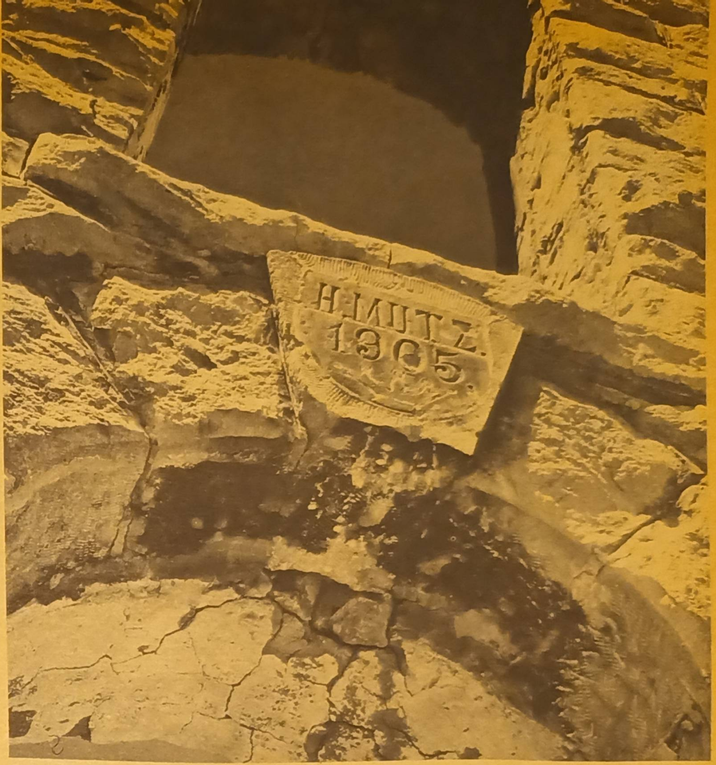
The vigilantes were not alone in their attempt to bring order to the roughshod Moreno Valley. A Virginia Colonel arrived in the 1880s, sporting a plug hat and a fondness for bourbon. He soon got himself appointed Justice of the Peace, and announced that decency had arrived.

The honor of performing the first wedding at E-town, so the story goes, fell to the Colonel as he was playing stud poker in a bar, his boots upon the table and the plug hat on the back of his head. As the wedding party appeared before him, the Colonel righted himself and stood against the bar, where the gravity of his office and the firm wooden support braced his alcoholic swaying. With him he had neither law book nor prayer book—nor could he remember any of the formal statements needed to consummate such a ceremony. But the Colonel, a glib man, was not one to let ritual slip away for lack of the usual words. Instead he boomed out in strong Virginia accents:

"Underneath this roof in stahmy weathah
This buck and squaw now come togethah
Let none but Him Who rules the thundah
Set this buck and squaw assundah.
Now you'ah married, and
Let's all have ah drink!"

BLACK JACK KETCHUM, whose gang has been credited with half of the major hold-ups in New Mexico and Arizona during the 1890s, frequently attended dances at E-town. Black Jack and his men would come to the rooms of fierce banjo picking, blackly bearded and gentlemanly before the boisterous dance-hall girls and shy frontier women. It was a stroke of irony that this dreaded gang was always well behaved and peaceable in that violent mining camp. Black Jack was later hanged at Clayton, and his last requests were for banjo and fiddle music at the hanging, and for his body to be buried face down. His final words were bellowed at a fumbling hangman, "Hurry it up, I'm due in hell for dinner!"

The gold continued to funnel into E-town from the rocky feet of Baldy Mountain, coming in strongboxes and canvas sacks from the larger outfits; coming in battered tobacco tins, leather pouches, dry canteens, and filthy knotted hand-



Remains of the Mutz Hotel, Elizabethtown. In 1870 the gold camp boasted two hotels, a newspaper, five stores, three dance halls and seven saloons.

A stream of ice water runs from the western mouth of the Deep Tunnel on Baldy Mountain. Crews drilled into the mountain from both sides and, six years after the project was started, the two shifts met in the middle of the mountain. They were centered within an inch of one another, an engineering masterpiece.

kerchiefs from hundreds of solitary miners. And as the gold was shipped from E-town precautions were taken against the glint of rifle barrels waiting in the rocks; against the rearing horse and leveled shotgun in the road before the stage. Guards often sat next to the driver of a shipment stage—but sometimes there were subtler ways. Small children carried gold in their pockets. On one occasion a little boy and his sister rode into Trindad, where there was a bank, and deposited $1,000 for their parents.

The richness of the placer strikes in the Moreno Valley would have drawn the habitually abstracted gaze of fool and saint alike. But there was not enough water to work them. Eleven miles from E-town, over the spine of the Sangre de Cristo Range, snow-melt and spring seep trickled into numerous rivulets and streams, flung themselves together and mixed until they were strong enough to be called a river—the Red River. Here was the needed water for the Moreno Valley.

In 1868, the Moreno Water and Mining Company built a forty-mile aqueduct from the headwaters of the Red River to E-town—a remarkable structure that twisted down steep ridges, vaulted ravines, and created three reservoirs. As the first water moved through it and into the sluices and rockers of Humbug Gulch, the miners were jubilant, christening it bluntly and with rough affection: The Big Ditch.

Thirty-two years later another christening took place, this time more ceremoniously, as a woman dashed a bottle of champagne against the wooden snout of a gold dredge wallowing in an artificial lake below E-town. She spoke then, and her voice seemed loud, for the gathered crowd had hushed.

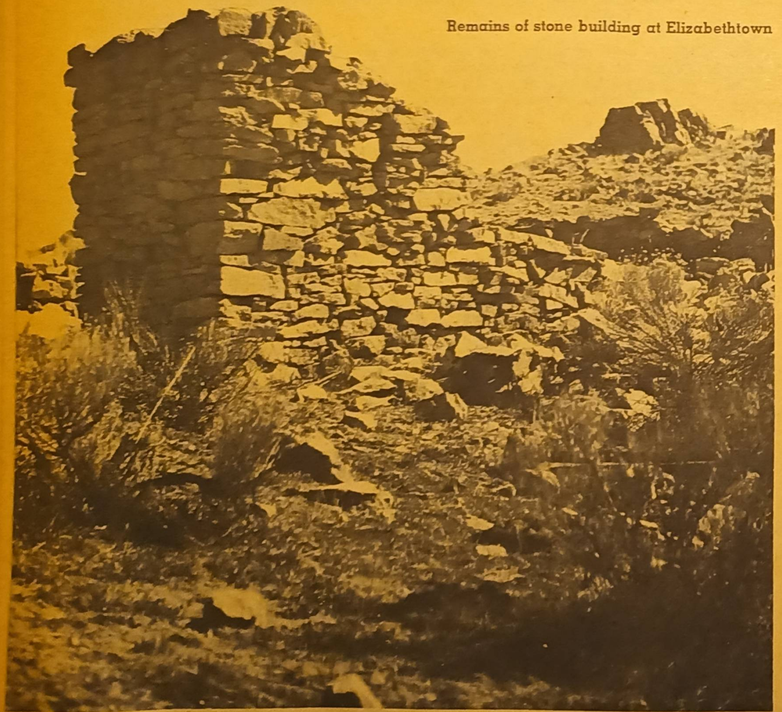
"With the authority given me by the powers that be, I christen thee Eleanor. May thy wheels never turn without profit to thy owners; may there be no loss of gold in thy boxes; no leakage of water in thy seams. May harmony and success prevail. May our kind host gather wealth and comfort from thee and ever continue to be one of us—a good fellow."

Gold production in the Moreno Valley had all but ceased when the Eleanor was built for the Oro Dredging Company in 1901. The dredge, a voracious monster with sixty-five bucket teeth, gnawed at the river bottom day and night. Four thousand cubic yards of gold-bearing sands were sucked into its maw each twenty-four hours, and during its first year of operation it is said to have produced a fourth of all the gold mined in New Mexico.

But after four years, little gold came into the mouth of the dredge anymore—only dull stones and occasionally some lost and rusted tool or flung can.

Dreams of gold never die; men in the Moreno Valley, doomed to the dream, stood with their boots on the worthless gravel spew of dredge and sluice, rocker and goldpan, looking up at the tall swell of Baldy Mountain. "Must be a mother lode up there," they would say. "Bet you a Chinaman's queue the whole mountain's a mound of gold inside."

Bill McIntyre first had the idea to ram a tunnel clear through Baldy Mountain. Gold had been found on all sides of the mountain, and he reasoned such a tunnel would cut across the main lode. Others caught the fever of the idea, and the Deep Tunnel Mining and Milling Company was incorporated to puncture the mountain 2,000 feet below the summit. There were no railroads into the Moreno Valley and no roads of any sort up the mountain. All the heavy equipment for the project had to be hauled in by wagon from Cimarron or Taos, and then up the steep trough of Big Nigger Gulch to the tunnel site.


Remains of stone building at Elizabethtown

Upended cabin at ghost mining camp of Elizabethtown

Drills and dynamite gored into Baldy Mountain. McIntyre waited for the walls to break into gold, as did a hundred others. A community sprang up at the tunnel mouth and a shaft was started from the mountain's other side. In 1930, Bill McIntyre died—still waiting.

Six years later, the two tunnels met in the core of Baldy Mountain, centered within an inch of one another, an engineering masterpiece. But there was no gold—it might as well have been a hole poked in a child's castle of sand.

Long before the two tunnels met, the population of the Moreno Valley had been drifting away. Many left after those first furious years when the placer returns became leaner. Doors swung in the wind and dust patterned unwalked floors.

The operation of the gold dredge revitalized E-town for a few years, but eventually it was mortgaged so its company could build a new dredge in Breckenridge, Colorado. Its lights no longer festooned the night in the river bottom and the shifts of men were gradually dismissed.

A watchman lived aboard the dredge for awhile, then he too left, leaving the dredge to sink into the soft gravels and mud it had torn at only a few years before. As it sank lower into the ooze, until only the pilothouse was visible, the buildings of E-town were set upon by vandals and by sheepherders who burned the planks of leaning walls for warmth on winter nights. Only the headboards in the cemetery were unmolested.

Today the dredge has dropped completely out of sight. So have the 7,000 that once were E-town. In the Moreno Valley there are only a few broken buildings, silent as the sun at noon, a high button shoe in a sandy wash, the shattered gleam of broken bottles. High on Baldy Mountain are the traces of a dream, a battered cabin, and icy water gushing from the mouth of the Deep Tunnel. Of 7,000 there are only shadows on stone and wood, the wind bending tall grass against headboards.

"Not a pick in the ground now."

The WEST'S BLOODIEST DUEL?

"ALLEGRO"

Submitted By COLIN RICKARDS

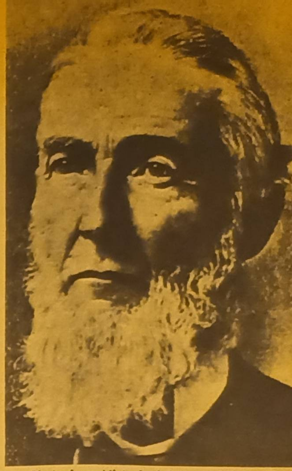

Judge R. W. P. Muse, early-day Newtonian who planned and executed Hugh Anderson's "escape" from Newton

Photo from Historical Atlas of Harvey County

Ninety years ago—for less time than it takes to tell it—a Kansas prairie became a dueling ground. Spectators gathered to watch a fight to the death, and no man raised a hand to stop the bloodletting

Mr. Rickard's Note: In the early 1870s a correspondent in Kansas was supplying stories of the frontier towns to the New York *World*. He signed himself "Allegro," preferring, he said, to suppress his actual name "for obvious reasons." His writings were published in Kansas newspapers, as well as the *World*, and while he was in Newton, he wrote for the Kansas Daily *Commonwealth* at Topeka. In Wichita he worked for the Kansas City *Times*.

Allegro was an eye-witness to the murder of Mike McCluskey by Hugh Anderson at Newton in the early hours of August 20, 1871. Two years later he saw McCluskey's brother kill Anderson at Medicine Lodge.

Exactly who Allegro was—or, for that matter, what he did—is a mystery. There is some evidence that his name may have been Mario(n) Dextra. It is almost certain that he was an itinerant violinist who worked in The Gold Room, a popular gambling den which operated in Newton and later in Wichita. He was obviously considerably more educated than most of the men on the frontier at that time, and his discerning pen recorded for posterity many fascinating snippets of frontier life that would otherwise have been lost completely.

There are some holes that may be picked in the following story. One is that Allegro should have been aware that Medicine Lodge is well inside the boundary of Kansas, not "in the very heart of the Indian Nation, about 100 miles south of the Kansas line." Later he says that the "General Massacre" was three years earlier, when it was in fact only two. He is again wrong when he quotes Arthur McCluskey as saying he had tracked Anderson from Abilene, Kansas, after the Texan had been one of the men on a trail drive. Abilene's days as a trail town ended in 1871.

Medicine Lodge, moreover, is about four days' walk west of Wichita and in 1873 there were no eastbound trains from Wichita, just northbound cars to Newton where an eastbound train could be picked up on the Santa Fe.

Because of these errors in fact, there are those who feel that Allegro did not write the following article. I'm equally convinced that he did and base my belief on two things:

1.) Camp Supply *is* in Indian Territory and it seems possible, to me at least, that Allegro may have meant Camp Supply and have written his story in Medicine Lodge—where there was a telegraph line—and got confused. Equally possible is the fact that the editor of the paper who used it may have been misled in seeing the Medicine Lodge dateline. These are only suppositions, of course.

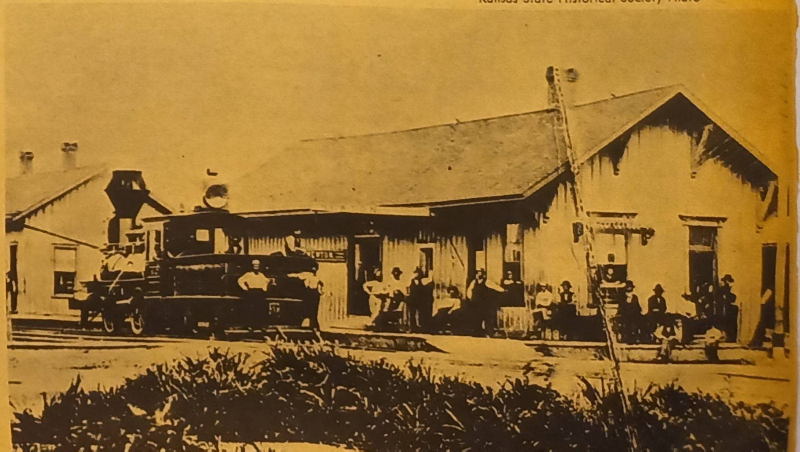
2.) And more important, the original article was sent to me by an old-time Kansas newspaperman, now dead, who thought that it would interest me. He had been going through some material and saw it. In writing to me he said that he could not recall, or trace, which paper it had appeared in. Finally it was discovered that the Newton *Kansan* of August 7, 1873, had carried the story of Arthur McCluskey and the fight at Medicine Lodge. The editor had pruned it down a little so that it covers only about two-thirds of the material furnished me, but what it covers is verbatim.

I have been extremely diligent in trying to get together all the facts possible concerning this "fight to the death," and would appreciate any additional information the readers of OLD WEST might be able to give me.

MEDICINE LODGE is in the very heart of the Indian Nation, about 100 miles south of the Kansas frontier and, on account of its peculiar natural advantages as a hunting rendezvous, is annually the resort of a large number of both whites and Indians. Directly on the main route pursued by the buffalo in his migrations from south to north and vice versa, from being originally a simple trading station with the Indians it has risen to the dignity of a settlement, though the houses, with the exception of two rather good-sized buildings used for storage purposes, are but five in number and of most unimposing dimensions.

In the centre of the "settlement" stands a huge cabin occupied by Job Harding, a Kentuckian of enormous strength and stature who, in addition to his pursuits as a hunter and trapper, adds to his income by keeping a small stock of goods which he exchanges with the Indians for pelts and hides, and sells to such parties as happen to run short of supplies.

This cabin is divided into four compartments, two of which the trader re-


Newton station in 1871. Hugh Anderson was spirited away from the town after the railroad agent had had a spare car left up the track from the station.

Kansas State Historical Society Photo

serves for his own use, and two serving as a store and barroom.

The latter, in view of the character of the customers of the place, is, of course, extensively patronized, being usually crowded with a motley class of Indians, hunters and half-breeds to whom strong drink from sheer force of indulgence has become a necessity, and gaming the inevitable occupation of their leisure hours. A long, wooden table, rough-made but commodious, extends nearly the whole length of the room, around which, in lieu of chairs, are placed rows of empty kegs and cracker-boxes for the accommodation of such as may feel an inclination to play.

It thus happens that the game, which is usually conducted by Harding in person, rarely closes, the press of players filling a seat as soon as vacated, and the bank keeping open as long as there is a reasonable chance for profit.

Midway down one of the long sides of the table rests an old-fashioned armchair reserved exclusively for the use of the dealer, who also has, within easy reach, a supply of liquors which he serves out in person to customers as they order it.

A large earthen jug, filled with water, of about twelve gallons capacity, to which is attached a tin cup, is fastened to the side of an immense fireplace at one end of the room, in which a huge pile of cottonwood logs stands ready for firing in case the weather or culinary necessities require it. To these several appointments of the room add a collection of firearms of various kinds deposited at random in corners or within easy reach of their owners, and the reader will have a slight idea of the stage on which the first act of the tragedy was played.

IT WAS terribly warm. The usual cool breeze from the south that bowed the prairie grasses and tempered the fierce rays of the sun, bringing on its wings the perfume of wild flowers and the warbling of happy birds, seemed to have forgotten its accustomed journey, though the afternoon was far spent and the sun was close to the horizon.

The few hunters and Indians obliged to be out-of-doors moved about with listless step, not seeming to notice the unusual number of buffaloes that dotted the prairie on all sides. The oxen and horses belonging to the Lodge, jaded and worn out as their appearance indicated them to be, refused to eat, but stood with drooping heads and lolling tongues and eyes piteous in their expression of suffering. Within the house only the keenest of the gamesters were to be found at the table, and the cards this time flipped from the hands of another dealer, Harding's assistant, a small wiry-looking man with thin lips and gray eyes so bright and piercing that they seemed to penetrate one's very thoughts.

I had caught a passing glimpse of this man a day or two before on his arrival with a party from Kansas, and though I did not then see his face there was something in his carriage and gait that struck me as being very familiar. The impression made on my mind at that time was that we had met before under either very peculiar, or very disagreeable, circumstances. But where or when the utmost efforts of memory could not determine. Not noticing him depart with the rest of his party who had pushed on to the south the next morning, I supposed he had made an earlier start, and so banished him from my mind.

But now, as he sat at the faro table with the whole of his expressive face in full view, and I heard the hard, crisp tones of his voice as he now and then addressed a word to one or the other of the players his identity came to me like a flash of lightning. I recalled the hour when three years before in a Newton dance house, I was a looker-on and saw the silver-mounted pistol now peeping out at his breast send death into the bosoms of three human beings.

This was (Hugh) Anderson, the Texas desperado, the horse-thief, the celebrated pistol shot, the red-handed murderer. I instinctively recoiled as our eyes met and he flashed a look of recognition at me. In the account I had written of the dance house tragedy I had held him up to public execration as a wretch well deserving of the halter and had even advised the formation of a vigilante committee to inflict on him summary vengeance.

I had no reason, therefore, to expect his friendship, but on the contrary the full revenge of which I knew he was capable. He kept his seat, however, and Harding, at the moment entering, I quietly withdrew and hastened to the house in which the party to which I was attached had taken up its quarters, with a view to arming myself.

As I passed along a wing of the building a voice hailed me by name from an upstairs window. Looking up, the figure of a man appeared for an instant and, with a rapid motion of the hand as if inviting me to ascend, suddenly disappeared. Though not at the time recognizing the person who thus hailed me, I was not left long in doubt, for on mounting the stairs I encountered the burly form of an old Newtonian, who at once grasped me warmly by the hand and expressed the greatest pleasure at our meeting.

"Why, (Arthur) McCluskey!" I exclaimed. "What brings you here so far out of your usual beat?"

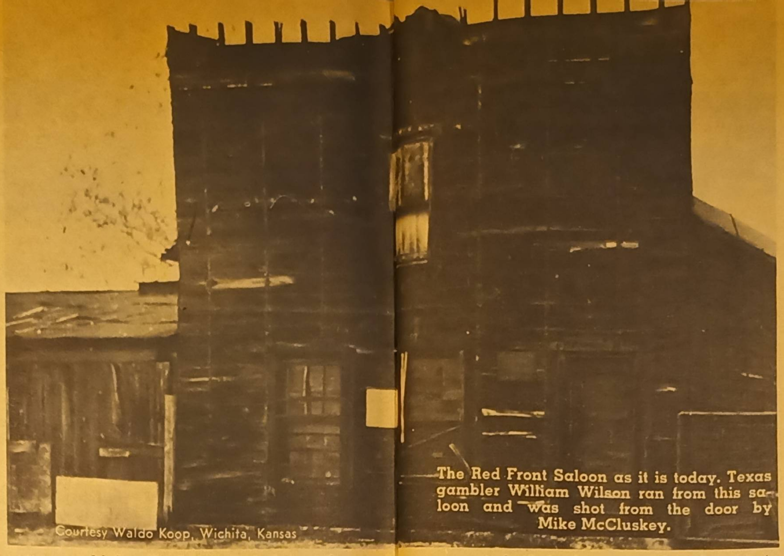
"To avenge Mike," he replied. "But come here into my room, where we can talk in quiet," at the same time pushing open the door of a small room close at hand, which after we had entered and he had offered me a chair, he proceeded to close and fasten.

"Anderson is here," he resumed, after seating himself on an old saddle which had been fixed up to serve as a seat. "I have tracked him all the way from Abilene where Hudson has just driven a herd of beeves. Old boy, I shall kill Anderson today," he exclaimed, starting from his seat with clenched hands and eyes blazing with fury. "I've got him now, and by—, I'll give him what he gave Mike."

"When, Arthur, and how will you do it?" I interrupted, fearing lest his voice, which in his excitement had risen to a high pitch, should be heard through the window, which still remained open. "Look out for him. He is a hard man to get the drop on. He caught Mike, you know." (I will here remark to more fully explain the situation that the latter was my companion's brother, and was one of Anderson's victims at the dance house.)

"I don't want the drop on him," replied McCluskey. "I'll give him an equal show. I'll fight him fair and square with pistol and knife. But I want a good man to back me up. Who can I get?"

At a loss to recommend anyone among those at the Lodge, for according to his own account he was a stranger to everyone but myself, I suggested that, in lieu of a better, he take his guide, a Texas herder of considerable experience, in preference to selecting a perfect stranger who, though he might be willing to serve, could hardly be expected to take more than a casual interest in his principal. And to this arrangement he finally consented, and I set out in search of his second.



Courtesy Waldo Koop, Wichita, Kansas

The Red Front Saloon as it is today. Texas gambler William Wilson ran from this saloon and was shot from the door by Mike McCluskey.

THE GUIDE who, had it been his own affair, would probably have settled it by quietly shooting his enemy through the back in true desperado fashion, raised his eyes in astonishment as I briefly narrated the case, and told him for what he was wanted. But he showed no unwillingness to take the part assigned him, and shortly afterward was closeted with McCluskey.

Meanwhile, anxious to witness the progress of events, I strolled into the gambling room and, taking a position where I could easily observe everything that transpired, quietly awaited the delivery of the hostile message. I had not long to wait. In a few moments Richards, the guide, entered and, striding up to where Anderson was dealing the cards, bent over him and whispered in his ear.

The players, accustomed to such interruptions, at first paid no attention to the delay, but it soon became apparent that a subject of more than ordinary interest was under discussion. The face of Anderson, usually set and immobile, passed first to an expression of blank astonishment, then to a look of dismay and finally exhibited unmistakable signs of fear.

Rising quickly from the table, he made a strong effort at self-control and briefly announced to the crowd that the game for the present was closed. Then, drawing his revolver, he passed quickly through the players, who by this time had crowded close around him, and attended by Richards entered the store where Harding, surrounded by a throng of Osages, was driving close bargains in furs and robes.

As briefly as possible Harding was made acquainted with the state of affairs, and his services procured in behalf of Anderson.

The utmost excitement now prevailed. The desire to witness the duel, the cause of which had already been bruited about, seized upon one and all alike, and some of the hunters, thinking that their companions who were out a little way from camp herding their stock, might feel disappointed at not witnessing the affair, mounted their horses and rode out to apprise them of what was going on, so that in less than an hour after the passage of the challenge at least seventy spectators had gathered at the appointed spot.

Meanwhile the two principals had retired apart with their seconds to prepare themselves and their weapons. By the terms agreed upon by Richards and Harding, the antagonists were to fight with revolvers and bowie knives—to be placed back to back at an interval of twenty paces—to wheel and fire at a given signal, and after the first interchange of shots to conduct the fight as each one should deem it best to his advantage.

McCluskey had recovered his equanimity immediately on receiving the notification of the acceptance of his challenge. As he emerged from the house where he had made his brief stay, he looked a picture of manly strength and vigor. A tight fitting buckskin shirt and leggings, tastefully embroidered, set off his robust form to great advantage, and it was apparent to all that, in the event of a close encounter, he would prove a terrible antagonist to his rival. His revolver, of Colt's make, he carried in his right hand, while his bowie, encased in a sheath of untanned deerskin, rested on his left hip, within easy reach.

Accompanied by Richards, who had simply thrown off his coat and placed an extra revolver in his belt, he proceeded quickly to the place of meeting.

THE SPOT selected for the encounter was in the open prairie a few yards distant from the larger of the two storehouses. The grass had been closely cropped by the cattle, leaving the turf firm, yet elastic, and just the thing for rough-and-tumble business. His antagonist not yet having made his appearance, McCluskey seated himself on the grass and conversed earnestly with his second. His face during the last few moments had paled to an almost marble whiteness, and wore a look of such intense hate and ferocity that I was glad to turn away and direct my attention to what was taking place among the crowd of spectators.

Here the utmost levity prevailed, bets being freely staked on the result of the fight—some favoring McCluskey on account of his superior physique and others asserting that Anderson would drop him in the first three shots. One noisy fellow, whom I had noticed the night before as being a heavy winner at the gambling table, had a roll of greenbacks in his hand and offered to bet odds of $1,000 to $100 that Anderson held out longer; but being informed by the man to whom he was talking that betting on the outcome of a duel was not a favorite habit of his, he beat a hasty retreat.

While thus engaged in making notes of what was passing in the crowd, a cry of, "Here comes Anderson with the old man!" caused everyone to turn in the direction of Harding's house. Anderson, bolstered probably by the knowledge of his great skill with the pistol, walked along with a jaunty, careless air.

He wore his usual dress, save that a broad belt, in which was stuck his knife, confined his coat at the waist and he had changed his light sombrero for a military fatigue cap. He passed by close to where I was standing and our eyes again met. Save that the look on the face hardened a little and he contracted his brows to a visible scowl, there was nothing to indicate the presence of any unusual mental excitement, not even, when to take the position assigned him, he had to pass within an arm's length of McCluskey.

But little time was wasted in preliminaries. The twenty paces were quickly stepped off and the principals placed in their respective positions. The sun had long since set, and the dark pall of evening was rapidly settling on the spot, so that neither could be annoyed by the rays of the sun, nor could either side complain of holding an inferior position.

The crowd drew back to what was deemed a safe distance, and the seconds, after a moment's consultation apart, advanced to give the signal. The interest in the proceedings at this moment was of an intense nature, and served to keep the lookers-on in a state of breathless expectancy.

Like statues, the figures of the two men who were to fight loomed up against the western sky, each with the muzzle of his weapon pointed toward the earth, the intention clearly being to make a "rising" shot; that is, to fire, catching the aim as the weapon is being raised. In this way, the practiced hand rarely wastes his ammunition in the air by shooting over his adversary's head, as so often happens when the falling shot is adopted.

THE GIVING of the signal had fallen by lot to Harding. Stating to the principals, who by this time began to show signs of impatience, that this would be the report of a pistol, he drew his own weapon and discharged it, first asking the question and receiving the usual answer that both were ready.

McCluskey was the first to fire, wheeling as he did so, though the smoke had scarcely curled up from his pistol before the report of Anderson's weapon followed. A momentary pause ensued, each of the antagonists closely scanning the other to note the effect of the shot. Across Anderson's cheek a deep furrow, from which the blood slowly began to trickle down, told the work of his antagonist, while McCluskey remained standing in his original posture, to all appearances unharmed. But this was not the fact.

Those nearest to him fancied they saw a sudden spasm, as of pain, pass through his frame, and his face certainly blanched to a death pallor, but just where the ball had taken effect, they could not tell.

In the second fire, McCluskey again anticipated his opponent and, taking a more deliberate aim, succeeding in breaking his left arm. Anderson uttered a sharp cry and sank to one knee, but quickly recovering himself returned the fire, and this time with horrible effect. The ball, passing through McCluskey's mouth, carried away with it several of the clenched teetn and a portion of the tongue, finally lodging in the base of the skull.

McCluskey staggered forward wildly a few steps and made desperate efforts to steady himself. The blood poured in torrents from the wound and stained his hunting shirt and dripped from the muzzle of his pistol. But with heroic courage he continued to advance, spitting out mouthfuls of blood and teeth at every step.

During the interval thus gained, Anderson, who in his crippled state, had every reason to shun a hand-to-hand encounter, had not been idle, but fired another well-aimed shot which broke McCluskey's left shoulder. As if this were not enough, he sent still another ball after him, which, striking him in the pit of the stomach, caused him to fall forward heavily on his face.

McCluskey was now mortally wounded and growing weaker momentarily from loss of blood. Tearing open his shirt in his agony, a crimson spot in his left side indicated the place where Anderson's first shot had taken effect. He still, however, retained his grasp of his pistol, and by an effort superhuman in its coolness and deliberation fired at his antagonist his third shot.

The latter had been closely watching for this, and endeavored to save himself by suddenly dropping to the ground. He was too late, however; McCluskey's finger was already on the trigger and his eye along the sights, and when his adversary's body reached the earth it was heavier by a Colt's pistol ball.

A scream of pain followed, and the spectators saw the figure of a man clutching wildly with his hands at the grass, and writhing and twisting in horrible contortions. The bullet had struck him full in the abdomen, and like his antagonist, Anderson was now a fast-dying man.

AT THIS juncture it seemed as if the crowd would interfere, but Harding sternly bade them keep back and leave the men to settle the matter in their own way. As none cared to dispute with the gigantic hunter, the mandate was obeyed, though a universal expression of horror ran through the spectators, a number of whom were the engineers and attachés of our company. Still, horrible as was the scene, no one thought of leaving the spot. An irresistible inclination to see it out bound one and all to the bloodstained locality. But the end was at hand—the curtain almost descending.

McCluskey, with a supreme effort, mustered his remaining strength, drew his knife, and began to crawl feebly in the direction of his antagonist. The latter, who had raised himself to a sitting posture saw the movement and prepared to meet it. Both had dropped their revolvers, leaving to the cold steel the completion of the work.

By this time it had grown quite dark, and to distinguish the movements of the combatants required the closest attention. Anderson was clearly unable to move any part of his body save his right arm. With this he raised his knife aloft,

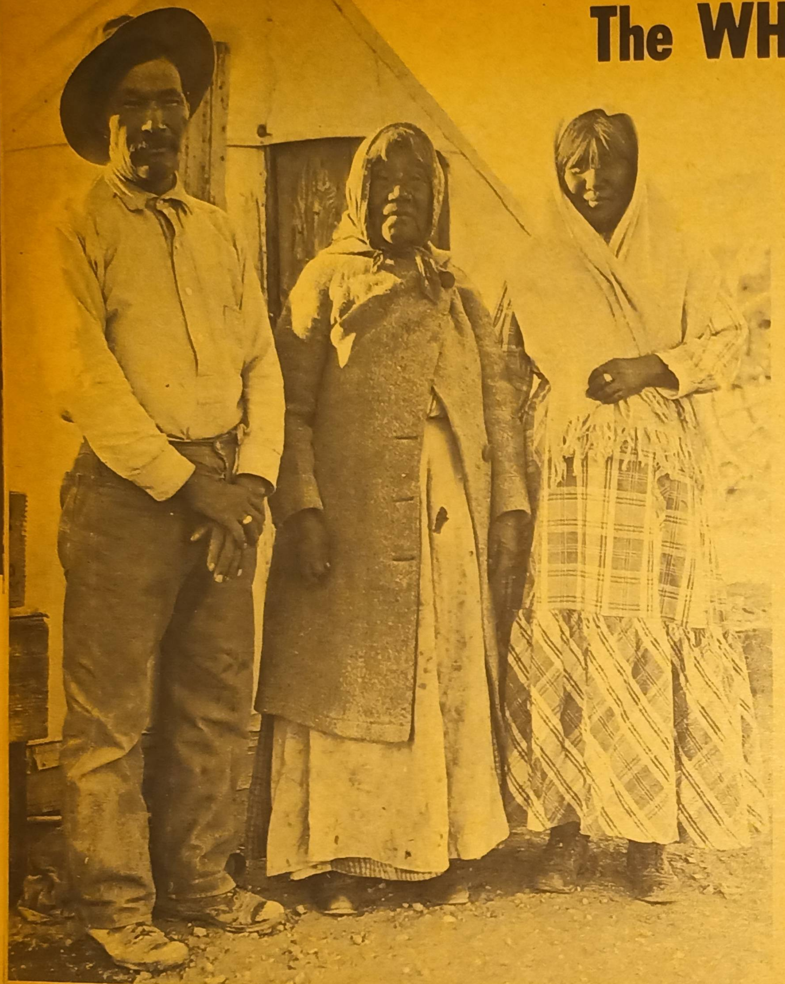
(Continued on page 65)

The WHITE PETTICOAT

Before the automobiles and railroads came along to change things, the Johnnie Mining District was strictly on its own—and "Judge Colt" called the tune

By HARVEY HARDY

Photos Courtesy Author



Paiute Indians at Goodsprings, Nevada. Shown are Charlie Keats, who became Chief of the local tribe after Tecopah's death, Sally who did washing around the town, and her daughter who washed dishes at the boarding house.

A TRAVELER, returning to Grand Ronde Valley in Oregon from the new rich silver strikes at Tombstone, Arizona, in the late 1870s, told such wonderful stories of the wealth and opportunities in the new camp, that a number of Valley residents decided to pull up stakes and go to the new boom town. They sold or abandoned their Valley farms, loaded their families and belongings into covered wagons and, driving their livestock before them, set out on a 2,000-mile trek that would take them through Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, California and Arizona.

The Yount family was one of those joining the wagontrain and this story of the trip, and the subsequent happenings came to me from Sam Yount who was a boy in his early teens at that time. Sam said that it was easy to remember his birthday as he was born the day that General Lee surrendered. The Yount family consisted of the father, mother, several married daughters and their husbands, and four sons. One of the boys was older than Sam and two were younger.

Sam told of their laying over at the Pahranagat Lake in Nevada to rest for the long drive to Indian Springs, with the only water at Quartz Spring. C. B. Glasscock, in his book, *Here's Death Valley*, says that Sam, who was eleven, and his brother Lee, who was nine, drove the family's livestock ahead of the train and arrived at Indian Springs a couple of days ahead of it.

At Indian Springs one of the party, Hick Towner, said he had traveled far enough. He settled down and farmed at Indian Springs for many years. The rest of the wagontrain turned west to go around the Charleston Mountains. On the west side of the range, in what is now known as Pahrump Valley, the Yount family was stranded when the Paiutes ran off all of their livestock. The rest of the party went on, presumably to Tombstone, although we do not know that they ever reached their destination.

The Younts eventually recovered their stock which had been stolen by the Indians and, because they were ranchers. when they found plenty of good level land and an abundance of excellent water in Manse Spring, they decided to settle down and build a ranch in the desert.

With a large family and many willing hands, the ranch developed rapidly and soon became self supporting. The water in the large spring had a year-round temperature of seventy degrees. In time they acquired a ten-horse jerkline freight outfit and a sawmill up on the slopes of the Charleston Mountain. The team was kept busy hauling the alfalfa hay from the ranch, and the lumber from the sawmill, to the various mines and communities scattered over the desert. Supplies not produced on the Manse Ranch were hauled in from Fenner, a station on the Santa Fe Railroad, about 200 miles away.

I, personally, did not see the Manse Ranch until October of 1905, but I will never forget my first view of it. I had traveled horseback for fifty miles, lain out overnight at Stump Springs, and had come in sight of the ranch at about ten a.m. When I looked down from a slight elevation and saw the big leafy cottonwood trees, the acres and acres of shining green fields, orchards and vineyards, the word that came to my mind was *Oasis*, and surely the Manse Ranch qualified as such. After traveling for many miles through country where an occasional creosote bush or a stray Joshua tree was the only green to be seen, the Manse Ranch was a sight for sore eyes.

IT WAS harvest time. In the vineyard a string of Paiute squaws were busy picking, washing and carrying the luscious purple grapes into the winery where Mr. Clark presided over the making of the Manse wine which was favorably known all over the desert. Products of orchard and field—peaches, apricots, figs, watermelons and cantaloupes—were all there in profusion just waiting to be picked.

Later when I ate at the ranch boarding house I came to understand why so many of the prospectors and other inhabitants of this desert area tried to arrange their program so that they could spend a month or more at Manse each summer. Board was one dollar a day, and the complaint voiced by the prospectors was that after a winter of the condensed BBB diet (bacon, beans and bread), their stomachs were so contracted that it took almost a month before expansion allowed them to eat enough to get their money's worth!

The condition of plenty that I have described was much later than the time of which I started to write. In the early 1890s the area was isolated. Sam said that their nearest white neighbors were the Stewarts who lived at the Las Vegas Ranch on the other side of the Charleston Range. (That same Las Vegas is now a city of 100,000 and much notoriety.)

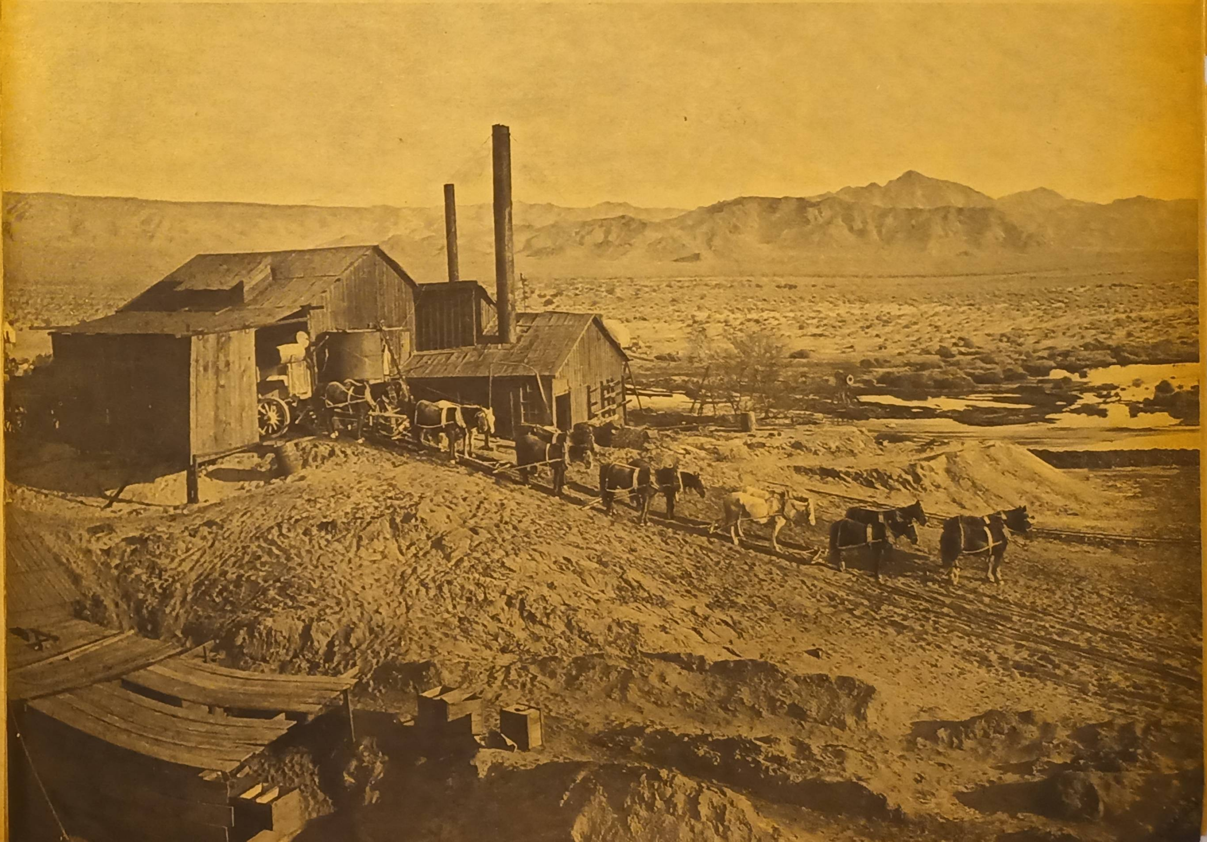
In this placid community the news of a rich gold strike in the country about twenty miles north of the Manse caused considerable excitement. Sam Yount had prospected in that area and knew of an outcrop there that carried gold, so he rushed to file a claim on the outcrop and later was able to sell it for a good price.

The new camp, which became known as the Johnnie District, was in the southern end of Nye County. Nye County was one of those large Nevada counties with a small population; its county seat, Belmont, was in the north end about 200 miles distant from Johnnie over the unimproved roads of the day. Consequently, there was not much law representation in the district, and when trouble developed over title to the valuable mining claims that were producing gold, "Judge Colt" was often the arbiter and his decisions were final.

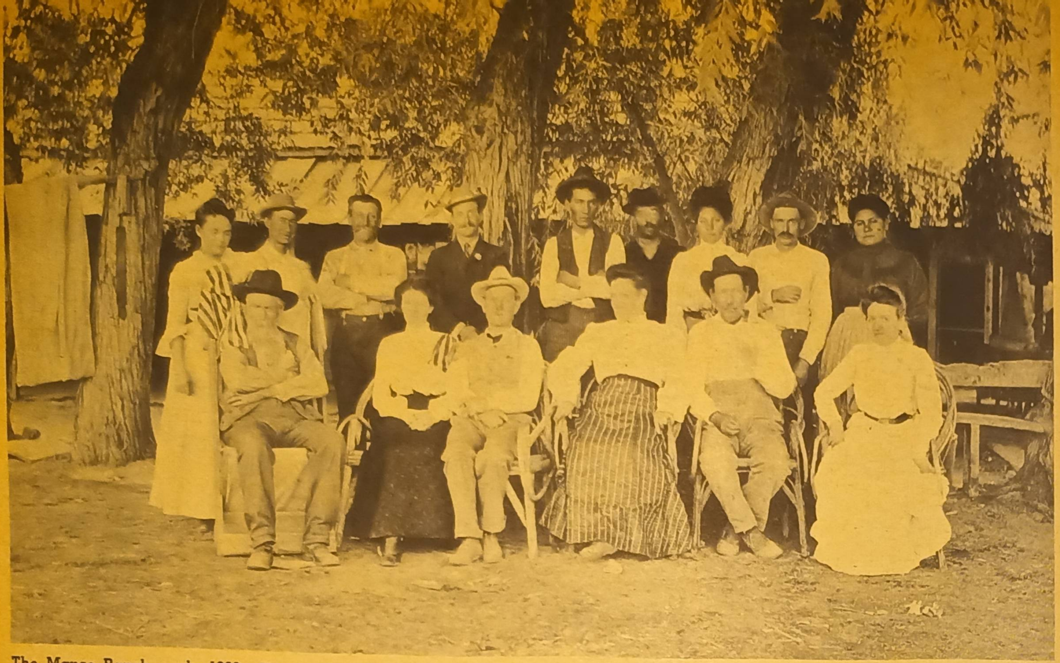
There are, no doubt, published reports of the shooting scrapes that followed title disputes over mining claims in the Johnnie Mining District and it is not my intention to question any of them. All I want to do is to tell the story of the affair as Sam Yount saw it and as he told it to me some ten years after the shooting ended.

WHEN I first met Sam, he was the owner and operator of the store, post office, boarding house, saloon, feed corral and all other businesses in the mining camp of Goodsprings, Nevada, situated about forty miles southwest of what is now Las Vegas but which was merely the Stewart Ranch at that time. Having the only saloon in the town, Sam was able to operate it in a sensible manner. Drunkenness was discouraged and over-indulgence got the violator "siwashed." He had to get a note from Sam before the bartender would sell him a drink.

In 1908, following the depression of



Above, old Chief Tecopah, from a photo taken at Sandy, Nevada. Below, the gold mill of Nevada Keystone Mining Company at Sandy, Nevada. H. K. Riddall was assayer and metallurgist in this plant.



The Manse Ranch, early 1900s. Front row, left, Mr. Clark who operated the sawmill and winery. Three at right, Harsha White, wife and daughter. White was son-in-law of Joseph Yount and operated ranch after the older man retired. Man with coat in rear is H. K. Riddall who had just come out from New York City.

1907, the mining business was more or less dormant and so I went to work for Sam, keeping books, handling mail and clerking in the store. In emergencies I even tended bar. The instructions there were simple. Sam said, "If they ask for beer or whiskey, give it to them. If they ask for anything else, tell them to go to hell."

Most of the business was done early in the morning before the folks left for the mines, or late in the afternoon or evening when they returned. This left a slack time in the middle of the day and the talks that I had with Sam during such idle moments, gave me the information for this story.

AS SAM was growing up at the isolated Manse Ranch, with the nearest white neighbors some fifty miles away and seldom visited, he naturally turned to the ever-present Paiute youths for companionship. He learned their language and knew many of the traditions and customs of the tribe.

One very interesting event which he observed was what might have been the last general get-together of the desert branch of the Paiute nation. At Chief Tecopah's call, representatives of all of the scattered Paiute bands came from Utah, California and Nevada to the meeting which was held at a spring south of the Manse Ranch. They came in September when grapes, melons and all such produce were ripe and plentiful.

When several hundred had assembled, they built a fence about 100 feet long, and on this they hung blankets, clothing, guns, bows and arrows, saddles, bridles, bead work, baskets and all sorts of material dear to the Paiute heart.

No white persons were allowed in camp, but Sam, with the daring of youth, sneaked up in the dark to watch the proceedings. He said that the days were largely devoted to sleeping; in the evening they had a meeting and then they all danced. Men and women danced around in a large circle, singing a monotonous chant accompanied by the pounding of a drum. When the dancers tired, they sat down, and two Indians, whom Sam said he could only describe as clowns, took over the show.

The clowns rushed around, bumping into one another and other people, falling down, rolling about and doing all sorts of acrobatic stunts. Eventually the clowns climaxed their performance by rushing into the large fire which was kept burning in the center of the circle. Four Indians, who seemed to have that assignment, rescued the clowns from the fire, brushed them off, sat them down and rolled cigarettes for them. As the clowns smoked, the rest of the Indians resumed dancing around the circle. This community dancing and the clowns' performance alternated as long as Sam watched—far into the night.

Early on the fourth morning of the meet, as soon as the dancing ended, the men brought in bundles of dry brush and piled them up along the fence that carried the blankets, saddles, guns and other possessions and then, when camp was broken and all were in their wagons or mounted on their ponies, a match was touched to the dry brush along the fence and the Paiutes rode or drove away without looking back at the fire. Perhaps they had heard what happened to Lot's wife.

Sam said that he understood that the gifts on the fence were intended for the dead of the tribe in the Happy Hunting Grounds, but Sam thought it a shame to see those wonderful Navajo blankets burned.

THE Paiutes were not very numerous and were pretty much neglected by the U.S. Government. Their agency at Moapa came long after those of the more warlike tribes.

Sometimes the winters in Goodsprings, Nevada, were very mild with very little or no snow. Others were very cold. One severe winter a number of Paiutes were wintering in tne town and had established a camp on a low hill north of the outskirts.

One night Sam and I were standing on the porch of his store talking, when the Indians in camp began to sing. It did not sound much like music to me and I said to Sam, "Are those darn Indians going to keep that howling going all night?"

Sam listened awhile and then replied, "I guess it does sound like howling to you. That is because you don't know what they are saying. If you understood, you would find it very nice. Their song is about the cold weather; they say it is very cold now, lots of snow on the ground, wood for the fire is scarce—but never mind. Pretty soon the snow will go away, the sun will get warm, the grass will be green, the birds will sing and everything will be fine, if you will just wait. So, you see it isn't just howling."

One day while I was working for Sam, a Paiute squaw came in on horseback carrying a sick baby. She had ridden twenty-five miles to see if Sam's wife could help. Mrs. Yount tried the simple home remedies that were available but the baby was too far gone and died during the night. After the young squaw, whose name was Cucumber, handed the baby to Sam's wife, she would not touch it again while it was alive or after it was dead. The next day the white folks made a little box for the baby, lined it with white material, and took it down to the cemetery for burial. The Indians went along, but just as observers.

After the funeral, Cucumber came in the back door of the store and stood there waiting. When I was free I went back and asked her what she wanted. She said, "Calico."

"What kind?" I asked.

"Any kind. Two dollars."

This was very different from the usual transaction. Generally, a squaw had to see and feel every bolt of cloth on the shelf before making a fifty-cent purchase. We had some calico in stock that no one seemed to like, so I cut off two dollars worth of it, wrapped it up, and handed it to Cucumber. She took it without looking at it and, with several other Indians, went up on the hill, built a fire, placed the calico on the blaze, and stood and watched until the cloth was consumed. Sam said that this insured the baby would have clothes where it was going.

Two things were noticeable about the Paiutes' shopping. One, they always came in the back door; secondly, each purchase was an individual matter. If an Indian were going to buy a box of matches and a sack of tobacco, he bought the box of matches, paid for it, and took delivery before going on to the purchase of the sack of tobacco.

The Paiutes did not seem to have much respect for their aged, as exemplified by one family who were around Goodsprings a good deal. The grandmother, more than half blind and so old that she did not seem to have a name of her own, but went by the name of "Mamabits" which is just the Paiute word for "old woman." Mamabits had a daughter, Sally, who did washing around the town and a granddaughter, Maggie, who washed dishes at the hotel.

In the years when the pine nut crop was good, you could always expect the Paiutes to quit whatever they were doing in September and head for the hills. I saw Mamabits' family start out one year and the reverse seniority that they followed in their departure was revealing. Early in the morning old Mamabits started out loaded down with all of the family bedding and camp equipment. She was walking. At noon she was followed by her daughter Sally. Sally walked, but she carried no baggage. Late in the afternoon they were followed by the granddaughter Maggie. Maggie rode horseback and was not encumbered with any baggage. I guess that "Honor thy Father and thy Mother" had not penetrated here.

I like the story that my brother-in-law, Harry Riddall, told me about old Chief Tecopah. It happened in Sandy, a supply point in the Mesquite Valley where the Nevada Keystone Mining Company's gold mill was located. It was a lonesome spot, described by one Los Angeles reporter as an "Eveless Eden." The time was back about the turn of the century.

Christmas slipped up on the boys before they realized its imminence, and they had made no preparation for it. On Christmas Eve they decided that they must have some sort of a celebration, so someone went out and cut down a Joshua tree, brought it in, and set it up in the saloon.

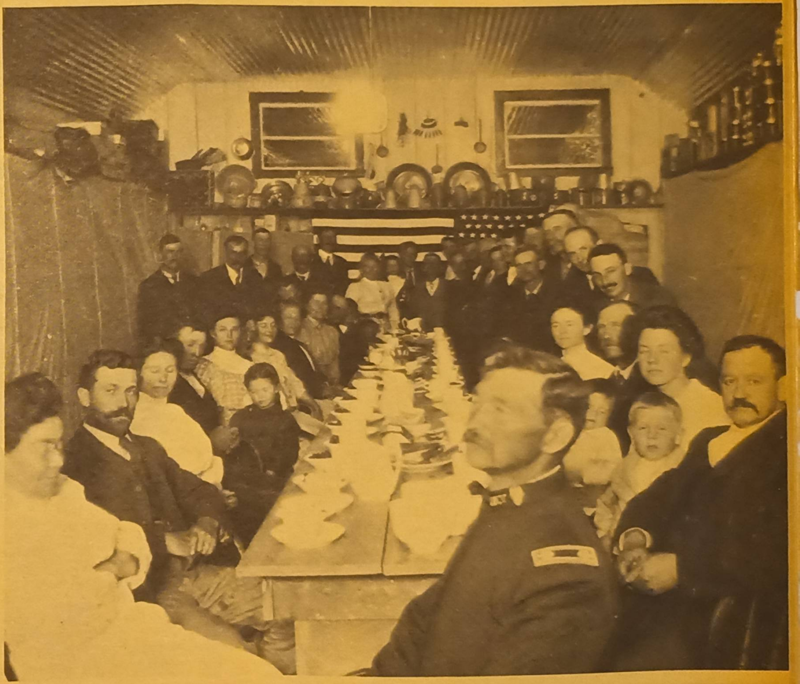
The presents, which were largely cigars and bottles of whiskey, furnished the decorations on the tree. Then, of course, they had to have a Santa Claus to distribute the gifts. Harry was chosen for the post and there was a scramble to provide a costume. With a black overcoat with spots of cotton on it to represent snow, new Manila rope, unraveled, to provide the long hair and beard, and a stocking cap, Santa Claus was in business.

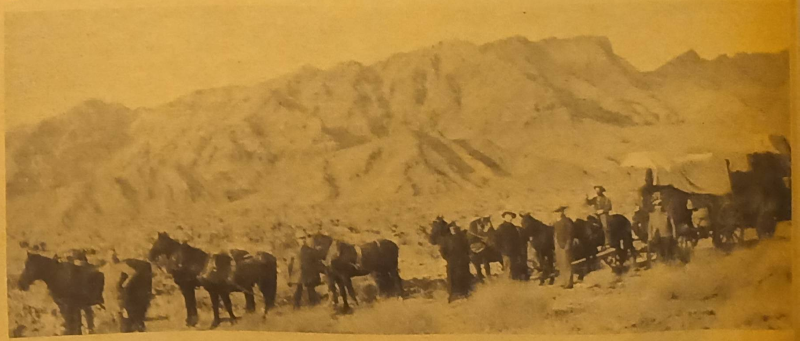
When most of the gifts had been distributed, they led Chief Tecopah up to receive his cigars (whiskey for Indians was taboo). The Chief, in honor of the occasion, had donned the gay uniform which had been given to him by a banker in Los Angeles. It consisted of a tall silk hat and a bandmaster's coat adorned with much gold braid.

Chief Tecopah accepted the cigars but refused to be drawn into a conversation with Santa Claus who kept asking if the Chief wanted anything else. Tecopah walked around Santa Claus a couple of times shaking his head in a puzzled manner without speaking a word.

(Continued on page 62)

Sam Yount and wife at Goodsprings, 1906





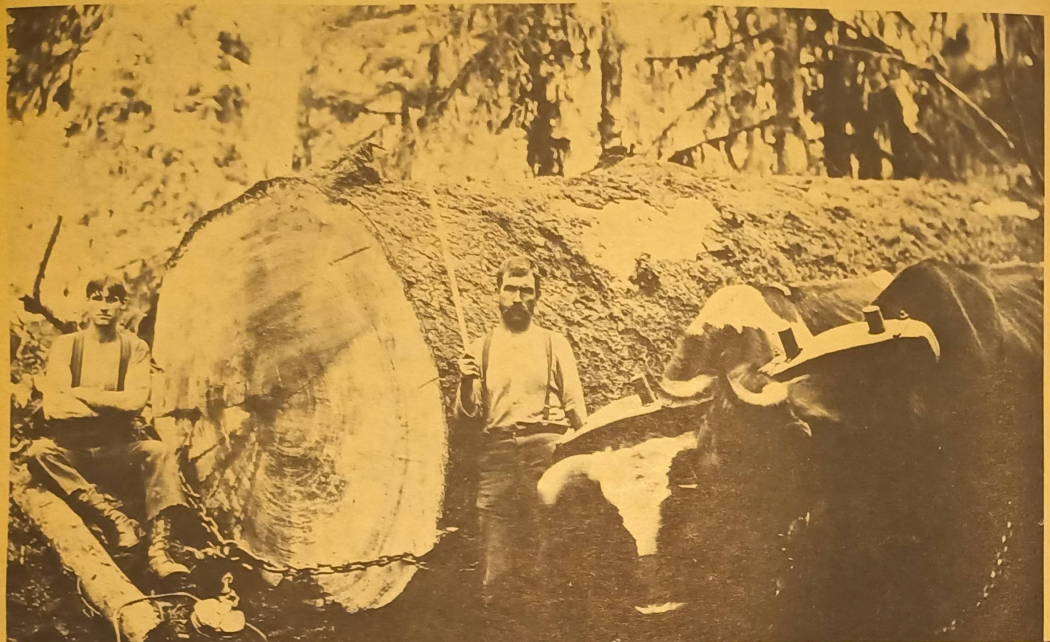
Above, the Yount store at Goodsprings, Nevada, 1906. Occasion was a dinner and dance Sam gave for all of his customers. Mrs. Yount, front left, and Sam Yount, front right. Picture below, the ten-horse jerk-line freight outfit operated by the Yount Ranch at Manse.

BULL PUNCHERS of the LUMBER CAMPS

It's said that once you get pitch in your nose, it's there to stay, and that a lumberjack returns to the "tall and uncut" like a sailor goes back to the sea

By OSCAR W. BLAKE

Pictures Courtesy Author



IN 1900, when I was about thirteen years of age, my father was running a bull team camp near Coquille, Oregon, for Smith Powers Lumber Company. Ralph Campbell, a schoolmate who was a couple of years older than me, lived with his folks at Salt Creek, near Dallas, Oregon, where I lived with my mother.

One day, along about June 1, we received a letter from Father, George Blake, asking me to come to Coquille to work for him, so Mother said to me, "You can go if the Campbells will let Ralph go with you"—which they were willing to do only after a lot of persuasion.

Well, we took off via Southern Pacific to Springfield, Oregon, in our special car (boxcar), then had to pay our fare on stage—motive power, four horses—to Coquille.

We stayed all night at Coquille; slept in a barn filled with new hay. Everybody working in the woods those days carried their own blankets, and it was decidedly against our principles to pay out good money for a hotel room. There was a hay wagon alongside the barn and, by climbing up on the endgate, we could reach the window where the hay was pitched up to the loft.

Well, we were nearly covered up with hay when it was breaking daylight next morning. I was suddenly awakened by someone pitching hay just a few feet from my head. I let out a yell and threw hay and blankets every which way, and nearly scared a woman to death. She had come in the barn to feed and milk her cow.

I quickly told her, "Don't be afraid, we just came in your barn to sleep last night, and we will leave at once."

She screamed loud enough to be heard two or three blocks. I still kept talking to her while she was going down the ladder, and when she reached the ground floor, she calmed down, especially when she saw that we were only a couple of kids. She asked us where we were from, and where we were going. I told her the reason we came in her barn was that it was late at night and we didn't have any money—which was true—and that we were going to Blake's camp to work—that he was my father.

She replied that her husband was working in that camp, and invited us in to have breakfast. We accepted the "invite" right now. I milked the cow for her, and Ralph started on the woodpile. After breakfast, we split up enough wood to last her a month, for which she was very grateful. She fixed us up a "vest pocket lump"—as the hoboes called a sandwich you carried in your pocket. She also told us where we could get the freight wagon to take our "bindles" (as a roll of blankets was called) to camp.

Right after we had breakfast at Mrs. Watson's, we went down to the warehouse where the supply wagon was about ready to start for camp. But Tom Kelly, the driver, had a big load of supplies, four horses on the wagon and not much of a road—so we walked.

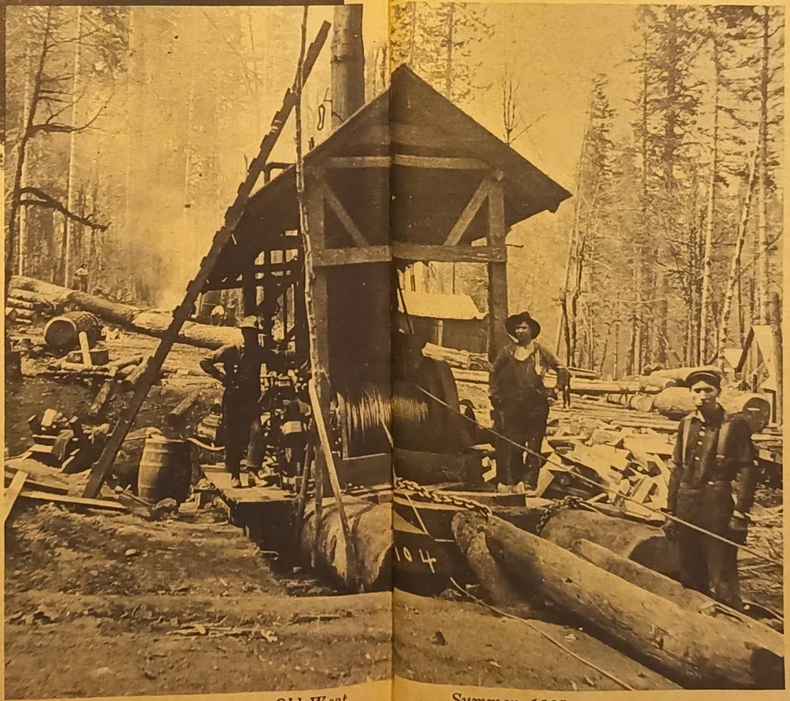
The mud was axle deep, except where there was corduroy on the road, and every time Kelly stopped to rest the team, he would talk to us boys. I told him who we were, and he asked me if I was going to be a noted "Bull Puncher" like my Dad. When I answered him, yes, he said, "I know what you will be doing. You will be greasing skids."

And sure enough—my job was walking ahead with a broom, sweeping the skids clean, Ralph following with the grease pot, greasing skids. After the first day, Ralph looked like he had fallen in a barrel of black tar.

Dad had six yoke of oxen and after a "ride" was barked on the log and sniped, the log didn't grow too big for those twelve oxen to haul to the river. There a small tug boat took them to the mill.

EVERYBODY was talking about a big Fourth of July celebration that was to be held in Coquille for three days, where they would have lumberjack contests, falling and bucking timber, log birling, and the contest that I remember best—who could hold the most high-powered whiskey and stand up under it. The least argument would always end up in a fight, free-for-all, catch-as-catch-can, rough and tumble, and may the best man win! After it was over, everybody would belly up to the bar and start

The man with the stick in the old photo at left is George Blake, bull puncher. The hook tender is Mike McLaughlin. Below, a road donkey and its crew. The 'jacks in the picture at right assume a pyramid pose beside a "tall and uncut."



in all over again. The old-time lumberjacks didn't get mad; they were just having fun. As Dad used to say anyone who wouldn't fight when he got full of "rot-gut whiskey" wasn't much of a man.

I remember the largest saloon in Coquille at that time. The thresholds, and floor, especially, were made out of one-inch lumber and were worn down thin with calked shoes—in fact everybody wore calked shoes but bartenders, bankers and other city dwellers.

This large saloon was operated by two brothers, Ed and Sam McGregor. I don't remember what they called their place. There were "lady" roomers on the two floors upstairs. The bar was approximately sixty feet long and was scarred from one end to the other, so the McGregors thought they would fix it up for the Fourth. They planed it off, applied paint and varnish, and it sure looked fine. (Ralph and I could go in all the saloons along with the men and nobody questioned our age; I think the bartenders were afraid to ask how old we were.)

On a Saturday night before the Fourth, everybody went to town to celebrate. McGregor's place was crowded. Mike McLaughlin, who was "tending hook" for Dad, was whooping it up when someone dared him to get up on the bar (he had a new pair of A. A. Cutter calk shoes on), and pace the length of it, which was no sooner said than done. He walked the full length of the bar, turned around and walked back, leaving the prettiest tracks on that newly finished and polished bar that I ever saw. Different residents told me it stayed that way until the building was torn down and a plush cocktail lounge put in its place about twenty-five years ago. At the later establishment no calked shoes were allowed!

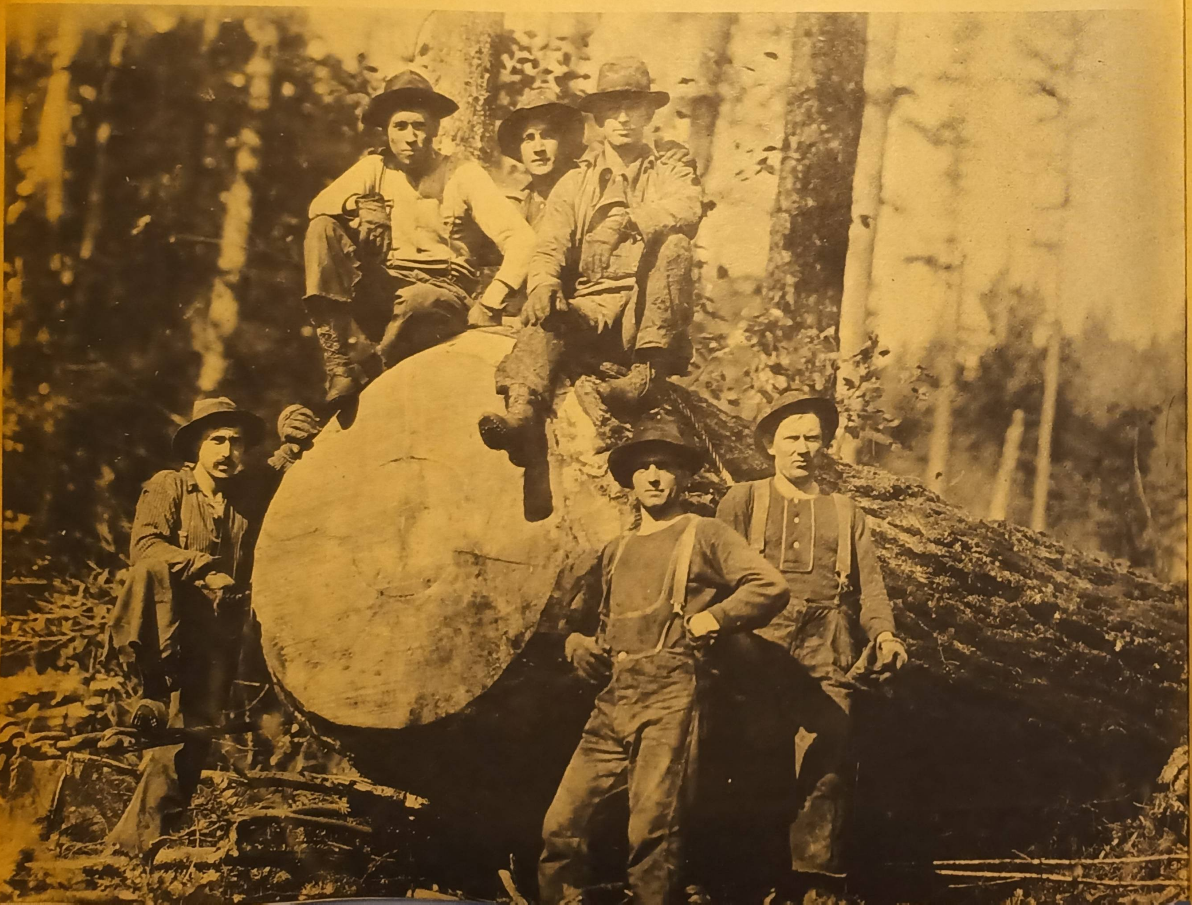
There was lots of money put up on the log birling contest and lots of comment on it. One man who worked on the river brailing logs in a boom, always claimed he could "ride a bubble" in the water. His name was LaBranche. He would pick up an average-sized shingle-bolt of cedar timber, approximately eighteen inches square and eight feet long, throw it in the water, jump on it and start "cuffing" it—even turn it endways. He got to be champion of the West Coast till a "slough-pig" (that's what the river drivers were called) took the championship away from him. His name was Bill Delyea from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

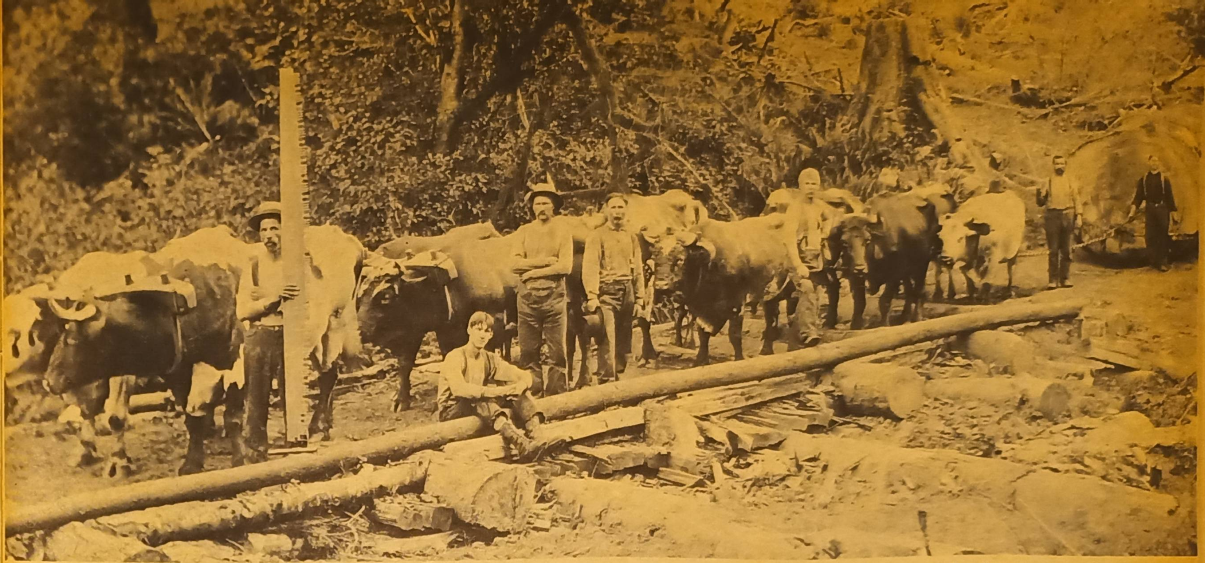
There were several river men from Western Oregon rivers: Coquille, Umpqua, Rogue, Willamette, etc., who were competing in this contest, so we had to do some gambling on our man. Ten of us put up $5.00 each. (Ralph and I put up $2.50 each to make up our $5.00.) We made up a purse of $50.00 to bet on our man, LaBranche, which we won hands down. Stake Holder Mike McLaughlin was our cashier and, after the contest was over, we caught him just in time. He was determined to set 'em up to the whole crowd, but we did manage to collect our winnings before he spent all of it.

Dad drove his six yoke of oxen in for an exhibition and also a pulling match, but he couldn't get any other bull punchers to compete with him. They were to pull with just one yoke each. Dad offered to pull his leaders, Tom and Jerry, against any other one yoke in Coos County, or as Mike McLaughlin would yell, in no uncertain tone of voice, "the whole d—n State of Oregon!"

The leaders weighed about one ton each and were well trained. He drove them with a goad stick—about like a broom handle, with a sharp brad in the end about one-fourth inch long. He had them all named: leaders, Tom and Jerry; wheelers, Sam and Lion; swing team, Buck and Brady. I can't remember the rest of their names, but as Mike, his hook-tender, used to say, the old man could beller louder than any of his bulls, and a bull puncher used some very *choice* language. As long as the leaders could hear his voice, they would do exactly as he told them.

Rigging crew and "big stick" at Coos Bay, June, 1908.





He gave an exhibition with six yoke on the main street of Coquille on July 4. Dad stood at an intersection and started the six yoke up the street on the right-hand side. When they got half-way up the street, he hollered, "Haw, Tom," and all of them crossed over to the left side of the street.

When they got to the end of the block, he yelled, "Back, Tom. Gee, Jerry." The six yoke turned around and came back to where their master was standing. The Old Man sure got a big hand for that stunt, and lots of drinks.

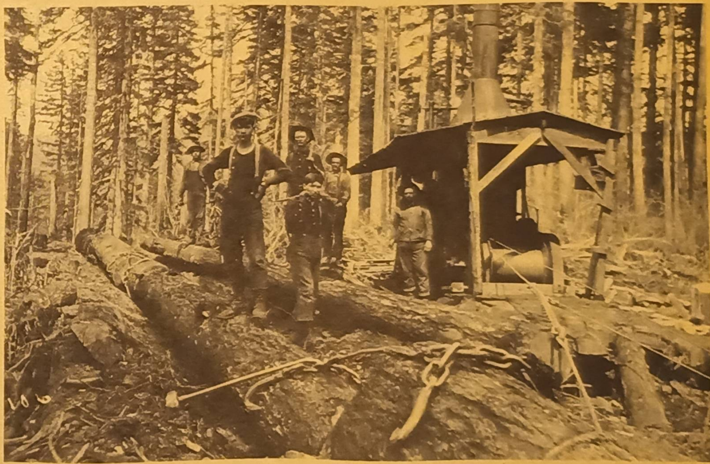
TIMBER OWNERS had been thinking about donkey engines to skid logs with—also, railroads. Smith-Powers bought a "Dolber Spool Donkey" and I was promoted to driving the line horse to get the line back to the woods. A year or two later, the Willamette Iron Works of Portland came out with a two-drum machine, and the line horse was pensioned and I went back to greasing skids.

I was in North Bend, Oregon, a short time ago and saw that same old spool donkey in a museum for old-time logging equipment, along with a geared locomotive, ox yokes and everything else that was used in early day logging, not only in Coos County, Oregon, but Northern California and Western Washington—from the Columbia River to Port Angeles.

I have seen logging with ox teams to ground donkeys, spar trees, high leads, diesel skidders, cats and arches—small one-ton trucks to ten-ton diesels—short logs and full-length trees, but my days of moving the "round stuff" (as the Jacks used to call saw logs) are over. The old-time bull punchers were all gone years ago. A lumberjack returns to the "tall and uncut" (as they call standing timber) like a sailor goes back to the sea. Logging is more than an occupation; it's a way of life. Once a lumberjack; always a lumberjack. Once you get pitch in your nose, it's there to stay. A lumberjack's dream has always been more money, better grub and a bottom bunk.

The "second-growth" loggers of today live in town and drive twenty-five or fifty miles to work, and if you should ask one of them to find the "ride" of a log, he would sure be stumped!

The photo above shows a comprehensive array of the loggers tools: the oxen, sawyer, skids, bull puncher and a huge log. Below center, a yarding donkey and its crew. Although the old photo below is faded and somewhat indistinct, the whiskered axman at the left is a remarkable example of a typical lumberjack.



The MINERS' RUSH to the WICHITAS

They were doomed to disappointment and advised to clear out—but dreams die hard if there's even a little pay dirt . . .

By ROBERT F. TURPIN

Photos Courtesy Author and Oklahoma Historical Society

From top of page in descending order: The Wichita Mountains of Southwestern Oklahoma. Second photo is a scene from atop historical Mt. Scott, a familiar landmark during gold rush days. Next picture is of a prospector's cabin. The old store structure is about all that remains of the business community. Last photo is a partly concealed entrance to one of the hundreds of shafts dug during the boom.

MANY historians believe that the Spanish discovered gold in Oklahoma as early as the 17th Century. Prospectors, on their way to California in 1849, reported seeing highly mineralized formations in the Wichita Mountains.

Up until 1901, the broad valleys and rolling plains of southwestern Oklahoma were all but uninhabited. Only the Indians and a few soldiers roamed the vast countryside. Then in August of 1901 the mineral laws were extended over Oklahoma.

Would-be prospectors and miners poured into the Wichitas by the thousands. Fields were left unplowed, stock untended, places of business throughout the territory were boarded up and abandoned, aprons were replaced with pick and shovel.

The first reported strike in the Wichitas was made on South Medicine Creek, west of Mt. Scott. Shortly, the rough granite hills echoed to the clink of steel and the boom of dynamite. Towns sprang up overnight. The more popular of these boom towns was Wildman, located east of Cold Springs, in the western part of the mountains.

Hardly a day or night passed without some unfortunate prospector leaking his blood into the red dust of the streets or into the sawdust floor of some tent saloon. With the towns came the card sharps, and men bent on easier ways of becoming rich—men more accustomed to the feel of a six-gun than the rough handle of a pick or shovel.

Near Camp Meers, west of Mt. Scott, the Golden Age Mining Company held seven claims, all in a group. An assay from one of the shafts returned to A. J. Burton from A. M. Brinkle, an assayer in Philadelphia, showed the ore to run $40.00 to the ton. That was not counting the copper content. The ore sample was taken from a shaft only ten feet in depth.

The St. Louis Mining & Milling Company was one of the biggest companies operating in the Wichitas. It consisted of twenty-four claims spread over some 450 acres of land. The boundary began two miles west of Camp Meers, at the foot of Mt. Sheridan, and ran for three miles along Medicine Creek. One of the mines, the Black Diamond was described as having a well-defined vein about four feet wide. The gold-bearing ore was black blend; there were also traces of silver. The assay showed $5.00 to the ton in gold, at a depth of less than ten feet. An assay from the Iron Hill Mine showed $4.40 in gold from surface samples. The Fort Worth Gold Hill Mining and Milling Company, west of Wildman, assayed $52.00 at a depth of only thirty feet.

The Lilly Mine, located on the Dewey vein, was said to be the mother lode. It was traced for fifteen miles across the mountains. The vein averaged from twenty-five to seventy-five feet in width. Ore from the Lilly assayed from $2.00 to $40.00, depending on the depth.

AT THE continued reports of gold's existence in the Wichitas, Government experts came into the mountains to evaluate the findings. After a close study, they reported that it could not be mined on a paying basis. These reports were met with stubborn assurance from the miners that the gold was there and that soon the Wichitas would be another Cripple Creek.

Mining went on at an even faster pace. New shafts went down and rich findings were reported daily. The experts had to be wrong, reasoned the miners. They figured that in only a matter of weeks the Wichitas would be known throughout the West.

An incident that caused considerable excitement took place at the Glen Haven Mine, operated by the Roosevelt Mining & Smelting Company. During a raging snow storm, miners uncovered a pocket of rich looking ore. Wanting to know the value of the new find, they made a crude test. They pounded up some of the ore. added some salt and soda, then placed it inside the heating stove. When they poured the slag into a mold and let it cool, they were surprised to find at the bottom a piece of gold, a little larger than buckshot. The men accused each other of salting the ore. A second and more thorough test, however, showed the ore to be rich in gold, lead and copper. It was a combination hardly ever found in the gold fields.

Other mines operating and stacking ore for smelters were the Gold Blossom Mine, located northwest of Mt. Scott. The Campbell mine was also near Mt. Scott. The Gold Bell Mine was supposed to have been the deepest shaft sunk in the Wichitas. It went some 300 feet before leveling off.

As the amount of ore being stacked steadily increased, plans were made for the building of smelters and bringing in a railroad. Miners' meetings were a weekly event.

Newspapers, one being the *Otter Creek Miner*, kept the men informed of what was happening in other parts of the gold fields. A post office on wheels supplied the miners with mail and a bank was established at Camp Meers.

One of the first smelters to be constructed was the Hardin Smelter, near Mt. Sheridan. It was built by Dr. Hardin on the Shawnee Mining Company property near Camp Meers. The Hardin smelter was a water jacket type with a capacity of twenty-five tons.

The Pearson smelter was erected near Golden Pass at Camp Homestead. It took J. S. Pearson, George C. Jorelyn, and G. C. Gullett, nine months to build. There was a lining of Denver fire brick on the inside and a layer of St. Louis brick which made a wall two feet thick. On the outside was a layer of ordinary brick. It was built circular in form, with the bullion tap at the bottom. The slag hole was a short way up. Four large tuyere irons were placed in the wall with a constant flow of water through them. There was a smokestack on the top for draft. It was assisted by a blower, run by steam power. Cost of the Pearson smelter was around $3,500.

DESPITE the miners' good faith and stacks of ore they had their problems. They were under constant criticism from the so-called experts, who still claimed gold could not be mined there at a profit. In addition, there were the farmers, who resented the miners and claimed they interfered with their work. They never passed up an opportunity to damage or destroy machinery. The feud broke into open hostility after several claims were brought to court.

One case was between the Shawnee Mining Company and a homesteader by the name of Elisha B. Welseh. The mining company won the case by proving the tract of land was more valuable for its minerals than for agriculture. The land was classed "not subject to homestead entry." Following the trial, a miner, Mr. Williams, was hung in effigy. A card was attached to the figure, advising the man to leave the country if he valued his life.

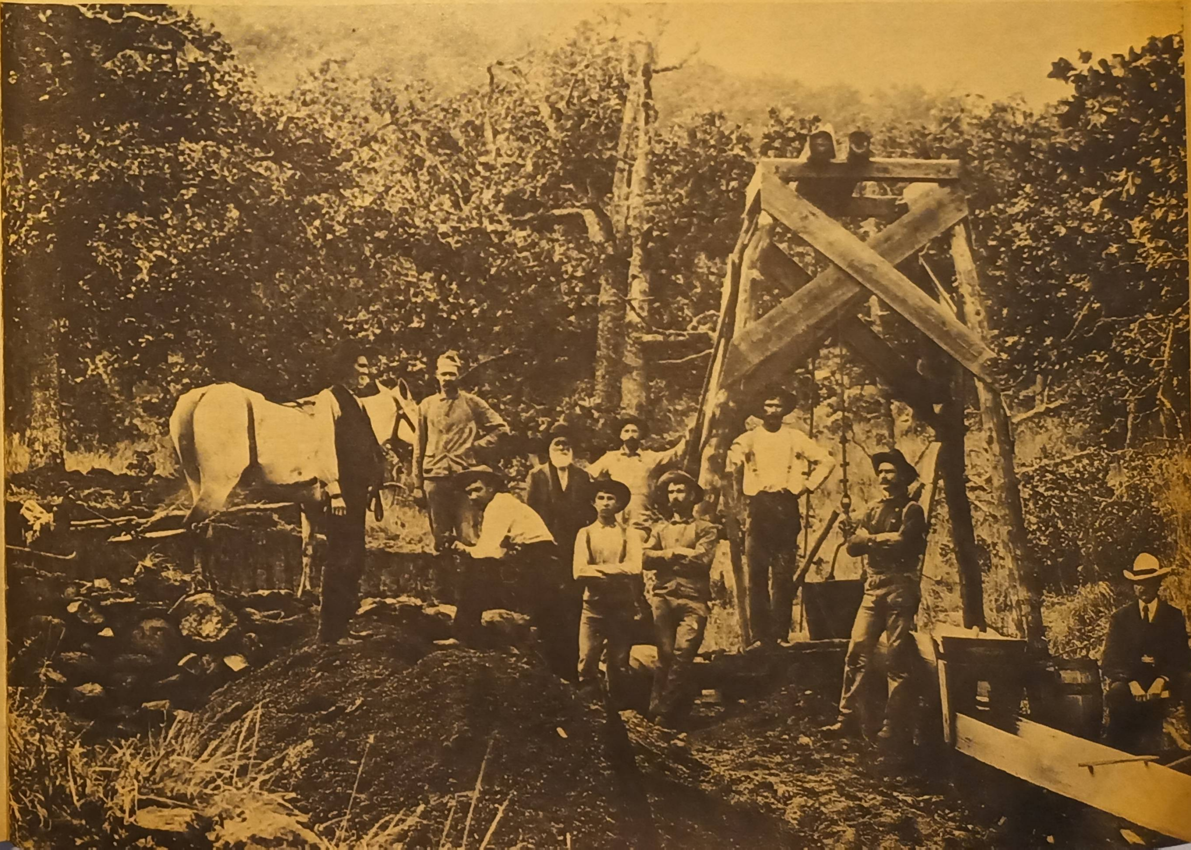
Another miner by the name of Bruce was at work in his mine when a homesteader, Smith, appeared at the top of the shaft, pulled a gun, and threatened to kill him if he didn't clear out. When the miner refused to leave his claim, the homesteader dropped a large rock on his head, almost killing him!

The Indians shared the homesteaders' feelings and aided them when given the chance. One hot summer day in 1903, it was reported to miners at Camp Meers, that a body of Indian police were coming to burn the camp. True to the report,

(Continued on page 61)

The Campbells, at their mine, on the north side of Mt. Scott. It was 75 feet deep.

Oklahoma Historical Society Photo

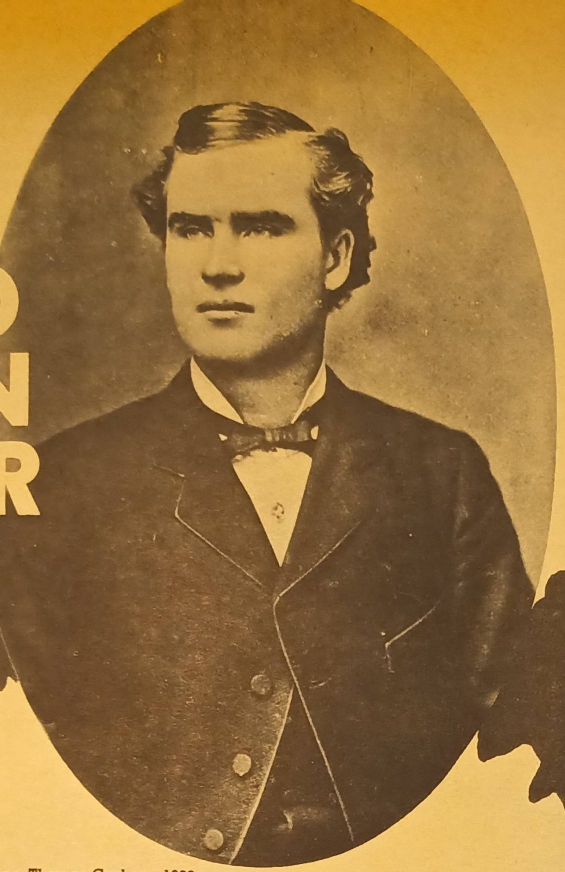


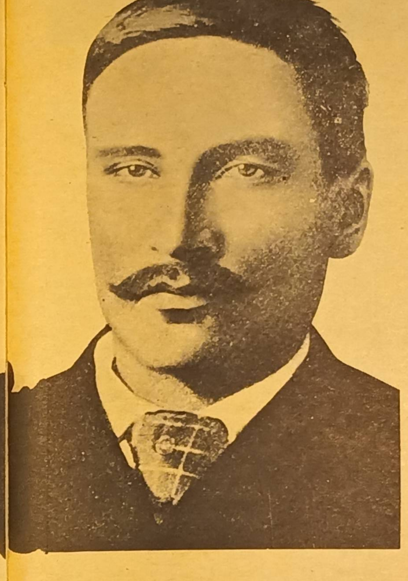
The TONTO BASIN WAR

By MARC PETERSON

Photos Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, Tucson, Arizona

An old-timer once said, "Working with large herds of cattle gave some men a fever no doctor could cure—a burning desire to have a big herd of their own. They started dragging too much loop, put their brands on too many calves that sucked the wrong cows. Had to kill a man because he knew too much; killed another because he had a leaky mouth. Pretty soon it was all living by the gun, one day at a time. A few of them made it, but most of them failed. The few who made it never lived to enjoy their dream."





Above, Thomas Graham, 1882, and at right, Edwin Tewksbury in 1891

THE Graham-Tewksbury Feud of what was then Yavapai County, Arizona. is also known as the Pleasant Valley War or the Tonto Basin War. Some say it was a cattlemen-sheepmen war, others that it was simply a bitter family feud. There is truth in both contentions for, at the beginning, the sudden appearance of sheep in the Basin brought immediate action from the outraged cattlemen. Soon, however, the situation degenerated into a sniping, bushwhacking war between two families—the Grahams and the Tewksburys, backed up by plenty of well-armed friends on both sides.

Pleasant Valley lies in a basin of fine grazing land surrounded by towering mountains. The Mogollons are on the north and far away to the south, the Sierra Anchas loom up big and clear. It is a beautiful country, containing many springs and streams. Cherry Creek gushes out from under the basin rim, and rushes down the slope to spend itself in the gentleness of the basin floor. Before the Eighties, Tonto Basin lay silent in its natural beauty, devoid of the works of white men, but occasionally violated by the moccasined feet of the fierce Apaches. By the late 1880s, however, Pleasant Valley was anything but pleasant—it was the scene of murder, terror and destruction.

James D. Tewksbury was born in Boston. In 1849, he shipped aboard a schooner bound for Cape Horn and the gold fields of California. After some wandering about the coast, he finally made his way to Humboldt County. White women were scarce in Old California; Tewksbury was very happy to settle for an Indian girl, a member of one of the Eel River tribes. In due time, this girl bore Tewksbury three sons—John, James and Ed. She died in California before the family moved to Globe, Arizona, in 1880.

Here Tewksbury decided to get married again, this time to an English widow named Lydia Schultes, by whom he had two more sons, Parker and Walter. But John Tewksbury didn't like town living—not when there was country and grass as beautiful and free as that of Pleasant Valley. So this friendly, elderly man built a cabin for himself and his family down on Cherry Creek, beneath the Tonto Rim. His few cattle and hogs and the wild game of the Valley provided the family with meat. Other needs were met by wages earned by the three grown, half-Indian sons who worked for other cattlemen just coming into the Valley.

Thomas H. and John Graham also reached Arizona by way of California. Born on a farm near Boone, Iowa, these brothers were as hard-working and peace-loving as were the Tewksburys. They settled in Pleasant Valley in the fall of 1882 and built their cabin about ten miles northwest of the Tewksbury place on Cherry Creek. Their much younger half-brother, William, came to live with them.

Like the Tewksbury boys, the Grahams hired out occasionally to neighboring ranchmen, particularly James Stinson. Stinson had come down from Snowflake soon after the arrival of the Grahams and Tewksburys. Mormons had moved down from Utah and had offered him $11,000 for his place as a townsite for a new settlement. In the absence of cash, Stinson accepted a large herd of cattle.

Upon entering Tonto Basin, Stinson tried to buy out both the Grahams and Tewksburys. He wanted the whole Valley to himself, and particularly desired to keep out all sheepmen. It is said that he offered $500 cash for the head of any man who drove sheep over the Mogollon Rim, which was then held to be the "deadline" beyond which no sheep could pass. Stinson needed help with his cattle, and he hired the Grahams and the Tewksbury boys to ride for him.

It wasn't long before the boys reached a little understanding among themselves. Very carefully they began to burn another brand on Stinson's cattle—a partnership brand mutually owned by the six of them. They worked along well together until the Grahams decided they weren't getting rich fast enough—and until one of the Graham boys, without the Tewksburys' knowledge, rode off to Prescott and registered the brand in his own name.

JOHN GILLILAND was Stinson's range foreman in 1886. He soon began to suspect what was going on, and decided to do something about it. One day he and Ed Tewksbury ran into each other out on the range.

"Well, Ed, how are ya?" The words were friendly, but the tone wasn't.

"Pretty good, John."

"Little off your range, ain't ya?"

"Maybe. What's it to you?"

"Well, now, Ed, I'll tell ya. Stinson's been losin' considerable cows lately, and I think you got a hand in it."

Tewksbury was a hot-tempered man and, even though guilty of Gilliland's accusation, was able to swell up with apparently self-righteous anger.

"Well, you're damn sure wrong, John, and I think you'd better be pretty careful who you go around accusin' of stealin'."

Gilliland, however, was sure of his ground and began to threaten Tewksbury in a loud voice. Suddenly Gilliland reached for his pistol. Tewksbury grabbed for his almost at the same time, and both men fired together. Gilliland missed his shot, but Tewksbury put a slug through Gilliland's leg.

The fight was over but marked the first two shots of the Graham-Tewksbury Feud. Ed Tewksbury returned home and, after some discussion with his brothers, decided that maybe it was a good time to divide up the stolen cattle and get cash for them while they could. But when they went to see the Grahams about it, the Grahams denied them their share.

"Why don't ya git the law on us for stealin' your cattle?" they laughed.

Territorial court records show that both families actually did make charges against each other, but the cases were thrown out of court for lack of evidence. Stinson should have been the man to do all the suing, not the Grahams and the Tewksburys.

The Grahams went home feeling pretty proud of themselves. They had stolen cattle from two different parties and gotten away with it both times. But they made a mistake—a fatal mistake—when they thought the Tewksburys would chalk the matter off to experience. The Tewksbury boys believed in revenge, and they had the patience and the cunning of the Indian; they could wait until just the right opportunity came along.

Up until that time. no matter what personal differences the pioneer cattlemen had had among themselves, they had always stood united against the attempts of sheepmen to push their flocks over the Tonto Rim.

Late in the fall of 1886, the leading sheepmen of Flagstaff, A. A. and P. P. Daggs, discussed the range situation for the approaching winter. Realizing that they would have to sell a large number of sheep unless more winter range could be found, they looked longingly in the direction of Pleasant Valley, far to the south. They knew of the ban on sheep in the Valley; but they also knew of the smouldering hatred that the Tewksburys had for the Grahams. The Daggs summoned John, Jim and Ed Tewksbury—and the Tewksburys' friend, William Jacobs—and made a proposition that promised not only money but an opportunity to get even with their old partners, as well. This was just the opportunity that the Tewksbury boys had been waiting for.

When the sheep began pouring over the rim of the Mogollons, the cattlemen could hardly believe their eyes. They had heard rumors that something like this might happen, but no one had really believed it.

"The Tewksburys are pushin' sheep over the Mogollon Rim!" went the cry, and the news spread like wildfire.

CATTLEMEN rallied to save their precious range from the horde of woolly destruction sweeping down over it. And although most wanted to stay out of the feud, their interests soon forced them into the Graham camp.

Tom Graham was acknowledged as the leader. And it was at his ranch that the cattlemen gathered to decide on strategy. Hot-headed Andy Blevans (also spelled Blevins) was in favor of immediate slaughter of all the sheep and the herders, as well, but Tom Graham insisted that milder methods be tried first. A sudden shot out of a black night, a bullet through a coffee pot or frying pan held by a herder over a campfire, usually had the desired effect.

But the sheep remained; the Daggs brothers were as stubborn as the cattlemen, and hired new herders. The Tewksburys were right behind the Daggs brothers, encouraging them to pour it on.

Again the cattlemen met. They had listened to Tom Graham the first time, and the sheep were still devouring grass; they were now in the mood for stronger methods. It was not long afterward that, under the cover of darkness, came a wild pounding of hoofs and firing of six-guns as raiders tore into thick flocks, shooting and stampeding the sheep to destruction.

The cattlemen drew first blood early in February, 1887, when a Navajo herder was killed on one of these night raids. Hired Indian trailers reported that the murder had been committed by a horseman whose trail had led to the Graham

Stotts grave at left Taken by Gifford Pinchot about 1897

These stakes mark the burial places of three men hung during the Tonto Basin war in Arizona in 1887 Jim Scott. Jim Stott and Billy Wilson ranch. Nobody really cared about the death of an Indian herder, but they certainly did care about the killing of so many sheep.

By the spring of '87, the Daggs brothers were discouraged enough to withdraw their remaining flocks from the Tonto Basin. Apparently the Grahams had won the fight, and peace again settled down over Pleasant Valley. But the Tewksburys were merely biding their time.

Mart Blevans, known to his neighbors as "Old Man" Blevans, was one of the early cattlemen in Pleasant Valley. His ranch was on Canyon Creek. Mart was the stepfather of Andy Cooper—also known as Andy Blevans—and father of several boys: Hampton, Charles, Houston and John. Like the elder Tewksbury, Mart was not involved in the feud, but his sons were, up to their necks. Andy, in addition, was under indictment on a cattle-rustling charge in Apache County.

One morning, late in July, 1887, Old Man Blevans rode out from his ranch and never came back. His friends and sons scoured the countryside for him but his body was never found. There are stories of a man's skeleton being discovered—every particle of flesh had been stripped away by the wild hogs that roamed the Valley at that time.

The search went on for several weeks. As far as the Tewksburys were concerned, the riders were looking for trouble as well, for it was generally assumed that one of the Tewksburys was responsible for Blevans' death.

A flock of northern Arizona sheep. It was just such a band as this that brought about hostilities in Pleasant Valley when driven over the rim of the Mogollons.

The Aztec Land and Cattle Company of Holbrook (better known as the Hash Knife outfit) had established several camps for the purpose of looking after their stock. At one of these camps near Pinedale was stationed a cowboy named John Paine, who had been brought from Texas for the express purpose of keeping sheep off the range. Paine was just the man for the job; he feared nothing, nobody—and loved to fight. In fact, he drank excessively, and was always ready to whip out his six-shooter.

On August 9, Paine and a couple of other Hash Knife riders rode over to the Graham ranch to help in the search for Old Man Blevans. Some of them set out and reached the Middleton Ranch on Middleton Creek about noon. This was the headquarters ranch for the Vosberg and Newton Flying V Brand Ranch. They drew up in front of the dilapidated fence that surrounded the cabin.

Street scene in Tempe, Arizona, 1894. Old photo below shows cabin at head of Tonto Creek—1886.

WILDMAN. PETERS. GOLDMAN Co.
FARMERS & MERCHANTS
BANK

"Hey! Anybody home in there? We're sure hungry. How about invitin' us in for some grub?"

The door opened a crack and an unfriendly voice which sounded like Jim Tewksbury's replied, "I ain't runnin' no hotel. Move on outta here!"

Jim's brother Ed was probably inside with him. It is thought that the men had been scouting around looking for some of their enemies and had found the cabin open and unoccupied. Nobody locked his door in those early days. It didn't seem hospitable to do so. They had just walked in and made themselves right at home. While resting there, four of their enemies rode right into their hands.

The four horsemen debated this unexpected rebuff for a moment and then started to turn away. Suddenly there was a crack of rifles from the windows. The horses reared and jumped in fright, colliding with each other in wild confusion.

John Paine and Hampton Blevans swayed limply in their saddles and toppled to the ground dead—the first white men to die in the Graham-Tewksbury feud. Tom Tucker and Bob Gillespie, Hash Knife riders, were both wounded. Tucker caught a slug in the chest and almost fell from his saddle. He managed to hang on, however, while his horse galloped away from the fight. Finally, exhausted from pain and loss of blood, he slipped to the ground unconscious. The cowboy lay there the rest of the day and into the night, when a cold hailstorm revived him. Alternately conscious and unconscious, Tucker slowly and painfully dragged himself along the ground.

After an hour or so, he reached the ranch of Robert Sigsby, who took him in, dressed his terrible wound, and cared for him until he had healed up somewhat. As soon as he was able, Tucker slipped out of the house and rode off for Holbrook and safety. He soon located his pal, Bob Gillespie, and the two promptly lit out for New Mexico. The bullet that had wounded Gillespie had first pierced the cantle of his saddle, and then had torn through his buttock. It was a long time before he could ride straight in the saddle again!

THE SHOOTING of Paine and Blevans was a little different matter from the killing of a poor Navajo herder. Their blood could be wiped out only with more blood, and from that time on, it was the old law of an eye for an eye. Both factions hunted each other like wild ani-

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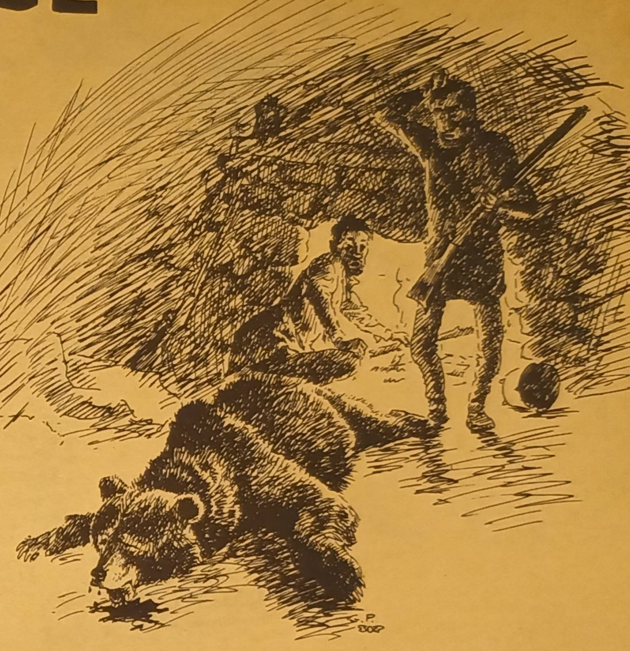
A Savage Santa Claus

From TRAILS PLOWED UNDER by Charles M. Russell by permission of the Estate of Nancy C. Russell.

by CHARLES M. RUSSELL

Illustrated by Geo. Phippen

Santa Claus came to see Bedrock and Beaver, all right - - but when he arrived, they just as soon he hadn't come!



"Between the smoke, the barkin' of the guns an' the bellerin' of the bear, it had been like hell on a holiday."

"TALKIN' about Christmas," said Bedrock, as we smoked in his cabin after supper, and the wind howled as it sometimes can on a blizzardy December night, "puts me in mind of one I spent in the '60s. Me an' a feller named Jake Mason, but better knowed as Beaver, is trappin' an' prospectin' on the head of the Porcupine. We've struck some placer, but she's too cold to work her. The snow's drove all the game out of the country, an' barrin' a few beans and some flour, we're plum out of grub. So we decide we'd better pull our freight before we're snowed in.

"The winter's been pretty open till then, but the day we start a storm breaks loose that skins everything I ever seed. It looks like the snow-maker's been holdin' back, an' turned the whole winter supply loose at once. Cold? Well, it would make a polar bear hunt cover.

"About noon it lets up enough so we can see our pack-hosses. We're joggin' along at a good gait, when old Baldy, our lead pack-hoss, stops an' swings 'round in the trail, bringin' the other three to a stand. His whinner causes me to raise my head, an' lookin' under my hat brim, I'm plenty surprised to see an old log shack not ten feet to the side of the trail.

" 'I guess we'd better take that cayuse's advice,' says Beaver, pintin' to Baldy, who's got his ears straightened, lookin' at us as much as to say: 'What, am I packin' fer Pilgrims; or don't you know enough to get in out of the weather? It looks like you'd loosen these packs.' So, takin' Baldy's hunch, we unsaddle.

"THIS cabin's mighty ancient. It's been two rooms, but the ridge-pole on the rear one's rotted an' let the roof down. The door's wide open an' hangs on a wooden hinge. The animal smell I get on the inside tells me there ain't no humans lived there for many's the winter. The floor's strewn with pine cones an' a few scattered bones, showin' it's been the home of mountain-rats an' squirrels. Takin' it all 'n all, it ain't no palace, but, in this storm, it looks mighty snug, an' when we get a blaze started in the fireplace an' the beans goin' it's comfortable.

"The door to the back's open, an' by the light of the fire I can see the roof hangin' down V-shaped, leavin' quite a little space agin the wall. Once I had a notion of walkin' in an' prospectin' the place, but there's somethin' ghostly about it an' I change my mind.

"When we're rollin' in that night, Beaver asks me what day of the month it is.

" 'If I'm right on my dates,' says I, 'this is the evenin' the kids hang up their socks.'

" 'The hell it is!' say he. 'Well, here's one camp Santy'll probably overlook. We ain't got no socks nor no place to hang 'em, an' I don't think the old boy'd savvy our foot-rags.' That's the last I remember till I'm waked up along in the night by somethin' monkeyin' with the kettle.

"If it wasn't fer a snuffiin' noise I could hear, I'd a-tuk it fer a trade-rat, but with this noise it's no guess with me, an' I call the turn all right, 'cause when I take a peek, there, humped between me an' the fire, is the most robust silvertip I ever see. In size, he resembles a load of hay. The fire's down low, but there's enough light to give me his outline. He's humped over, busy with the beans, sniffin' an' whinin' pleasant, like he enjoys 'em.

"I nudged Beaver easy, an' whispers: 'Santy Claus is here.'

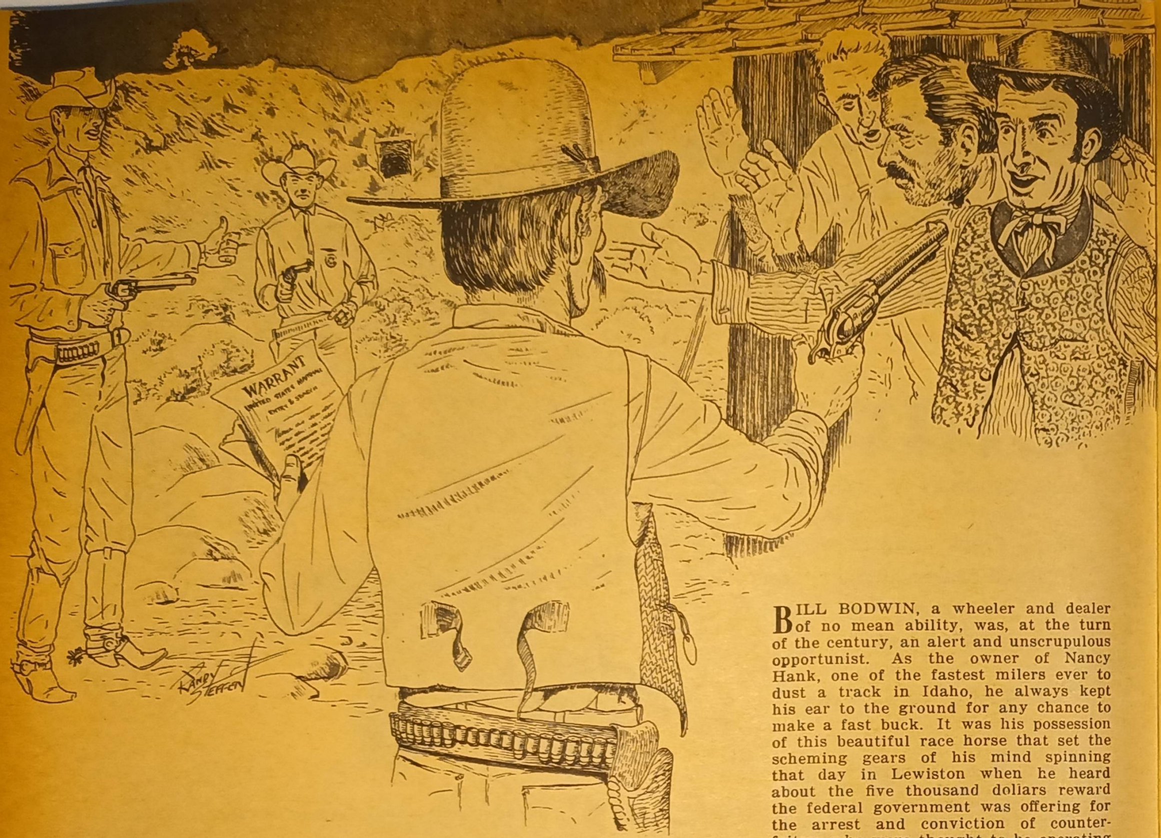
"He don't need but one look. 'Yes,' says he, reachin' for his Henry, 'but he ain't brought nothin' but trouble, an' more'n a sock full of that. You couldn't crowd it into a wagon-box.'

"This whisperin' disturbs Mr. Bear, an' he straightens up till he near touches the ridge-pole. He looks eight feet tall. Am I scared? Well, I'd tell a man. By the feelin' runnin' up and down my back, if I had bristles I'd resemble a wild hog. The cold sweat's drippin' off my nose, an' I ain't got nothin' on me but sluice-ice.

"THE bark of Beaver's Henry brings me out of this scare. The bear goes over, upsettin' a kettle of water, puttin' the fire out. If it wasn't for a stream of fire runnin' from Beaver's weapon, we'd be in plumb darkness. The bear's up agin, bellerin' an' bawlin', and comin' at us mighty warlike, and by the time I get my Sharp's workin', I'm near choked with smoke. It's the noisiest muss I was ever mixed up in. Between the smoke, the barkin' of the guns an' the bellerin' of the bear, it's like hell on a holiday.

"I'm gropin' for another ca'tridge when

(Continued on page 55)



Flashy Bill Bodwin was a smart one, but he out-smarted himself when he turned bounty hunter for

THE COUNTERFEITERS OF SHINGLE CREEK

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

by VICTOR DURDEN

BILL BODWIN, a wheeler and dealer of no mean ability, was, at the turn of the century, an alert and unscrupulous opportunist. As the owner of Nancy Hank, one of the fastest milers ever to dust a track in Idaho, he always kept his ear to the ground for any chance to make a fast buck. It was his possession of this beautiful race horse that set the scheming gears of his mind spinning that day in Lewiston when he heard about the five thousand dollars reward the federal government was offering for the arrest and conviction of counterfeiters who were thought to be operating somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of northern Idaho.

It wasn't that Nancy Hank failed to provide Bodwin with a comfortable income. It was just that he could not resist what appeared to be a tailor-made opportunity to cash in on a sure thing. And, although his sudden idea for the capture of this particular piece of easy money brought about an ignominious end to his enthusiasm, it is to Bill Bodwin's credit that he did have courage, imagination and considerable talent as an undercover agent.

In his early thirties, Bodwin draped his spare frame in the latest sportsman fashion and carried himself with the jaunty air of a man with a sure-fire tip on a long shot. It was the bantam-rooster attitude of a small man who wanted to be big. His handsome face carried the perpetual expression of sober and serious thinking. Under his mouse-colored derby, his mental machinery was indeed racing at record speed this particular afternoon.

All that was known about the counterfeiters was that they were molding cheap metals to simulate the popular twenty dollar double eagle, thinly plating their product with gold leaf and passing the bogus pieces in the mining, lumbering and cattle towns of Idaho, eastern Oregon and Washington. Most of the pieces had turned up in the robust trading center of Lewiston, situated at the confluence of the Snake and Clearwater rivers.

Knowledge regarding the identity of the criminals was vague. The only clue the government seemed to have was that one of the pushers was a race horse enthusiast. Every time a racing event was held within the area, several hundred dollars worth of the counterfeit twenty dollar gold pieces would show up at the track. Another favorite habitat of the pushers was the card room and the saloon.

WITH this scant information, and with visions of what an extra five thousand dollars would buy, Bill Bodwin strode happily down Lewiston's Main Street with a spring in his step and a whistled tune on his lips. The town was bustling more than usual tonight and the bars were lined two deep. Tomorrow was race day.

From dark until almost dawn Bodwin made the rounds from bar to bar, listening and talking. Whenever he found men talking race horses he would enter the conversation by introducing himself as the owner of Nancy Hank. The colorful mare was well known to racing fans, and Bodwin was regarded always with respect and sometimes with admiration. Most of the men wanted tips on tomorrow's race and were glad to hear what the dapper sportsman had to say. Adroitly Bodwin would bring the talk around to the counterfeiters, and then cast out a little bait.

"I'd give .a half interest in Nancy Hank," he would say, "just to learn how they make that stuff. Yes, sir, I really mean it. A half interest in Nancy Hank."

Next day at the track Nancy Hank won her race which was a boon to Bodwin's plan. That night he was back at the bars again, talking horses to anybody who would listen, changing the conversation to the counterfeiters, and offering a half interest in Nancy Hank to anybody who would show him how to mint the coin.

A little after midnight his efforts were rewarded. In a small, dimly-lighted saloon down near the Snake River bridge he was approached by a man who expressed high admiration for Nancy Hank, and asked if she was for sale.

At first Bodwin did not suspect that he was at the end of his search. He went through his usual routine, switching over to the subject of the counterfeiters and stating his offer. It was not until the man asked, "How would you guarantee such a proposition?" that Bodwin knew he had made contact.

The stranger was of average height, though heavy set, with large, milky grey eyes that moved sluggishly in their orbits. His dress was quite ordinary and in general his appearance was rather nondescript. Excellent qualities for a man of his profession, thought Bodwin. Without offering his hand the man said his name was Stephen Polson, from the coast. No doubt an alias, decided Bodwin, and the vagueness concerning his last address was in perfect keeping.

His wits sharpened by this nearness to his quarry, Bodwin invited the man to go with him at once to the stable and look at the horse. Under the yellow rays of a livery lantern, Bodwin could see the man's ardent appreciation of fine horses. And when Nancy Hank nickered gently and nuzzled Polson's neck, Bodwin could almost feel the man's caution melt away under his eagerness to own the horse. With one last attempt toward prudence, Polson asked Bodwin where he was staying and said he would see him in the morning. There seemed no point now in pressing the proposition tonight. Just let the fruitful charm of Nancy Hank turn the trick.

NEXT morning the two men met at the Bollinger Hotel and once more they went together to the stable. There in the presence of Nancy Hank and the privacy of her stall they struck an agreement. For a half interest in the horse Bodwin would be shown how the bogus coin was made. To accomplish this, however, would necessitate the revealing of their hideout, and with this information Bodwin would in effect be a partner in the operation. In fact, it was urged that he become an active part of the organization. And, to guarantee his good faith, Polson pointed out grimly, Bodwin must leave Lewiston with him at once and bring Nancy Hank along.

With Polson constantly at his side while he made preparations to leave, Bodwin had no opportunity to confide in anyone regarding his plan. He had not thought out the matter of a confederate to help him, nor did he now have time to contact the law enforcement agencies. The five thousand dollars had sounded easy, but he began to see that it might take a little doing before it was delivered.

It was still early in the day when they turned their mounts southward and climbed out of the bowl where the town nestled against the rivers. Up Winchester grade and across the Camas prairie they rode, leading Nancy Hank. At Grangeville, where they spent the night, Bodwin tried, without being obvious about it, to contact the authorities, but Polson was always beside him, and there was no chance. Twice he saw men he knew; once late in the evening when they were eating in a restaurant, and again the next morning when they were saddling up at the stable. But each attempt to gain assistance resulted in an empty conversation of small talk.

They rode on southward, winding their way down the switchbacks of Whitebird canyon, reaching the Salmon River where they rested before following the bank thirty miles to the mouth of the Little Salmon. In darkness they crossed the larger stream and followed the fast-running tributary some seven miles. Where Rapid River joins the Little Salmon they turned west. Four miles farther, at a splashing little stream known as Shingle Creek they turned into a narrow, steep canyon. In the upper recesses of this pine-studded gorge Bodwin and his companion climbed stiffly down from their saddles beside a small log cabin.

While unbuckling their rigging and turning their horses into a corral, a light came on inside the cabin, where Bodwin soon met the other two members of the company. It was long after midnight and Bodwin was bone weary from two hard days of riding. He was in no mood to exert himself toward affability, but the belligerent attitude of Polson's partners frightened him into a noble effort to appear trustworthy, a task that taxed his uncommon resourcefulness.

Polson introduced him with a minimum of words. "Bill Bodwin," he said simply. "This here is Hardrock Evans and Injun Pete Barker. Bill here is going to be our new partner."

It was immediately plain to Bodwin that the circumstances and the hour were poorly chosen for so momentous an announcement. He looked at the sleep-heavy, beard-stubbled faces of the two men, offered a faint smile and reached out his hand, neither of which drew response. They stared unbelievingly, first at Bodwin, then at Polson and back at Bodwin again. Surprise, concern and open anger were written on their faces. They regarded him with ill-concealed and quite justified suspicion. Disappointment in the horse-loving Polson for bringing Bodwin in on their deal erupted into heated arguments throughout the night, and there were times when the little sportsman wished he had not been so impulsive with his bright idea to cop off five thousand dollars at the expense of these desperate men.

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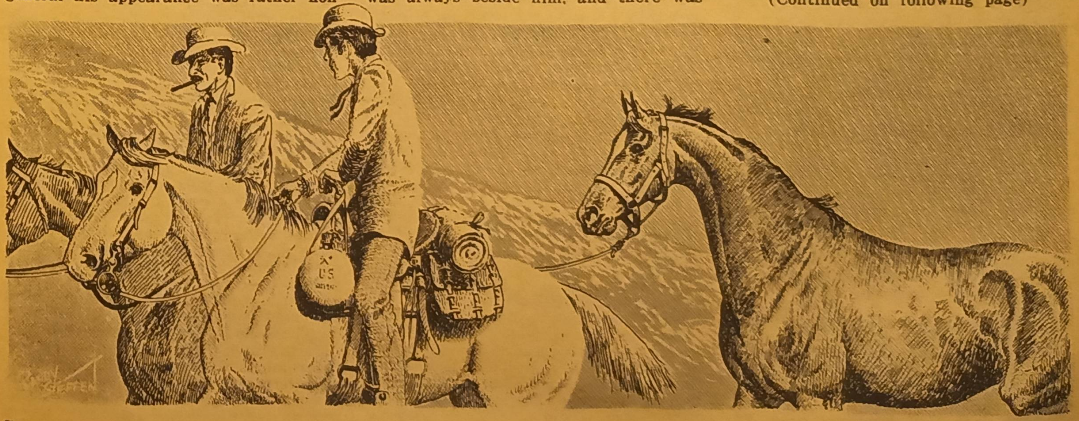


BY morning tempers had not cooled enough to bring Bodwin any degree of comfort, so he began to apply his oily tongue toward getting himself out of what had begun to be a critical situation. The earnestness of his tone, his manner and his argument were really genuine for probably the first time in his life.

"If you gentlemen will hear me out," said Bodwin, "I'm sure you will recognize the tremendous opportunity I can offer you in expanding your business to bonanza proportions. Through my contacts we can dispose of greater quantities of the spurious coin. And with me acting as your intermediary, the risks you are now taking will be automatically transferred to me, thus placing you in a very safe position. I can at once act as both an instrument to stimulate your profits and as a shield to protect you from the danger of incarceration."

As he warmed to his subject, Bodwin could see the reluctance of the holdouts begin to weaken. This gave him encouragement to sail on into his imaginary modus operandi so convincingly that he began almost to believe it himself. Although the obstinate members of the gang did yield to some extent, it would have taken a duller wit than Bodwin's to know that their objection to him was by no means gone. He was on probation.

A week passed before any of the men left the canyon. Much of the time was spent digging in a tunnel a few hundred yards from the cabin. This was ostensibly a bona fide mining claim. Any casual passersby or any inquisitive investigators could readily see that the miners were actively engaged in their work.

Bodwin was allowed certain privileges, such as exercising Nancy Hank during the afternoons, but his freedom of movement was restricted to the upper part of the canyon. There the trail petered out in a rim-rocked box. The only way out was down creek to the Rapid River trail. Bodwin was warned against riding in that direction, and he was watched carefully whenever he saddled up.

One afternoon was spent in the manufacture of counterfeit twenty dollar gold pieces. From a hiding place somewhere up the mountain, one of the men brought down the crude but precious set of molds, along with a smelting spoon. Bodwin did not get to watch the actual minting. He and one of the others were posted on the trail to signal the approach of any mountain traveler. None came. During the entire week they had seen only one person, a lanky, weatherbeaten cowboy combing out the canyon for strays.

When Bodwin returned to the cabin, the two workers were putting the finishing touches on fifty of the newly minted coins, rubbing ordinary gold leaf onto the lead-colored surface. Another fifty, completed the week before Bodwin's arrival, were stacked with the new. Tomorrow Hardrock Evans and Barker would go out, taking Bodwin with them. Polson would stay behind to watch camp and take care of Nancy Hank. Evans and Barker would have an opportunity to see Bodwin in action, to determine whether or not Polson's confidence was justified. If he did not measure up, he would be measured out.

EARLY next morning the three counterfeiters, two professionals and one novice, with two thousand dollars in bogus money divided between them, rode out of the canyon, down Rapid River and turned north at the Little Salmon. Their first stop was Meadows, thirty miles up river, a high mountain valley lush with wild hay. White face cattle grazed languidly, brisket deep in the rich grass. The tiny settlement had only one sizable store and a ramshackle hotel. It was midafternoon when they finished a makeshift meal and continued southward. Evans and Barker were known in Meadows, where they sometimes came for supplies. They never attempted to pass any of the coin so close to their home base. Bodwin searched every face they met without finding anyone he knew.

It was well after dark when they reached Council, the county seat. They ate and checked in at the hotel. Injun Pete and Bodwin shared a room to which they repaired at once. Hardrock Evans cautioned Barker to keep a sharp eye on Bodwin while he went down to a few hands of poker.

Next day and the next they traveled south, stopping briefly in the towns along the way. Midvale, Weiser, Payette. They crossed over the Snake into Oregon, staying in Ontario one day and a night. Then back into Idaho and southward again. Emmett, Caldwell, Nampa and finally into Boise.

The opportunity which Bodwin had sought so desperately did not present itself until the second day in the capital city. In the rest room of a small saloon he had the good fortune to meet an old acquaintance, one Sammy Callender. Bodwin grabbed his chance, and Sammy's hand, talking rapidly in a furious whisper. Sammy's astonishment at his behavior did not assuage Bodwin's fervent appeal. With a furtive glance through a crack in the door toward the bar where Hardrock Evans was seated, he quickly explained the important facts of his predicament.

"Now, Sammy," he urged, "this is what you must do, first thing in the morning: There's a United States Marshal here. Tell him to move in on this mining camp up Rapid River in one week. We should be back there before then, and everybody will be caught in the trap." As Sammy Callender nodded wonderingly, Bodwin's faltering hopes revived. Maybe the five thousand reward money wasn't so far away after all. "Don't forget, Sammy," he continued, "tell the Marshal it's my plan and that I've been working in with these guys for the sole purpose of . . . of . . ." He hesitated an instant. There was no need to share the reward with Sammy. ". . . of bringing these criminals to justice!"

Footsteps approached the door. Bodwin jerked his finger to his lips. "Don't recognize me when you walk out of here," he whispered. "This guy Evans watches me like a hawk. I'm on damned thin ice!" He stepped outside the door just in time to meet Evans coming in.

"Be with you in a minute," grunted Evans, brushing past.

"Yeah," responded Bodwin, forcing the anxiety from his face. He walked casually to the bar and ordered whiskey, letting the speed of his heart beat return to normalcy.

Sammy Callender came out shortly behind him and left the saloon without glancing in his direction. Bodwin watched his departure in the dusty mirror of the back bar. He began to feel better than he had at any time since leaving Lewiston.

The furrows of deep thought creased the ordinarily smooth brow of Sammy Callender as he walked through the deserted streets to his hotel. A bookie by profession, since his age and weight robbed him of his first love, jockeying, he had known Bodwin well enough around the tracks in the last four years to be genuinely surprised if not confused by the brief interview. Sammy Callender's own sagacity, kept keen by the strop of his vocation told him there was something more to this situation than met the eye. Trained in Bodwin's conniving school, he began to wonder if the circumstances were not pregnant with possibilities—for Sammy Callender. It wasn't like Bodwin to get involved in so irrelative and hazardous a proposition. He would find out more tomorrow.

ALL THE homemade double eagles were soon disposed of and the three partners began the return journey before the week was out. Bodwin felt remarkably easy in his mind now and he had difficulty in concealing his relief. The frequent impulse toward congenialty was checked, however, and he received some satisfaction from the gradually improving attitude of Evans and Barker toward him. He had converted his share of the coin into good cash and appeared to be relishing the occupation and looking forward to his future in it.

The only discordant note in his present disposition now was that he missed Nancy Hank. In the two years since he'd owned the prize mare he had never been away from her for more than a few hours at a time. He wanted to see her, to make sure she was all right. More than that, he wanted to get the animal back on the racing circuit where they both belonged. The sooner this risky business was behind him the better.

Bodwin's inner gaiety was short lived. When the party arrived at Shingle Creek, Nancy Hank was gone. So was Polson. Both Evans and Barker began to curse Polson for a horse-crazy fool and soon turned their wrath to Bodwin, upon whom they placed the blame.

"He's likely gone off to some race meet to run the nag," said Barker.

"Or maybe to trade her for two more," enjoined Evans. "Goin' away like this and leavin' the place unwatched! A man's plumb worthless if he can't be trusted." His eyes swept to Bodwin whose anxiety had suddenly doubled. Not only was his valuable horse gone, but the old animosities toward him were rekindled. And Polson, his only ally, was gone with the horse.

Things were beginning to look wretched for Bodwin once more when suddenly Polson rode into camp. Bodwin's heart gave a leap. Then he noticed that Polson was riding his own sorrel gelding, not Nancy Hank.

"Where you been?" shouted Evans with a growl.

"Where's my horse?" shouted Bodwin at the same time.

"You gone plumb loco?" scowled Barker.

Unperturbed, Polson stepped to the ground and leisurely draped the reins over a post. "Now, now, gents," he said pleasantly, "No need to get yourselves all worked up in a panic. I been gone only a few hours. Took my-er-*our* Nancy Hank up to the Meadows Valley and put her on some good summer pasture. She's in good hands, and belly deep in green grass. The graze around here is about burnt up. A fine animal like Nancy Hank deserves better than dry hay in a cramped corral, specially this time of year."

Barker and Evans complained to Polson at some length about his carelessness since Nancy Hank came into his life, but Bodwin felt considerably better, except

(Continued on page 54)

Dogs played a little known
but very important
part in taming
the hard frontier

Forgotten FRONTIER HEROES

by ROSS PHARES

THE heroic role that dogs played in the conquest and settlement of the frontier has never been adequately told. Long before there was an official K-9 Corps, dogs, in their traditionally devoted and courageous way, were serving in the original battle of the Americans against the Indians, wild beasts and the elements.

In 1719 a dog, in a strangely faithful and dramatic way, helped strengthen France's claim to Texas by saving the life of his master. A colony of Frenchmen landed on the coast of Texas. M. de Belisle, with his dog and four other officers, went into the woods to hunt. They became lost. When they finally returned to the sea, their ship had sailed. For several days they wandered along the coast hoping to sight their vessel, living during the time upon herbs and insects.

In desperation, the men begged Belisle to let them kill the dog for food. Belisle would not agree, though he was starving. The desperate men attempted to kill the dog anyway. But they were so weak that the dog—obviously sensing their designs—made his escape and disappeared into the woods.

As the days passed, Belisle saw his four companions die of starvation, one by one. He subsisted mainly by eating worms in rotten wood.

One day as he sat on a log, despondent, and so weak he felt that his final day had come, he looked up and saw his dog before him, wagging his tail, as if afraid to approach without some assurance of security. Belisle spoke to him. And when the dog approached, he saw that he was carrying an opossum in his mouth "about the size of a sucking pig." The dog laid the opossum down at his master's feet. Belisle feasted on the opossum.

Whether the dog had followed Belisle at a distance, fearing to come closer or because of fear or resentment of his master's companions, Belisle could not say. But Belisle gave his dog credit for saving his life and doing a great service to France.

Belisle finally made it overland to the French colony in northwest Louisiana, and lived to lead another expedition back to the Texas coast. If Spain instead of France, in the final analysis, got Texas, it was no fault of M. de Belisle and his dog, which under the strangest and most hazardous circumstances was ingenious enough to take care of himself and his master.

DURING the Indian fighting days many dogs displayed an uncanny sense of danger and caution. J. Wright Mooar often had to travel through Comanche country when the Indians were on the warpath. His dog, Towser, a half wolf, slept at his head when he was traveling alone. At the slightest disturbance he would awaken his master by pressing a paw on his face. When there was more than one in the party, Towser went to each sleeping man and licked his face to awaken him. He was constantly alert, and always silent. Yet at camp, out of danger, he was so noisy he was considered a nuisance.

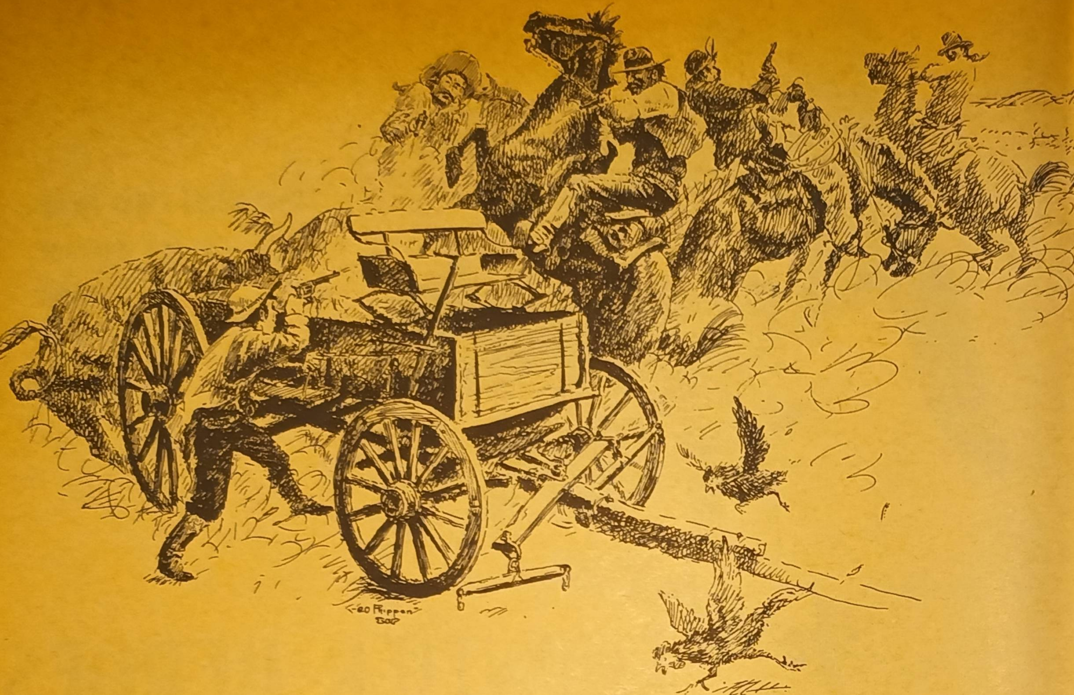
In 1870, near Hog Mountain Springs, dogs trailed a band of marauding Indians into a thicket. The dogs were tied while their masters surrounded the thicket and went about the mopping up campaign. The dogs had been on the chase a long time. Two of them refused to be left out of the final battle. They broke loose and pressed an attack until both of them were shot with arrows. One dog died in the thicket. The other came out with an arrow shot through the breast protruding behind the shoulder. The wounded dog laid down and deliberately pulled the arrow out of his body. He recovered to fight again.

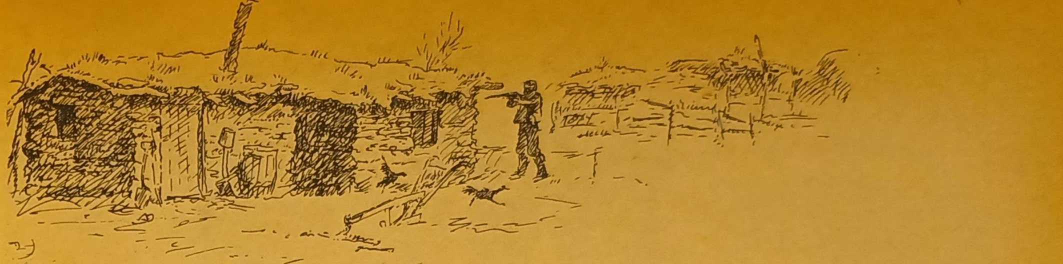
The Indians had such respect for dogs as fighters that on at least one occasion they scalped one as a prize of war. At the famous Battle of Adobe Walls, the Shadler brothers were caught asleep in the initial attack and killed. Their big Newfoundland dog, obviously put up a vicious defense. He was found the next morning beside his masters, filled with arrows and scalped.

BILLY Dixon, famed Indian fighter and buffalo hunter, lost his beloved dog, Fannie, at this battle. A few months later he returned to the scene with some companions. Much to his surprise, Fannie appeared. He thought she had been killed by the Indians or had wandered off and starved. After Fannie had been petted and fed, she left. But soon she was back, holding something in her mouth. She stood before the men, wagging her tail.

Dixon wrote of the incident in his autobiography. It is a touching scene showing the tender love of a tough old buffalo hunter for his dog: "Fannie had brought a fat, bright-eyed little puppy in her mouth. Dropping the little fellow gently on a pile of bedding, she frisked about with delight as each of us tried to hold the pup and fondle it. Fannie bounded away while we were 'fussing'

(Continued on page 63)



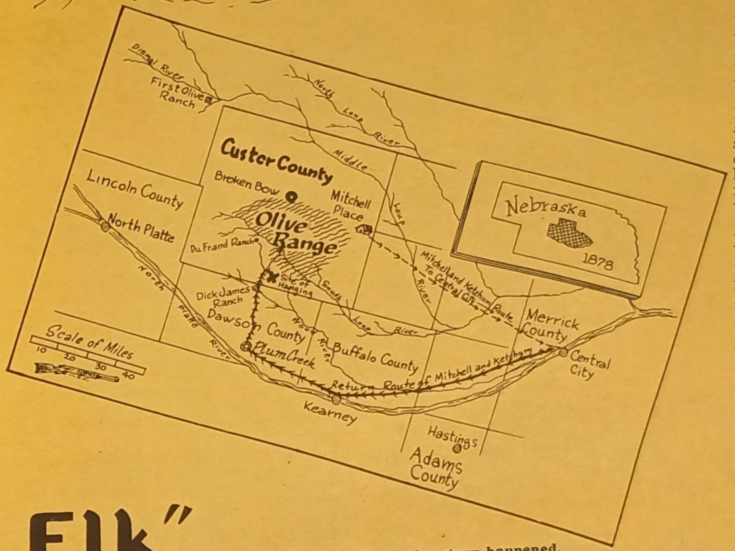


"Hang'um - - then try'um!" was sometimes practiced in the days

When "Slow Elk" Came High

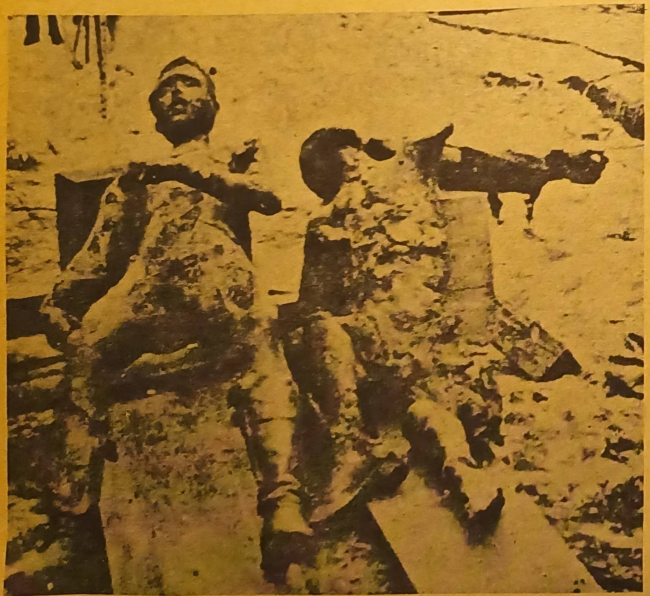
by HARRY E. CHRISMAN

Illustrated by Geo. Phippen



Where the story happened. Insert in upper right shows area in Nebraska where events took place.

Not content with hanging, their captors set fire to the bodies of Ketchum (left) and Mitchell (right) before burying them in shallow graves.



IN 1878, the area between the North Platte and the Middle Loup Rivers in Nebraska was one great tall-grass pasture. To the western end it rolled up into the Sandhills with its wither-high bluestem grass and numerous fresh-water lakes. In the center of this region roamed thousands of head of fine, fat cattle.. Many of these fat steers carried the brand of the Olive Ranch, which was operated by the Olive brothers.

I. P. Olive and his brother Bob, who went by the name of Bob Stevans, were the principals. They had moved up to Nebraska with the trail herds after a third brother had been killed in a gun fight near Taylor. Bob, who had killed two of his brother's murderers and wounded a third, had decided that the name "Stevans" would serve him better than his real name.

The Olives first settled and ranched on the Dismal River near the present site of Dunning. Later they moved their headquarters to the South Loup near the present town of Callaway. They were a tough lot, living in a new, rough land.

Dennis Gartrell was the roughest of them all, next to the Olives. He served as their ranch foreman and established the pace for Fred Fisher, Bion Brown, Pedro Dominguez, Barney Armstrong, Pete Beaton, W. H. Stewart, Si Hagadone, "Nigger Jim" Kelly and other assorted cowpokes. It would have taken a nervy man to cross them. But such a man there was.

Luther Mitchell, an older man with a comely daughter, and one Ami Ketchum, who was courting Mitchell's daughter, had moved into the region in the late '70s. They were each homesteading 160 acres, the maximum allotted, since this was prior to the Kinkaid Act, under which settlers could acquire a section.

The tough, prairie sod was a great obstacle to the settlers. It often required two to three years to get it broken up to where it would yield a living for a family. In those hard times the obtaining of "slow elk" (stolen beef) was one method of filling a hungry family's belly until the land began to produce. There was evidence that Old Man Mitchell, or Ami Ketchum, were slow elk hunters, and the Olives quite frequently found a dead steer with a hind quarter neatly cut off—and not by the wolves or coyotes. This always made the Olives see red. They began to attribute it to their neighbors from the East—Mitchell and Ketchum. Old Man Mitchell was known to be a dead shot.

IN THE fall of 1878, their suspicions of the past came to a head. Bob Olive, or Stevans, returning from a visit to Texas, stopped at Kearney, and saw some cattle in the yards bearing the Olive brand. A little investigating brought forth a bill of sale signed by Ami Ketchum. From that moment on, the fat was in the fire.

Bob Olive was deputized by Captain Anderson, Sheriff of Buffalo County. With a guide, McIndeffer, and two Olive men, Beaton and Armstrong, he started out to locate Ketchum. They found him at Mitchell's sod shanty on Clear Creek.

When the sheriff's posse of gunfighters rode up, Ketchum was in the yard under a wagon snubbing a bull to the hind axle. Olive rode to the head of the procession, threw down on Ketchum, and ordered him out from under the wagon, stating that he had a warrant for his arrest.

Ketchum, seeing and hearing only Bob Olive and recognizing him for only an Olive foreman and not a law officer, slid over to the far side of the wagon, drew his .45 and starting blasting. Had he been as good a shot as his potential father-in-law, Bob Olive's killing days would have been over.

The sheriff's men started their fireworks almost simultaneously. And let it be said, in favor of good marksmanship in the old days, that amidst a group of rearing, plunging cow ponies, frightened at the din caused by five .45's barking, not a man was killed in the initial exchange of lead. A handkerchief around Barney Armstrong's neck was clipped in two and fell to the ground; Pete Beaton's broad-brimmed hat lopped down over one side of his face as a bullet from Ketchum's pistol sliced the brim in two and a slug tore through Ketchum's left arm above the elbow. But the serious shooting hadn't started until old man Mitchell's face appeared around the corner of the soddy.

Mitchell carefully drew down on Bob Olive with his Winchester and stuck a slug into Olive's back. Olive slumped in the saddle with a cry, "Boys, I'm finished!"

Barney Armstrong grabbed the reins of Olive's horse and started leading it away from the fracas. Beaton and the possemen tore themselves loose and held Olive upright in the saddle while they made their getaway. Old Man Mitchell stood in the yard, his Winchester at the ready, and watched the procession clear out through a plum thicket.

"That'll teach them a good lesson," Ketchum heard him say. Neither realized that they had fired into a sheriff's posse which was carrying a warrant for Ketchum's arrest. Only later was Ketchum to repeat to Mitchell what Olive had said upon his arrival at the homestead. With the realization of what had taken place, they saddled up their horses that night and left for Central City, their old home, just ahead of a second posse.

This posse was composed of Cap Anderson, Sheriff of Buffalo County; Dick James, Sheriff of Dawson County; Barney Gillan, Sheriff of Keith County, and Phil DuFrand, Deputy Sheriff of Custer County. Most of these men were cattlemen and ranchers, DuFrand having a ranch at the mouth of the Cottonwood on the south side of the Loup. Barney Gillan ranched in Lincoln County; Dick James, on the south line of Custer County. They were sympathetic to the Olives, being ranchers themselves, so it was not surprising they would give a cowman a break.

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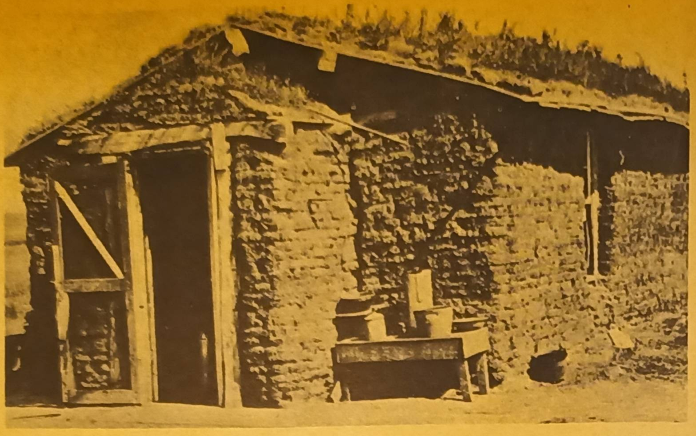


The old Mitchell ranch house on Clear Creek. Photo taken Aug. 4, 1888.

IN THE following days the Olives made their boasts that they would avenge Bob's shooting. I. P. Olive returned posthaste from Cheyenne where he had gone on business. He got back just in time to watch Bob die. He wasted no time in lamentation but solicited neighboring ranchers and cowhands to aid him in his vengeance.

Plum Creek, a nearby cowtown of the region, became the meeting ground of local cattlemen who wanted to help Olive. When the excitement was at its height, word was received that the sheriff of Merrick County would return the pair to Plum Creek. They arrived in Plum Creek on December 9 and were immediately turned over to Gillan and DuFrand.

Gillan and DuFrand started with their prisoners to the Olive ranch in a two-seated spring wagon, the prisoners on the front seat, handcuffed together, and the officers on the back seat. It had been understood that Judge Boblits, Custer County Judge, would hold a preliminary trial at Olive's ranch, charging Mitchell with murder and both with rustling.

During this time, I. P. Olive was as busy as a weasel in a hen yard. Gathering up Bill Green, who ran the Wild West saloon in Plum Creek and Jack Baldwin who operated the hotel, he dashed after the officers, passed them and rode on to the ranch. The officers stopped that night with their charges at the ranch of Dick James.

It was during this night that the fate of the prisoners was decided, not by Judge Boblits or any court, but by the cattlemen-officers and I. P. Olive. For Olive had sent a messenger from his ranch that night to the James Ranch with terms and instructions that would be carried out the following morning.

EARLY the next morning, December 10, where the road forked to the Olive and the DuFrand ranches, the officers and their prisoners were met by Olive and several of his riders, his foreman Gartrell and Bion Brown, among others. Bion Brown revealed later that Olive passed over to those two pillars of the law, Gillan and DuFrand, a large roll of bills. The officers got off the wagon and headed for the DuFrand Ranch, leaving their helpless and handcuffed prisoners to the tender mercies of the Olive gang.

Olive attempted to question the two murderers, asking them what had happened at the Mitchell Ranch to start the shooting. Neither Mitchell nor Ketchum would speak a word. This infuriated Olive, who had until then considered taking them to Judge Boblits for a preliminary hearing. Now he quickly changed his mind.

Gartrell drove the spring wagon up the canyon to a grove of box elder trees. While Olive's men, the saloonkeeper and the hotelman looked on, I. P. Olive and his foreman conducted Mitchell and Ketchum's "trial."

Ropes were slung over a tree limb as soon as the wagon stopped. The two prisoners were forced to stand in the wagon. Gartrell sawed the noose savagely across Ketchum's mouth when the younger man tried to avoid it. "Damn you. I've got you where I want you now!" he snarled at Ketchum.

Olive rode up alongside the wagon and cursed Mitchell, asking him, "Why did you kill Bob?" Neither Mitchell nor Ketchum answered any of their tormentors' questions. Olive, exasperated by this silence, pulled his Winchester and fired a slug into the older man's side. Mitchell dropped to the bed of the wagon, dead.

Gartrell then drove the wagon out from under Ketchum and the ball was over. The saloonkeeper and hotel man, returning past the scene of the hanging that night, poured whiskey on the bodies and carelessly touched off a fire in the dead men's clothes. A ranch hand was paid twenty dollars to bury the bodies which, because of the frozen ground, he did in a very shallow grave that permitted wolves to get to the bodies, further mutilating them.

The affair might have ended there had the "Old West" been just a bit younger. But the law had come to the new country and the badman and gunfighter were on the way out. In a short time the bodies were exhumed and taken to Kearney. Upon seeing them, Judge Gaslin swore to bring the murderers to justice. A grand jury was called in Adams County which indicted Olive, Green, Baldwin, Fisher, Bion Brown, Phil DuFrand, Pedro Dominiguez, and others.

The greatest excitement prevailed when the men stood trial at Hastings. Cowboy demonstrations grew so wild over the trial that two companies of soldiers were ordered from Fort Omaha to maintain peace. Olive and Fisher were convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. The jury disagreed as to the saloonkeeper and the hotelkeeper, and eventually all went free but Olive and Fisher.

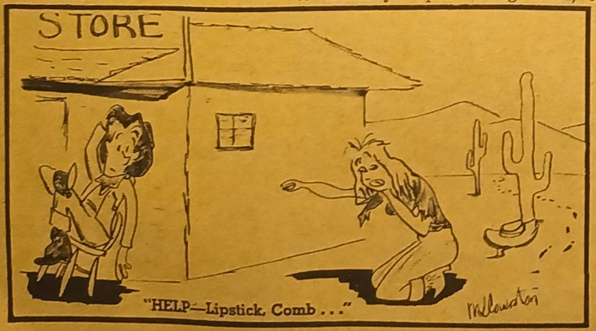
But Olive was still slick as an eel—and his lawyers were slicker. The Supreme Court reversed the decision of the district court and remanded the case to Custer County—Olive's stamping grounds—for a new trial.

In the court of Judge Boblits, on December 17, 1880, no complaining witnesses could be found and the culprits were discharged! The others who had been in and out of jail had finally escaped or been discharged

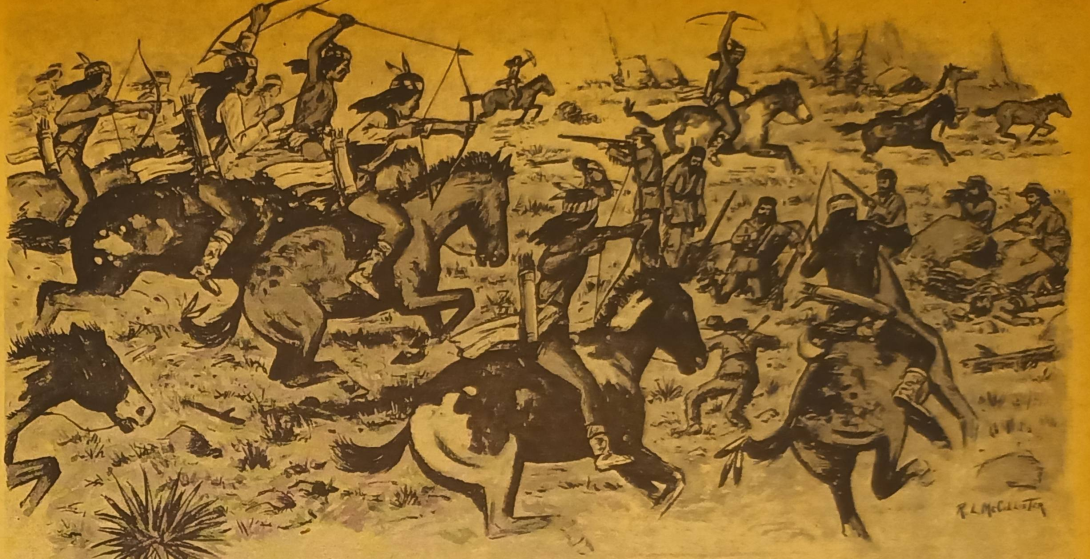
Two years later to a month, the Plum Creek *Pioneer* was reporting another Olive Gang shooting, this time a German settler named Frederick Schreyer. Si Hagadone and W. H. Stewart performed the ceremony, without apparent aid from I. P. Olive. They headed west by Burlington Route and have not been heard from since.

But the Olive empire was tottering. Law was coming to the prairie. Barbed wire was cutting up the rangeland and the wither-high grass was being turned under by the plow. Within a few more years the Olives would withdraw, leaving behind only their bronc stomper, Nigger Jim Kelly. Nigger Jim lived to a ripe old age, dying in 1912 at Ansley, where he is buried, thereby severing the last link binding the new farmlands of Custer County with the rangeland of the Olive empire.

Editor's Note: Ten years of research was incorporated into *The Ladder of Rivers, the Story of I. P. (Print) Olive* by Harry E. Chrisman, Sage Books, 1963. For those of you who are intrigued by this complex Texas cowman, we advise a quick trip to the nearest bookstore.



"HELP—Lipstick, Comb . . ."



The twenty-two trappers didn't stand a chance. The Apaches swooped down, their flying arrows sending quick death.

REWARD!
$100-for every scalp of an Apache brave.
$50-for every scalp of a squaw.
$25-for every scalp of a child.
SIGNED-*La Junta de Chihuahua*
· 1837 ·

APACHE VENGEANCE

by **THOM HANSARD**

Illustrated by R. L. McCollister

AS the Englishman James Johnson, a trapper, read the *noticia*, his mind gave birth to one of the most treacherous schemes of the era — an Apache slaughter that would not only bring riches to an unscrupulous desert outcast, but begin a new reign of terror for the innocent inhabitants of what is now southwestern New Mexico.

Santa Rita del Cobre was a small copper mining village owned by a wealthy Mexican company. It was some 300 miles from Chihuahua, where the ore was sent to a government mint, and was situated at the foot of a huge mountain on which lived the Apache chief Juan Jose and his Mimbreno band.

Although other Apache bands were terrorizing settlers, Juan Jose was old and lazy and was content to live in peace with the intruding miners. His people roamed through the streets of Santa Rita daily and many of the young were adopting the customs of the Mexicans. Life at the copper mines was for the most part peaceful, although every once in a while a few mules might disappear or a villager might be found killed in the desert. When the Mexican suspicions were aroused, the Mimbrenos denied having any knowledge of the crimes.

It was to this settlement that James Johnson rode, followed by a motley handful of drifters who were ready to aid him in his scheme and grab a seat on his gravy train.

"I've come to help you settle matters," Johnson told the miners when he reached Santa Rita. "Of course, it's the Mimbrenos who're stealing your mules and slowly killing your men! You're under constant surveillance by those red devils on the mountain and you'll live in fear of your lives until they've been done in!"

He convinced the Mexicans that all was not as well as it might seem and then began to set into motion his plan of greed.

PREPARATIONS were made for a huge feast, to which the whole Mimbreno tribe was invited. Steers were roasted, and a large quantity of "fire water" was prepared. At the time set, nine-to-ten hundred Apaches, some from camps other than that of Juan Jose, arrived at Santa Rita. They gathered around the food and drink with holiday spirits, little suspecting what fate had in store for them.

Within one hundred yards, concealed by pack saddles and brush, a menacing howitzer pointed its muzzle at the celebrants.

When enough of the liquor had been consumed to make the redskins completely unconscious of what was happening around them, Johnson cautiously gave orders for the muzzle to be loaded.

"Slugs, nails, chain, glass, musket balls—fill 'er with everything you can find!" he commanded.

Soon all was ready. The Englishman lighted a *cigarro*, took a few puffs, and surveyed the crowd before him. Finally,

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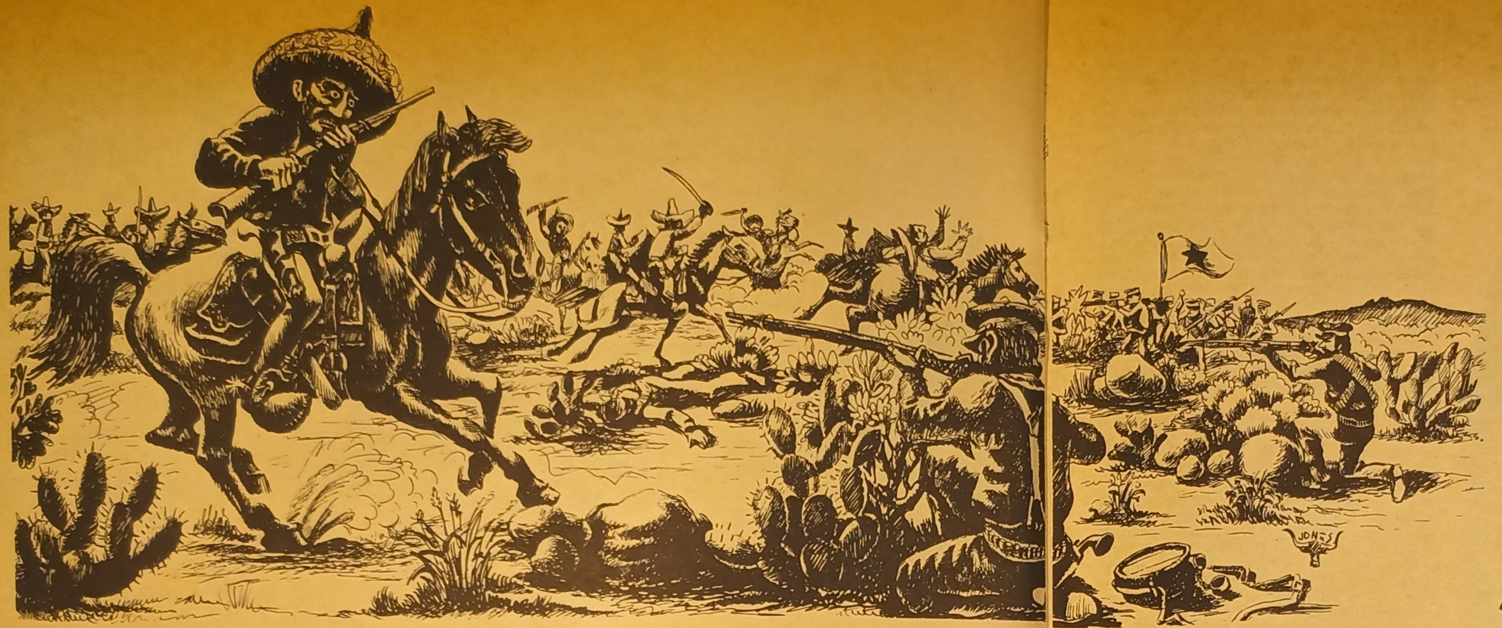
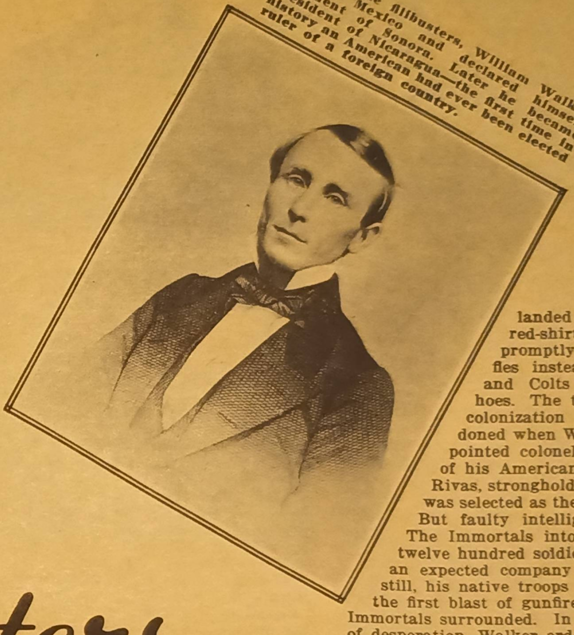


As the raiders thundered down, the hidden riflemen opened fire. A moment of confusion, horses rearing, walking in stiff-legged circles, then Melendez shouted retreat.



King of the filibusters, William Walker invaded Mexico and declared himself President of Sonora. Later he became President of Nicaragua—the first time in history an American had ever been elected ruler of a foreign country.

William Walker –
King of the Filibusters

by BOB & JAN YOUNG

Illustrated by James T. Jones

COLONEL Walker's gray eyes squinted at the thirty-four wretched men trudging behind him. Perhaps he peered in pity, perhaps in disgust, at their tattered uniforms, plucked up with cactus spines. They were gaunt, these bearded men who'd faithfully, futilely chased his empire rainbow. That dream would close when they reached the American border—now only three miles away.

Through parched lips, Walker ordered the few men still clutching muskets into the brush; the rest he motioned towards the throng of mounted Mexicans barring their way.

Melendez's men spurred toward Walker. Walker's men scattered in apparent confusion as the riders thundered down. Then the hidden riflemen opened fire. A moment of confusion, horses rearing, walking in stiff-legged circles, then Melendez shouted retreat.

An hour later, Colonel Walker surrendered to the American Cavalry officer, Major J. McKinstry.

"I am Colonel Walker, lately President of the Republic of Sonora. I wish to surrender . . ."

That 8th day of May, 1854, marked the failure of his first filibuster. It was his thirtieth birthday.

Although two subordinates were convicted for violating America's neutrality by trying to capture Mexico with Walker, he conducted a brilliant, brazen defense and stepped from the San Francisco courtroom a free, idolized hero.

Walker's early life was as erratic and unusual as the tragic end which finally capped his adventures. Born in Nashville, Tennessee, the eldest of four children, William Walker graduated from a local university at fourteen, and seemed headed for the ministry. But Walker first took a degree in medicine, then secured a second degree in law. He fretted over summons and subpoenas as he had with piles and pimples. Thus, when the New Orleans Crescent was established, five-foot-four-inch Walker sat in the editor's chair. Curiously he inveighed against freebooters then active in Cuba, and supported abolitionist movements, both unpopular causes.

His courage attracted the interest of Helen Martin, a beautiful young 'Orleans resident. Walker promptly fell in love with her, despite her handicap of deafness. He learned sign language, and her deafness seemed to evoke a tenderness which was not perceptible before or afterwards. Marriage plans were complete when a yellow fever epidemic swept New Orleans. Walker was desolated when he added the name of Helen Martin to the burgeoning obituary lists. It was a grim, taciturn Walker that undertook the arduous journey across the plains to California.

RESTLESS ambition was no handicap in California during the 1850's. Walker quickly secured a job as editor of San Francisco's Daily Herald. Although he resented personal regulation, Walker was a martinet about public morals. He raised an editorial eye about Judge Parson's court conduct. A contempt citation and jail sentence quickly followed his editorial. Though no one ever called him "Bill," Walker's unemotional determination attracted faithful, influential friends. These admirers quickly sprung him from durance, counseling him to open law offices elsewhere. Walker and Henry Watkins hung out their legal shingle in Marysville, a booming town one hundred miles northward. It was a good partnership. Watkins brought in the business, while Walker solved the legal problems, when he wasn't dreaming of empires.

He wasn't dreaming alone, however. Two other freebooters had tried to extend the manifest destiny of America, which most believed had now reached its physical limits. Both adventurers were killed, but the incidents served to sharpen interest on lands to the south. There, in Sonora and Lower California, Apaches were killing and looting almost without control. Walker believed this was reason enough to throw a protecting arm about these areas, and at the same time annex the territory for America. He went to Guaymas, offering his services. When he was politely refused, Walker returned to San Francisco, where his more astute law partner already had raised funds (through bonds issued against the proposed conquest!) and recruited forty-five men for the invasion.

Poorly provisioned, lacking maps, and with little more knowledge of elemental strategy than a novice in nunnery, Walker and his First Independence Battalion sailed from the Golden Gate in the brig "Caroline," October 16, 1853.

Walker's supreme confidence was justified after La Paz and Ensenada fell after only brief skirmishing. Lower California and Sonora were decreed sovereign and under the aegis of the flag with a blue field and one blood red star. Sonora now must be captured.

Food was dangerously low, and the re-inforcements arriving from San Francisco had forgotten to bring any along! Walker authorized a raiding party to liberate some of the natives' cattle. Jerked beef was their main staple on the long march to capture a wild, barren, desolate country. Apaches swooped down, gradually diminishing the ranks, and Melendez's brigands were also there to pick off the stragglers. A widening crimson wake marked their trail northward. Mutiny broke out, but Walker, impersonal as a bear trap, ordered two compatriots shot, and banished others to certain death in the desert.

The physical conquest of Sonora was then abandoned, and Walker ordered his forces towards the American border. The weary, beaten little man scuffed through the sand—a boot on one foot, a sandal on the other. His cotton pants were torn. His blue battle jacket was without buttons. But perched rakishly on Walker's head was a white beaver hat, salvaged from some forgotten function of state.

Following his surrender, trial, and acquittal, Walker adopted a more conservative dress more in keeping with his new position as editor of another California newspaper. And though his outward appearance changed, his purpose did not.

NEWS of a revolution between the Legitimists and Democrats in Nicaragua at once fired his imagination. Here was an enormously wealthy country, a corrupt government already divided in open rebellion. Filibusters breed on less cogent reasons. Legend favored him, too. When the Spaniards enslaved the Aztecs, they comforted themselves with a legend that a fair-haired, white god would come from the north to liberate them. The Nicaraguans embellished the lore by adding their savior would be a gray-eyed man. That fitted Walker to the eye-balls, and the "Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny" dispatched an emissary to open negotiations.

Byron Cole returned from Nicaragua with a document from the Democrats urging Walker to head a peaceful colonization, provided his settlers were liable for military duty. In exchange, Walker's men would be granted land, thin women, and fat pokes. The document was a disguise to avoid any difficulties about again violating American neutrality. Only Walker knew the invitation was like the Arab who invited the camel into his tent.

A scant year after Walker surrendered at Tiajuana, he and fifty-seven other freebooters set sail in the "Vesta." Five weeks later, June 16, 1855, The Immortals landed at Realjo. His red-shirted settlers promptly unloaded rifles instead of spades, and Colts rather than hoes. The thin fiction of colonization was abandoned when Walker was appointed colonel in command of his American Falanginos.

Rivas, stronghold of the enemy, was selected as their first target. But faulty intelligence trapped The Immortals into a fight with twelve hundred soldiers, instead of an expected company force. Worse still, his native troops deserted with the first blast of gunfire, leaving The Immortals surrounded. In strategy born of desperation, Walker ordered a charge. His men broke through enemy lines into the dense protective jungle beyond. Six Immortals were dead, but so were one hundred and fifty Legitimists.

Advancing to the rear, American reinforcements strengthened the reorganized Immortals to four hundred irregulars. Walker considered himself ready for the conquest of Nicaragua! In the light of modern warfare, usually numbered in millions, this might be considered a meager force to swarm over a country as large as all the New England states and populated with 250,000 people. But lack of confidence was not one of Walker's failings.

Even as he completed plans for another attack on Rivas, intelligence reached him that Legitimists were withdrawing troops from their Granada garrison to meet the assault. Accordingly, Walker, after confiscating an Accessory Transit Company steamer, sailed his troops (across Lake Nicaragua) towards Rivas, but as night closed in, ordered lights extinguished and set about for Granada.

AT DAWN the filibusters splashed ashore. The sparsely manned Granada garrison was quickly taken. After a brief, ineffective stand at the Plaza, the Legitimists surrendered.

With rare political acumen, Walker formed a puppet government and consolidated his gains. Just four months after Walker's settlers stepped ashore, the Legitimists asked an armistice. Walker granted it, a harsh, unrelenting document which possibly gave shape and dimension to his tragic end. To disguise the onus

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Mule Talk

(Continued from page 15)

anybody, often lying down right among the packers to sleep off his jag.

On a pack trip, he was curious about everything he came across, from a herd of Spanish goats to a yapping Mexican cur. And having been up and down the old Military Road that paralleled the Rio Grande more times than he could remember, he knew every foot of the ground and where all the regular camping places were. So, if you'd just let him alone, he'd take his time about visiting along the way; but you could depend upon him. He'd either reach the campground ahead of the train, where he'd stand waiting to be unloaded, or he'd come trailing in soon enough after, that nobody ever had to wait around on him.

Being a mule, he was notional, of course, a characteristic which every now and then got him—or somebody else—into hot water.

Like the time, not far out of Villa Nueva, when he stood off and watched the whole packtrain clatter safely across a wooden bridge that spanned a flowing irrigation ditch, but when it came time for him to cross, Red took a second look, smelled of the timbers and, apparently, came to the conclusion that the structure was terribly unsafe.

So what he did was back off, take a running start, and try to jump the ditch.

Well, the ditch was pretty wide. It's doubtful Red could have cleared it, even if he hadn't been saddled with a pack load weighing better than 300 pounds. Like it was, he plunged, tail-end over appetite, into water so deep that all he had left sticking out were his four feet.

Luckily, Mike and the packmaster Bill Veneble happened to see him in time to rope and drag him to safety, just before he drowned. Then, mad because Red had wet their grub and bedding, the men dismounted and kicked the strangling mule to his feet, straightened his pack, and turned him loose.

Riding back toward the moving packtrain, they fully expected Red to follow, which he did for a little ways. Then Bill Veneble by chance looked back and instantly cut loose with a string of oaths which, if watered down to printable language, would read something like this:

"Would you just take a look at that confounded government mule!"

So Mike twisted in his saddle in time to see Old Red make a second try at jumping the ditch—from the opposite direction but with the same disastrous results.

So they had to go rope his feet and drag him out again.

Well, they hadn't lost any more groceries, because they'd lost everything except the canned goods the first time; but they did lose their tempers again. They kicked the half-drowned mule harder and swore at him louder and finally blindfolded the old fool and led him off better than a mile before they turned him loose. But even after that, they had to keep a close watch on him. For every little bit, Red would stop and look back over his shoulder. Like maybe he was thinking he could still jump that plague-taked ditch, if they'd just let him make a third try.

HAVING to investigate everything along the route was another way Red had of getting into trouble. Like the big hullabaloo he brought on one morning, right outside of Brownsville, about where the Mercy Hospital now stands—only that section of the country was all brushy wilderness then.

Courtesy Mike Gannon

Mike Gannon as he appeared a few years ago. Mike, in his youth, knew mules as well as any man, and he hasn't forgotten.

What started the thing was Old Red's catching sight of a little Mexican woman bent over a washtub beside a brush *jacal.* Red thought that he'd go over and visit with her a spell. So he went boging off in that direction, approaching the woman from behind.

Either she didn't see Red or paid him no mind; so when the mule got close enough, he made a bid for her attention by reaching out with bared teeth and gently nipping her rear end.

This got instant, if unexpected, results. The little woman jumped and hollered and whirled on Red, whipping him across the nose with a wet shirt. She shouted obscenities at him as he snorted in surprise and wheeled to run. Then she shouted greater obscenities as he ran under her clothes line, which was stretched at exactly the right height for Red's chow boxes to catch and drag down.

Sight of that colorful array of wet wash whipping the wind on either side of him was too much for Old Red. He snorted louder and took off like a scalded dog.

And, of course, where else could he think to run except straight toward the packtrain?

There were plenty of skittish mules in that bunch, all loaded with ammunition bound for Fort Ringgold. And Old Red, running with his head held sideways, tore right down through the big middle of them, dragging that spooky clothesline. And you can imagine the rest.

Mules took off in all directions, scattering ammunition up and down the north bank of the Rio Grande for miles. It took the packers three days of hard riding to round up the last lost mule who had nearly starved to death for water, having wedged his pack load so tightly between a couple of mesquite trees that he couldn't move forward or backward.

But, for all his potential for trouble-making, Old Red had capabilities that generally kept him in favor with the packers. For instance, Mike is convinced that the old mule could have told time by the clock, if he'd had a clock; and, without one, he could still save the packers a lot of bother when the mules were turned out to graze.

Where they generally grazed was out on "The Island," beyond the burial ground for soldiers who had died at Fort Brown. The Island was maybe a mile from the corrals and wasn't really an island at all, but a sort of oasis out in the middle of the mud flats left by the Rio Grande after it had been on a rampaging flood. The grass grew extra tall and green on that rise of ground, and around it were plenty of dried mud cakes for the mules to eat—in case they liked mud cakes—and Old Red did. Just why a mule would eat dried mud, Mike never could figure out, but most of them did at one time or another, and the mud didn't seem to hurt them, so nobody ever paid any particular attention to it.

Anyhow, the packers assigned to graze the mules were supposed to ride herd on them until about three o'clock in the afternoon, then bring them back for graining.

Well, this wasn't much of a job for a couple of men; no great skill or heavy lifting was involved. Yet it could get mighty monotonous, especially if the herders happened to be afflicted with head-busting hangovers, following a night's carousal in the old Mexican town of Matamoros across the river. So, knowing that Old Red could be depended on, the herders generally left the mules to themselves, picked out a nice cool spot in the shade of a huisache tree, and proceeded to catch up on their sleep.

Sure enough, promptly at three o'clock, here would come Old Red to nuzzle over the sleepers. And if that didn't wake them, he'd paw them gently. And if that got no results, he'd bite the hell out of somebody. Then all the packers had to do was get up and head the bell mare back toward the fort. And the mules would follow, and everybody would arrive on time, highly refreshed from their grazing or sleeping.

BUT IT was Old Red's invaluable assistance as a bootlegger that gained him the most favor with the packers. This was back during the time of America's great experiment with Prohibition, when liquor-drinking became sinful, shameful and illegal. Which, of course, increased the national thirst tremendously, so that the big-time bootleggers all got rich and low-paid soldiers and packers had to devise all sorts of ingenious schemes for outwitting the law and dodging the high cost of sin.

Knot chart, showing typical hitches used by mule packers

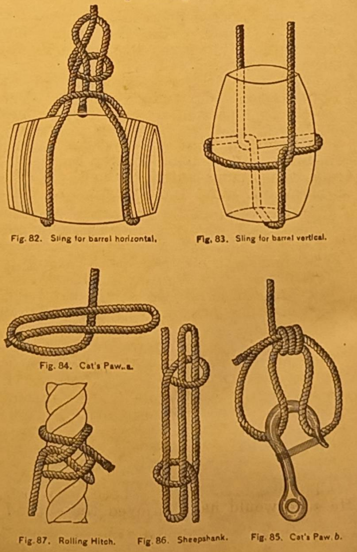


Fig. 82. Sling for barrel horizontal.

Fig. 83. Sling for barrel vertical.

Fig. 84. Cat's Paw. a.

Fig. 87. Rolling Hitch.

Fig. 86. Sheepshank.

Fig. 85. Cat's Paw. b.

The way the packers solved this problem was to make frequent trips with Old Red to a big willow thicket that grew beside the Rio Grande. There, they cut and peeled willow switches to be used in the repair of packsaddles. And, every time they showed up at the thicket, there was a Mexican across the river who took note of their arrival. And it wouldn't be but a little bit until this Mexican had loaded a No. 2 washtub with bottles of tequila and mescal and hung plenty of dry gourds around the tub to float it. Then he'd tie a couple of gourd floats under his armpits and swim the river, pushing the tub ahead of him.

The packers would then load the liquor into Old Red's boxes and cover the boxes with bundles of peeled switches. And once they had Old Red loaded, they'd slap him on the rump, sending him off alone toward the fort. Later, they would follow, completely innocent of having any liquor in their possession when suspicious members of the Border Patrol held them up for a search.

And there was never any danger of Old Red's ever getting searched, because there wasn't a man alive who could get his hands on that mule, without he carried some mule smell on him, and members of the Border Patrol never caught on to that.

Well, things rocked along pretty much like this for the mules and the packers until the day came when the Army decided to get mechanized. So they started selling off a lot of mules and shooting the rest. And Mike Gannon didn't like this, even a little bit, so he quit his job and went off down into Mexico, where packtrains were still operating. And he worked there for several years and didn't hear any more about Old Red till he came back into Texas, hunting a man who owed him some money.

He landed at Marfa, where he ran into Michael Kane, who was packmaster for one of the last Army mule trains operating in Texas. They got to talking and Mike happened to mention Old Red and learned that Kane had had a bay mule in his train that fitted Old Red's description. But the mule was dead, Kane told Mike.

Kane said they had been up the Davis Mountains and were coming back down, following a switchback trail. Well, the train was strung out for about a mile, with the bell mare in the lead, and this bay mule following at the tail. And the bay mule happened to look over the rim of the trail and see the bell mare right square under him and decided to take a short-cut to catch up. So he jumped off where the slant was too steep and piled up on the trail below with a broken neck.

Mike never did know for certain that this bay mule was Old Red, but he's pretty sure it was. Taking a notion to jump off a ledge like that was exactly the sort of fool stunt Old Red would have tried.

Listening to Mike Gannon tell about his experiences with Old Red and other packtrain mules made me wish that Walter Webb could have been with me. He sure would have enjoyed that brand of mule talk.

WILD BILL'S RIFLE

A YOUNG married couple named Mac and Isabel Duffy, recently unpacked a long, narrow box from Deadwood, South Dakota, and drew out Wild Bill Hickok's now silent companion—his rifle.

How did this relic of the wild and woolly West find its way to tradition-steeped New Orleans? Well, it all started back in Deadwood, in 1876.

The man with the crooked nose walked into Salon No. 10 on Main St. He spoke briefly to the bartender, slunk around the room, and then stopped directly behind a handsome, steely-eyed man who was unconcernedly playing poker.

The man's rifle stood against the wall beside him. On the butt of the weapon was carved, rather crudely, the name, "J. B. Hickok."

Wild Bill, seated with his back to the door, was concentrating on his poker hand. If he was thinking of anything else besides the handful of cards, it was probably how long it would be before he could send for his recent bride.

Jack McCall, the crooked-nosed man, raised his gun, took speedy aim, and fired. He then ran out of the saloon.

As a crowd gathered around the hero of many border stories, one of the pioneer settlers picked up Wild Bill's rifle. He looked at the name, and remembered how James Butler Hickok got his nickname—how he fought like a wild man to capture the McCanless gang at the Rock Springs stage station on the Overland Trail.

No gang had ever been too tough for this famous advocate of law and order. He had been city marshal of two of the wildest towns in the West—Hays City, Nebraska, and Abilene, Kansas.

The old settler took the rifle home with him.

Jack McCall was captured and brought to trial. Strangely, he was acquitted by the jury, but the infuriated judge ordered him to get out of town in 60 seconds. Months later, when he boasted that he shot Wild Bill in the back, McCall was arrested by a United States marshal, was tried, sentenced, and hanged.

"But what became of the rifle?" a reporter asked Isabel. "Where was it all those years?"

"Well, my grandfather, Dan Toomey got it from the old settler," she replied. "Granddad was originally from Brooklyn, but he struck out across the country and arrived in the Black Hills in 1876. He got to Deadwood Gulch about 10 days before the town of Deadwood was even born. Of course, when the gold stampede started, it wasn't long before Deadwood had fifteen thousand inhabitants. Granddad worked as a carpenter in placer mines there, for a while, but he located in Spearfish Valley, which is several miles from Deadwood. He knew Wild Bill. Everybody in the community did."

When Bill Hickok went to Deadwood, his reputation as an officer of the law followed him. Citizens of the lusty mining camp were talking about appointing him marshal to rid the community of crooks and outlaws. According to hearsay, Jack McCall was bribed to get Wild Bill out of the way.

Dan Toomey had a great deal of respect for Wild Bill. When he heard that one of the settlers in the vicinity had the famous law officer's rifle, he asked him to sell it. Not realizing that some day Wild Bill's rifle would be a collector's item, the man sold it to Mr. Toomey.

"Grandad gave it to my father, Allen Toomey," Isabel said. "He loved guns and rifles, and had quite a collection. Dad kept Wild Bill's rifle until he died, and then my mother lent it to the Adam's Memorial Museum in Deadwood." There it was exhibited for some 10 years, along with other reminders of Wild Bill, Calamity Jane, Deadwood Dick and Preacher Smith—the famous characters who are a part of the Black Hills saga.

When Isabel Toomey, a journalism graduate of the University of Missouri, came to New Orleans to work, she met her future husband at International House. During their courtship, she learned that Mac was as enthusiastic about guns and rifles as her father had been. She got downright excited, thinking how thrilled he'd be to have Wild Bill's rifle.

And now the famous old rifle occupies a place of honor in the Duffy Vieux Carre apartment in New Orleans—a long way removed in miles, as well as span of time, from the roaring days of the Old West.

The Counterfeiters of Shingle Creek

(Continued from page 44)

for his loneliness for his horse.

THERE was not long to wait before the action of Sammy Callender culminated in the appearance of the U. S. Marshal at Shingle Creek canyon. It was all so easy, thought Bodwin. Nothing to it at all. First a lone horseman rode into their camp and asked if anybody had seen some white face yearling steers, Circle C brand. Soon another horseman joined the first, then a third came.

Polson, Bodwin and Evans were at the cabin. Injun Pete Barker had ridden into the mountains for some deer meat. Bodwin wasn't at all surprised when the older of the three men suddenly flashed a badge. The gesture was a signal for the other two to draw their guns.

"United States Marshal," announced the man with the badge. He drew a folded paper from his shirt pocket. "I have a warrant to search you and the area here. Suspicion of counterfeiting. We know you've got the molds somewhere here and we're going to get 'em. Question is, are you going to make it easy on yourselves by handing over the molds and come along peaceful like, or are you going to be stupid and make a hard thing out of it for all concerned?"

It was as simple as that. No chance to run. No gun play. It was all over but the reward. Bodwin smiled, and at once felt superior to every man in the room. After all, it was he who had engineered the operation. It was he who had risked everything he held dear, even his life, to bring these blackguards to justice. His was the brains behind the capture. He was the hero.

"My name is Bodwin, Marshal," he said, stepping forward with a smile. "Bill Bodwin. I'm glad you finally got here."

The Marshal looked at him incredulously. "Yeah," he said. "I'll just bet you are. Now get back, keep your hands up, and let's not have any more funny business." He shoved the bewildered Bodwin back against the wall, where Polson and Evans glared at him menacingly, muttering threats under their breath.

"But, Marshal," protested Bodwin, "don't you know . . . didn't you . . ."

"Shut up, you!" growled one of the deputies.

Grave fear swept over Bodwin, drying his throat and smothering his moment of triumph. The Marshal had not heard of him. Sammy Callender! That rat! It was coming clear now. Somehow Sammy had found out about the reward. It wouldn't have been too much trouble. His first inquiries at the Marshal's office might have netted him that information. It was an easy matter to fabricate a story for the Marshal, leaving Bodwin unmentioned, and putting Sammy Callender on the receiving end of the five thousand dollars. And Bill Bodwin had no illusions about Sammy being incapable of working out this angle for himself, now that the direction of the wind was established.

Both Evans and Polson denied and argued, but when one of the deputies rummaged around the cabin and found a packet of gold leaf and a couple of the raw, unfinished coins that had been botched in the molding, there was little use in further resistance. Evans clamped his lips together like a vise and said no more. Polson, searching now for a way to gain what favor might be possible, thus hoping to ease the charge against him, finally produced the molds. Notwithstanding the terrible hatred smoldering in Evans' eyes, Polson talked a great deal about their activities and told of Injun Pete Barker being back in the mountains hunting.

They waited all afternoon and several hours after sundown for Barker to show. Finally, realizing that the returning hunter probably had seen enough to suspect trouble, the Marshal decided to go on with what he had. Leaving one deputy behind to intercept Barker, the federal officer and the other deputy put Bodwin, Polson and Evans on their horses and began the long ride to Grangeville where the nearest jail was located.

During the night ride Bodwin endeavored to convince the Marshal of his true connection with the case, but without success. The only response he drew was a gruff, "You're wasting your time, son. Better save all that wind for the judge. As far as the reward is concerned, a feller down in Boise has claim on it, I reckon."

"That's my friend, Sammy Callender," said Bodwin eagerly. "I sent him to you, Marshal. You see, I couldn't get away to go to you myself. I sent Callender. I couldn't do it any other way."

"Maybe," grunted the Marshal. "And maybe not. I didn't say the feller's name, and I ain't a goin' to. Now shut up!"

THEY were kept in the Grangeville jail three weeks awaiting trial, during which time a great effort was made to bring in Injun Pete Barker. When the intensive search failed, it was decided to proceed without him. The trial of Evans and Polson was brief. They pled guilty, said that they had been coerced and threatened into the crime by the missing Barker, a convenient though weak alibi which failed miserably to impress the judge. They threw themselves upon the mercy of the court, and got twenty years in federal prison.

Not so with Bill Bodwin. He had had three weeks to prepare his plea, and he presented his case convincingly. He remembered the date he encountered Sammy Callender in Boise, and the record showed that it was the very next morning that Callender went to the Marshal's office. This point persuaded the judge to send to Boise for the crafty bookie. His testimony was considered important now. But Sammy Callender had been watching the papers closely and with growing apprehension. It looked like Bodwin might get off, and Barker was still at large. When the authorities went to get Callender, he was nowhere to be found. The trial was postponed another week while Sammy Callender was being sought. When he was not forthcoming, the court proceeded. During the interval, however, Bodwin had succeeded in bringing character witnesses from Lewiston who strengthened his case. And the fact of Callender's absence now made an even stronger case for Bodwin. The judge felt that Callender must be afraid to meet Bodwin in court for obvious reasons, or he would be there with bells on to facilitate the paying of the reward money. But these facts were not quite conclusive enough. Bodwin was acquitted, but his claim to the five thousand dollars was disallowed, pending developments in the Callender matter.

Free once more, Bodwin started south with an all-consuming, dual purpose: to get Nancy Hank from her pasture in the Meadows Valley, and to seek out Sammy Callender. He did not travel with his mind free, however. Injun Pete Barker was still on the loose. He chose to travel by stage rather than alone on horseback, and he spent much time looking over his shoulder and searching every face that came within his sight.

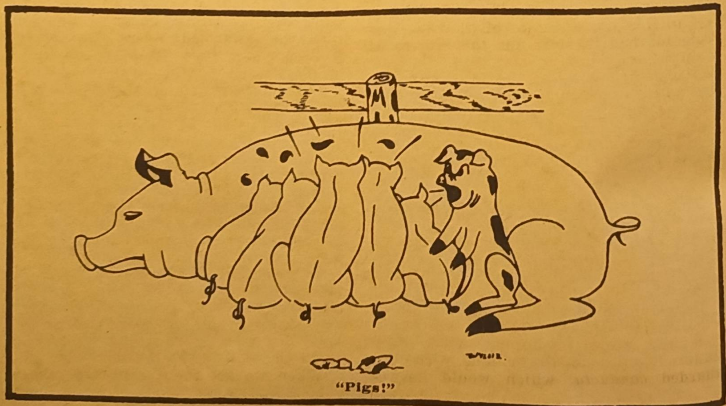
After some inquiry around Meadows, he finally found the ranch where Polson had put Nancy Hank, and it was here that Bodwin learned all too painfully that Barker had not forgotten him.

Nancy Hank was dead.

The rancher was apologetic. It was a complete mystery to him, and he had reported it to the sheriff. A couple of weeks before he had been riding his pastures when he found the mare lying in the grass, a rifle bullet through her head.

With his stomach like a cannon ball inside him, Bodwin went on to Boise. His grief and his fear weighed upon his shoulders, slowed his step and filled him with black despondency. He had no heart for the reward money now, nor little hope of finding Sammy Callender. For only a few days he looked irresolutely for some trace of his betrayer, his fear of Barker hounding him at every step.

The race tracks of Idaho never saw Bill Bodwin again, but he was well remembered—as the man who put everything he had on a long shot, and lost.



"Pigs!"

Apache Vengeance

(Continued from page 49)

he touched the lighted end of the *cigarro* to the vent hole of the gun.

A thundering storm of death burst through the camouflage and tore into the unsuspecting Apaches!

The roar of the iron killer still echoed through the village as Johnson and his men charged upon the victims to finish the slaughter. Apaches dashed away wildly, terror stricken; but knives, swords, and musket balls hit their mark. Johnson would have many scalps to take to Chihuahua. A lake of blood covered the ground where four hundred redskins lay butchered.

Among the dead was Juan Jose, and so it was Mangus Colorado to whom the escaped Mimbrenos turned. Mangus Colorado was an Apache giant, six feet, seven inches tall. A man of unusual prowess, he had been discontent with the placid life that the Mimbrenos had led under Juan Jose. Now he had a chance to fight. With hateful vengeance in his heart, he wasted no time. After fifteen years of peace, the Mimbreno Apaches were on the warpath again.

THE first blow was struck upon a party of twenty-two men trapping on the Gila River. Caught by surprise in the early morning light, the trappers didn't stand a chance. The Apaches swooped down the ravine with flying arrows sending instant death.

Mangus Colorado ordered that all rifles and ammunition be looted and taken back to camp. "Now we meet the white eyes with their own weapons," he must have thought as his band rode away, leaving the trappers for the desert vultures.

A few miles up the river, three more unsuspecting white hunters were discovered by the Mimbrenos. Without difficulty, they were captured. Two were bound and prepared for torture. The other, a man named Wilson, was, for reasons known only to the desert sands, the howling winds, and the Mimbreno Apaches, set free to run for his life in a race against death.

Wilson lived to tell of the incident, but his two companions did not. Several days later there were found, only thirty miles from Santa Rita, the bodies of two trappers hanging by their feet with heads burst open over smoldering charcoal.

This was only a sample of what Mangus Colorado had in store for the miners of Santa Rita.

Meanwhile, back at the copper mines, the Mexicans began to worry; not because they had received word of the Mimbreno raids, but because their *conducta*, a wagon bringing supplies from Chihuahua, had not arrived at its regular time. Because the *conductas* came and went with such regularity, the miners kept no extra provisions on hand for emergencies. It is no wonder that there was great stress and anxiety in the village when, four days after the usual time of arrival, no supplies came. Food was almost gone and little ammunition was available to provide game for the hungry.

Johnson had planned to travel the three hundred miles to Chihuahua with the guarded *conducta*, which would be returning with ore, but he became weary of waiting. He realized the danger of traveling the distance alone, but his lust for the gold that awaited him made him impatient.

"Who knows when the train will arrive!" he asked of his American followers. "I'd as soon endure Hell as the monotony of this waiting! If there's man enough among you, he can join me—I'm striking out on my own!"

In the morning, Johnson and his motley crew were gone.

The *conducta* was now five days late. The Santa Ritans were on the verge of starvation. They gave little thought to Johnson's disappearance; they were unconscious of the drama that had been tragically played around them.

IN THE mountains to their west lay bodies of the scalp hunters. The Mimbrenos had struck again! Johnson miraculously escaped, but his followers would never be able to share in his rewards.

A few miles farther to the southwest lay other bodies. Bones of the guards and drivers of the Santa Rita *conducta* lay bleaching in the desert sun. Mangus Colorado now had enough rifles and ammunition to plan his attack on the copper mines.

The men of Santa Rita were making plans, also. They had spent seven anxious days awaiting the arrival of supplies.

"It's time to act," one of the leaders addressed a gathering of villagers. "With what ammunition is left, we must send a scouting party into the desert to search for the missing *conducta*."

The plaza was filled with dissension: cries of protest echoed through the streets. "No! We will be left defenseless! Suppose we are attacked! Suppose they do not return! No, *Senor!* No!"

A scouting party did leave, however, but it consisted of the whole Santa Ritan population—four hundred men, women, and children. They took with them everything that they could carry; but after the first day of travel, most of their loads were abandoned in the rugged wasteland.

They traveled several days without seeing anyone, Mexican or Apache. Then, as from out of nowhere, emerging from the yellow-orange canyons, rode Mangus Colorado and his full Mimbreno force.

There is no record of what actually happened, but they must have acted swiftly. Hateful vengeance was in their hearts; looted rifles in their hands.

The Mimbrenos returned to their encampment on the mountain above the desert copper mines.

The copper miners lay sprawled in the trail between Santa Rita and Chihuahua. Buzzards swarmed over the corpses. Human bones were left to bleach in the torrid desert sun.

Four hundred Santa Ritans had paid for the treachery of James Johnson.

A Savage Santa Claus

(Continued from page 41)

I hear the lock on Beaver's gun click, an' I know his magazine's dry. Lowerin' my hot gun, I listen. Everything's quiet now. In the sudden stillness I can hear the drippin' of blood. It's the bear's life runnin' out.

"'I guess it's all over,' says Beaver, kind of shaky. 'It was a short fight, but a fast one, an' hell was poppin' while she lasted.'

"When we get the fire lit, we take a look at the battle ground. There lays Mr. Bear in a ring of blood, with a hide so full of holes he wouldn't hold hay. I don't think there's a bullet went 'round him.

"This excitement wakens us so we don't sleep no more that night. We breakfast on bear meat. He's an old bear an' it's pretty stout, but a feller livin' on beans and bannocks straight for a couple of weeks don't kick much on flavor, an' we're at a stage where meat's meat.

"When it comes day, me an' Beaver goes lookin' over the bear's bedroom. You know, daylight drives away ha'nts, an' this room don't look near so ghostly as it did last night. After winnin' this fight, we're both mighty brave. The roof caved in with four or five feet of snow on, makes the rear room still dark, so, lightin' a pitch-pine glow, we start explorin'.

"The first thing we bump into is the bear's bunk. There's a rusty pick layin' up against the wall, an' a gold-pan on the floor, showin' us that the human that lived there was a miner. On the other side of the shack we ran onto a pole bunk, with a weather-wrinkled buffalo robe an' some rotten blankets. The way the roof slants, we can't see into the bed, but by usin' an axe an' choppin' the legs off, we lower it to view. When Beaver raises the light, there's the framework of a man. He's layin' on his left side, like he's sleepin', an' looks like he cashed in easy. Across the bunk, under his head, is an old-fashioned cap-'n-ball rifle. On the bedpost hangs a powder horn an' pouch, with a belt an' skinnin' knife. These things tell us that this man's a pretty old-timer.

"FINDIN' the pick an' gold-pan causes us to look more careful for what he'd been diggin'. We explore the bunk from top to bottom, but nary a find. All day long we prospects. That evenin', when we're fillin' up on bear meat, beans and bannocks, Beaver says he's goin' to go through the bear's bunk; so, after we smoke, relightin' our torches, we start our search again.

"Sizin' up the bear's nest, we see he'd laid there quite a while. It looks like Mr. Silvertip, when the weather gets cold, starts huntin' a winter location for his long snooze. Runnin' onto this cabin, vacant, and lookin' like it's for rent, he jumps the claim an' would have been snoozin' there yet, but our fire warmin' up the place fools him. He thinks it's spring an' steps out to look at the weather. On the way he strikes this breakfast of beans, an' they hold him till we object.

"We're lookin' over this nest when somethin' catches my eye on the edge of the waller. It's a hole, roofed over with willers.

"'Well, I'll be damned! There's his cache,' says Beaver, whose eyes has followed mine. It don't take a minute to kick these willers loose, an' there lays a buckskin sack with five hundred dollars in dust in it.

"'Old Santy Claus, out there,' says Beaver, pointin' to the bear through the door, 'didn't load our socks, but he brought plenty of meat an' showed us the cache, for we'd never a-found it if he hadn't raised the lid.'

"The day after Christmas we buried the bones, wrapped in one of our blankets, where we'd found the cache. It was the best we could do.

"'I guess the dust's ours,' says Beaver. 'There's no papers to show who's his kin-folks.' So we splits the pile an' leaves him sleepin' in the tomb he built for himself."

Hero-Maker of the Wild, Wild West

(Continued from page 17)

fact that, while outside appearance was worth something, the quality of the material inside was the main interest of the readers. He was unwilling to pay the high prices of $100 and $200 for a novel, with the result that his fly-by-night attempt was a failure, and he lasted only a few short years.

Frank Starr provided Beadle's most dangerous competition for many years. Frank was a printing foreman for Beadle, and as he watched the novels come from the presses in ever increasing numbers, his nimble brain began to function far ahead of his time; he would have done well in the 20th Century! He was on Beadle's payroll, but wasn't getting rich, so he interjected a "conflict of interests." Using idle presses behind his employer's back, he put out his own novels, using the back door of the regular business as his address. Beadle was a trusting soul, and Starr got away with it.

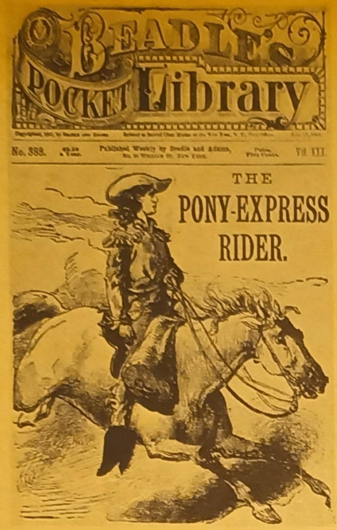
IN 1870 Erastus Beadle began to use multi-colored covers on his novels, and title page drawings done in black and white. Later he used hand-painted covers in pleasing variety of colors, and as specimens of cheap bookmaking, those printed from 1870-1875 rank as masterpieces.

The writer should interject here that he once saw a fabulous collection of Beadleiana owned by George C. Woodworth of Cochranton, Pennsylvania. This was in the fall of 1915 when I visited George, who was not a collector, but a reader. In those days the novels were exchanged by readers all over the United States, and among those owned by George were all the rare ones, about 10,000 of which were uncut. The novels filled one room of Woodworth's house, and there were more than 30,000 of them, a far richer find than that donated to the New York Public Library by the late Dr. Frank P. O'Brien.

George told me to take any of them that I desired, and I stacked about 2,000 of the best, but as they were not considered valuable at the time, I forgot and left this (today) king's ransom. Following World War I, when the novels were becoming scarce and much written about, I wrote and asked George if he still had them. He replied saying that his house was destroyed by fire in 1917, and the novels along with it.

It is a shame that Beadle didn't stick to his business life instead of horning in on Victor's responsibility, because he didn't have the editorial ability of the latter. He picked some terrible hacks to write for him, including "Col." Judson, who wrote under the name of Ned Buntline, and "Col." Prentiss Ingraham, a chronic drunk. (After the Civil War nobody could be found who had been a private, or anything less than a captain, hence the "colonels.")

Both authors had personal axes to grind, and they figured that Beadle, with his vast publishing business, could help them along. Both had an idea that to become well known as novelists of the prairies would place them in positions of importance as play-writers. One thing in Beadle's favor, however, was the fact that he had perspicacity enough to know this, and turned it to his advantage.



A five-cent novel cover. When the price went down, the quality went with it.

Ingraham and Buntline had a pet phrase they used on everyone, and they used it on Beadle—"Whiskey and shooting will win!" Ingraham was usually in hock to Beadle, as he would borrow sums of money on his "next" story, and then not deliver. Instead he beat about the cheap theatres trying to sell plays, which required a lot less time to produce.

Whenever things got really bad, the publisher would rent a hotel room which had a good strong door and windows too high off the street for escape and, locking the door on the doughty Colonel, would leave with him a quart of whiskey and the admonition, "Thirty thousand words with a Western locale!"

After two days and nights and three quarts of the fiery stuff, Colonel Ingraham usually came up with a good one with plenty of dead men, a hero, heroine and the smell of brimstone.

Together, the brave Colonels had, as early as 1868, settled on the same hero, a young farmer at Leavenworth, Kansas, a picturesque fellow after their own hearts, a student of John Barleycorn—his name was William F. Cody.

ONE OF the most famous meetings of frontiersmen ever to take place was consummated one night in the summer of 1872 near North Platte, Nebraska, the heart of the buffalo country. The meeting took place at the camp of Wild Bill Hickok, and was later described by two of the participants, Doc W. F. Carver, known as the "Evil Spirit of the Plains," and Captain Jack Crawford, known later as "The Poet-Scout." Present were many of the "white kings of the prairie": "Texas Jack" Omohundro (written up by Buntline as "The Prairie Whirlwind"), "Buffalo Bill" Cody (who had already appeared in one of Buntline's plays with Omohundro), "Bloody Dick" Seymour (who had gained his sobriquet by cutting off the heads of Sioux Indians), "Dashing Charlie" Emmett (known as the "best Indian scout on the plains"), "Little Buckshot" (famous for using a double-barreled shotgun in Indian fights), "Old John" Nelson (who had guided Brigham Young to Utah, and was the white son-in-law of Red Cloud, the Oglala Sioux chief), Bill Reid (teamster chief for the Army of the Frontier at Fort McPherson), "White-Eye" Jack Anderson (a young trapper and protegé of Wild Bill), and Anderson's partner, Yankee Judd.

Both Carver and Crawford cited the meeting as " a séance for Western stories for Buntline and Ingraham," and the host, Wild Bill—who was not averse to telling stories—had arranged it for the "big man," Erastus Beadle. The center of attraction, of course, was Wild Bill himself.

As the flames leaped high off the campfire, numerous bottles made the rounds, and tongues were loosed. Incongruous against the Nebraska night sky was the tall silk hat of Erastus Beadle as he walked about, for although he had furnished gallons of whiskey, he himself was not a drinker.

His favorite henchmen made up for this lack. Prentiss Ingraham wanted material for stories, while Buntline was hot for other actors. One by one the plainsmen turned him down, including Wild Bill, who was later to relent and cause himself great disgust and humiliation. He, the host, would pay the most, when his own adventures would be paraded in print as the adventures of Buffalo Bill.

As the late Secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, William E. Connelley, told me, "Colonel Inman, J. W. Buell, Prentiss Ingraham and Buntline used incidents from the life of Wild Bill and attributed them to Buffalo Bill. The latter had almost no adventures, but these men were determined to publicize him at all costs."

Erastus Beadle was not averse to his men "gilding the lily"—as long as they applied a major portion of the gilt to his pocketbook. However, of the trio, the owner was a far better man than his hirelings, and would live to see the day when they left him and applied their talents to help out his competitors.

This period came much quicker than he had thought it would—as soon as railroads checkered the prairies and the buffaloes were gone from the scene. Train robbers, hold-up men and super sleuths began to supplant the more wholesome heroes of frontier life, and it became apparent that western youths were as avid to read of crime and punishment in the cities as the street urchins had been to read the fictitious adventures of Buffalo Bill.

Beadle's handsome dime novels began to take a back seat to numerous "half-dimes" and scraggly nickel libraries, and since they were too numerous to beat, he had to tag along, and his output deteriorated greatly. Street & Smith, Frank Tousey, and T. S. Ogilvie were some of his main competitors, and Nick Carter, Old King Brady and Old Sleuth took the place formerly occupied by Buffalo Bill.

The Dime novel now became the Nickel novel, and the Libraries began to flourish. There was *Brave and Bold*, *Pluck & Luck*, *Nick Carter*, *Secret Service* (with Old and Young King Brady ferreting out the Chinese tongs in San Francisco), *Tip Top Weekly* with Frank and Dick Merriwell, *The Liberty Boys of '76*, *Bowery Boys* (of all things)—and the Westerns came back with *James Boys Library*, *Buffalo Bill Library*, *Deadwood Dick Library*, *Diamond Dick Library*, and *Wild West Library*. The last-named had as its hero Young Wild West, the Prince of the Saddle, and Arietta, his girl friend.

Buntline and Ingraham refurbished their old stuff and manufactured new, but by now they had a lot of competition. In 1886, Ogilvie published anew Buntline's *Adventures of Buffalo Bill*, with new ones added. His hero had reached the limelight, and was headed for a court appearance before Queen Victoria, but newer readers were becoming enamored of another hero, a young man in "store" clothes named Fred Fearnot.

The Old West was passing, and bunco men and card sharps were making Beadle's nights sleepless. Lower and lower sank the once heroic yellow-back, until neither the publisher nor Victor, his erudite editor, could tolerate the indignity of such frowsy competition. Finally in 1889 they gave up the ghost and closed their doors after nearly thirty years of publishing.

Beadle, the originator, passed away in 1897. He had been a hero-maker in the truest sense, and had no means of knowing that his main creation, Buffalo Bill, would become penniless in the cold, cold world and join him only twenty years later.

Battle of the Butte

(Continued from page 9)

tiful tribal costume he made a striking figure as he stood there proudly facing his conquerors.

THEN Little Chief began to speak. He commenced by telling his audience that he was a chief, as his fathers had been before him for many generations; that the Indians had lived in that country from time immemorial and rightfully considered it as their own, and that the white men were really the invaders. He brought into sharp focus the Indian side of the question by stating that they had been greatly wronged by broken treaties, wanton warfare, graft and intrigue.

When he finally came to the terms of surrender, he said, "We are weak, compared with you and your forces; we are out of ammunition; we cannot make a rifle, a round of ammunition, or a knife; in fact, we are at the mercy of those who are taking possession of our country. Your terms are harsh and cruel, but we are going to accept them and place ourselves at your mercy."

More eloquent words could scarcely be spoken by anyone. They showed wisdom and foresight of the highest order. To those who are inclined to look upon the redman with a certain amount of condescension, it should go a long way toward proving that in intellect and natural sagacity Indians are equal to the whites. Little Chief concluded by stating that some of the Indians would go down and surrender at the lower agencies where their relatives lived, while others would surrender at the cantonment and remain in the Yellowstone country.

The uncle of Crazy Horse, Little Hawk, and others guaranteed to take him and the entire camp to the lower agencies and surrender there, or bring them in and make them surrender to General Miles at the cantonment. As a pledge of good faith the Indians agreed to leave prominent men as hostages in the hands of the military and, to this end, White Bull (or the Ice, as he was sometimes called), the head of the Cheyennes, rose and said he would remain as hostage for his tribe.

Hump, a head chief of the Ogallalas, agreed to remain a hostage for his tribe. These were followed by seven prominent men until they were checked by General Miles' announcement that no more were required; that he believed they were acting in good faith and intended to do as they had promised.

These hostages remained in camp under close military surveillance and the Indian delegation left soon after for their encampment, then located between the Tongue and Powder Rivers. The result was that on April 22, more than 300 followers of Two Moon, White Bull, Hump, Horse Road and others came in and surrendered at the cantonment, and the larger part of the remaining encampment numbering about 2,000 persons, led by Crazy Horse, Little Big Man, The Rock, and others moved southeastward and surrendered at Red Cloud, Spotted Horse, and other agencies.

As by previous agreement, when the Indians came in, they were required to give up their ponies and arms. Later these ponies were sold and the proceeds used in purchasing a herd of cattle which was divided among the various Indian families. Shortly after their arrival thirty of the warriors enlisted as scouts and served faithfully and well in various parts of the field. However, as there were several hundred Indians at the post at the time, and it seemed very likely that they would remain there for a number of years before final disposition could be made of them, there was practically nothing for them to do.

This, of course, was an unfortunate state of affairs. Miles tried to remedy the situation as best he could. He explained to the Indians that it was the custom of the white people to grow fields of grain in order to raise food for their own subsistence. This was a difficult subject to bring home to a people, many of whom had never been to an agency before, and who knew absolutely nothing about agriculture. When they were told that the white people also planted gardens and it would be well to follow their example, they cheerfully promised to do their best. One man, White Bull, said he would plant raisins in his garden, giving as his reason that the best food he had ever received from white men was raisins, hence that was what he was going to plant.

The army teams were used by the Indians for their plowing and cultivating the land, and though their methods were crude, compared to modern standards, the results proved so satisfactory that when the Cheyennes finally were given a reservation they were almost self-supporting. This was the very first farming project in that vast region—for when General Terry's column marched westward in the spring of 1876, there was not a white man's habitation between Fort Lincoln, North Dakota, and Bozeman, Montana.

Goldtown Tales

(Continued from page 13)

his gun and shooting a Chinaman in the foot. The action was just not fast and bloody enough to suit his inebriated taste. The faction to which the wounded Chinese belonged went into conference, adjudged the Swede to be a member of the opposition, formed ranks, and attacked.

For hours the embattled Orientals wielded ten-foot spears, six-foot long swords, and enormous pikes. But fatigue eventually overtook the valiant warriors, a cease-fire was declared, and the battle ended. A white man was paid to remove the boulder which had been the cause of contention, and peace was declared by the rival factions.

SONORA, still a thriving town, is noted for being the site where one of the largest nuggets ever found in California was uncovered in what was known as Holden's Gardens. The nugget weighed twenty-eight pounds, three ounces and a fraction thereof, and replicas of it are shown in various institutions throughout the State.

In the vicinity of Sonora is Shaw's Flat, and in one of its saloons worked a bartender who was a very astute individual, indeed. When taking the customary pinch of dust from a miner's poke in payment for a drink, the bartender managed to drop unseen a few grains of gold on the floor. Then, when business was slack in the saloon, he walked to a spring a short distance away and coated the soles of his boots with sticky mud.

Upon returning to his working place, the bartender tramped about on the floor with his mud-laden boots, thus gathering up the grains of gold he had purposely spilled. It is of record that he panned as much as $30 from the mud on weekdays, and three times as much on Sundays and holidays.

Incidentally, the expression, "How much can you raise in a pinch?," originated with the custom of bartenders taking a pinch of gold dust as payment for one drink, and it may be understood that saloon owners preferred to hire barmen with enormous thumbs and forefingers.

But the bartender of the mud-caked shoes did not get away with his neat little scheme for long. The miners were not chumps, they raided his shack. Appropriating his golden hoard, they repaired to the saloon where the bartender was on duty and unaware of what had taken place, and celebrated long and well on the barman's ill-gotten gains.

ANGELS CAMP did not last long as a placer diggings, and it would have ceased to exist but for a man with the odd name of Bennager Raspberry who liked to hunt rabbits. Raspberry used a muzzle-loader for hunting, and on one occasion the ramrod became stuck in the gun as he jammed home the top wad. After struggling with the stuck rod for quite a while to no avail, Raspberry became exasperated and aimed the gun at a manzanita bush.

Raspberry pulled the trigger, the gun roared, and the rod flew out of the barrel and embedded itself in the roots of the manzanita. Striding to the bush, the irate hunter extracted the ramrod from a tangle of roots and grass, and some of the rock beneath came away as well. Raspberry was about to turn away when he noted the dull glitter of gold running through the quartz his ramrod shot had exposed.

Getting down on his knees, Raspberry used his jackknife to dig into the rich vein and took out free gold to the tune of $700 within several hours! This discovery turned the attention of the miners in Angels Camp from placer to quartz, and Raspberry later made a fortune from his find. The Utica was the most famous of the Angels Camp mines, and it endured for many years and produced millions in gold.

It was in Angels Camp that Mark Twain laid the foundation for his famous tale, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," which he wrote in 1864 soon after leaving Jackass Hill. Each year a frog jumping contest draws many visitors to Angels Camp, and there for a short while they live again the life that was once part and parcel of the goldtowns of the Mother Lode.

When Death Rode Cherry Creek

(Continued from page 19)

Then it came—the crest of the flood, a giant wall of water twenty feet high, roaring directly toward the cluster of saloons, homes and businesses that lay in its path.

The wooden bridge at Larimer Street suddenly was gone, along with the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, which stood yards away. The Market Street Bridge collapsed next, and with it carried away the Charles and Hunt Law Office.

The tiny City Hall and jail at the creek near Blake Street was next to be smashed, along with the frail, wooden Blake Street Bridge itself. As the jail disintegrated, the lone prisoner was somehow thrown free. He grabbed a passing tree and floated away. The floodwaters were dotted with boards, furniture, parts of houses and dead stock. And to the horror of all—human bodies!

After the crest of the flood had passed town, it had an open run to the South Platte. But the waters in Denver remained high, and the early Denverites fought until five a.m. to save life and property. A rising sun revealed a shining sea of water, covering more than half the town. At seven a.m. the waters began to subside, and a rope bridge was constructed at the creek's narrowest point. Men of the First Colorado Volunteers, under the command of Colonel John M. Chivington, built rafts and skiffs to reach townspeople marooned on their rooftops.

The citizenry found between three and five feet of water standing on level ground south of the creek. Good people on the north side of the creek—less inundated than on the south—opened their homes to the unfortunate, and gave them warm clothing and meals.

John L. Dailey, co-publisher of the *Rocky Mountain News*, located at the south end of the Market Street Bridge, and four of his employees were asleep in the newspaper offices when the flood came. The weakened structure toppled, and Dailey tried to rescue the paper's money and records, but he and his men were thrown into the torrent. Their lives were saved only when men clinging to the roof of the wrecked Trinity Church —which had washed ashore—tossed the newspapermen ropes.

August Mertz was carried eight miles down the South Platte before he could reach shore. A young man named Schell was swept three miles and Martin Wall floated three miles on the jail roof. A Mrs. Smith and her five children were washed several hundred yards downstream, but were unhurt.

MANY of the infant city's most prominent businesses were destroyed by the catastrophe. Merchandisers A. E. and C. E. Tilton lost $6,000 in goods, their building, and even the lot on which it had stood disappeared. William N. Byers and John L. Dailey, proprietors of the *Rocky Mountain News*, listed their properties, valued at $19,200, as a nearly total loss. The site stood under five feet of muddy water. (In 1898 and 1899, workmen found parts of the *News'* presses buried up to twelve feet deep at locations one and three miles from where the publishing house had been washed away.)

The small City Hall and jail which had stood in the creek bed at Blake Street was gone—along with the iron safe containing town records, municipal documents and the dockets of Judges O'Dell and Wilcox. (The safe was uncovered sixty years later about a mile away. It is now a historical property of Yale University.)

The frame building rented by the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church at Cherry Creek and Larimer Street was not to be found. Also gone were structures owned by F. A. Clark, General Bowen, August Mertz, J. Q. Charles, Metz's Saddlery Shop, Mr. McKee, Cass & Co. and Hall and Kent.

Upstream, stockmen Arnold, Schleier, Lloyd and Stoner collectively lost 4,000 animals, and D. C. Oakes' sawmill was reduced to tinder. Total damages were variously estimated at $250,000 to $1,000,000—a major disaster for a community so young.

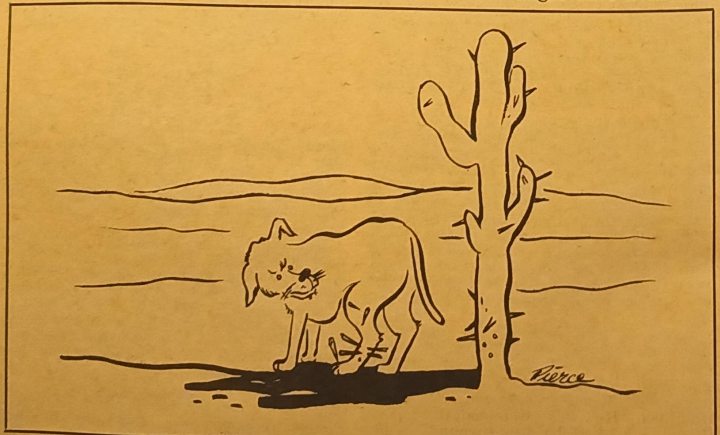
The grief-torn town counted fourteen dead: C. Bruce Haynes; Gumble Rosebaum, a clothier; Otto Fisher; Henry Williamson, a ranch worker; I. R. Tyson, his wife and two children; and two unidentified women and four unidentified children who lived along the creek banks east of town. Since Denver had a large transient population, it is possible that even more perished, and that their bones lie to this day beneath the rocky sands of Cherry Creek and the South Platte.

Three days after the flood, the *Denver Commonwealth* noted: "The spasmodic stream called Cherry Creek is now entirely dry, and its broad channel's sands are once more glistening in the sunshine."

On the same day, the prisoner thrown from the jail by the water's impact returned to town seeking shelter and food. Since there was neither City Hall nor jail in which to confine the suspected criminal, he was allowed to go free.

The Flood of '64 was not without its positive results. The waters washed away the old rivalry which persisted between the hamlets of Auraria and Denver City—rivalry which had prompted some businessmen to seek neutral ground by building stores in the creek bed. In the presence of common misfortune, sectional feelings were never expressed again.

The incorrigible old creek went over its banks on four subsequent occasions: July 25, 1875; May 22, 1878; July 14, 1912, and August 3, 1933. But none of the inundations could approach the Great Flood of 1864.



The Tonto Basin War

(Continued from page 40)

mals; quarter was neither asked nor given.

The Grahams, with as many as twenty men in the field at a time, swept through the Tonto Basin looking for Tewksburys who, with never more than eight men, were driven to the brush, always on the defensive. In a way, this gave the Tewksburys an advantage; working alone or in pairs, they stalked their enemies as their Indian ancestors had done, striking suddenly from ambush and without warning.

The next killing occurred August 17, 1887, when eighteen-year-old William, the youngest of the Grahams, was shot by Jim Houck. Houck was a sheepman from Apache County and a Tewksbury partisan. He had been sworn in as a deputy by Apache County Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens, and on August 17 was prowling around with a warrant for the arrest of Jim Stott for horse stealing.

When shot, young Graham was riding a lonely trail with a cowboy named Joe Ellenwood. It was a narrow path and Graham was some distance ahead of Ellenwood, when suddenly, from around a sharp turn, appeared Jim Houck. Neither spoke a word, momentarily waiting to see what the other would do. Almost simultaneously, both men drew and fired; Houck was the victor since he was very fast and a dead shot. Graham slumped over the pommel and then dropped to the ground under his horse. Houck didn't bother to dismount, but very warily picked his way around Graham and continued up the trail.

At the shots, Ellenwood had turned tail and galloped away as fast as he could. He wasn't a Graham partisan, but merely a foot-loose cowboy riding the chuck line. He lay low for an hour or so and then crept back along the trail to the spot where the shooting had occurred. Young Graham, badly wounded, was crawling along only with the greatest pain and difficulty. Ellenwood helped him to get to the Haigler place on Haigler Creek, just above its junction with Marsh Creek, about halfway between the Valley and Payson. For almost two weeks he stayed there and took care of Graham but his friend had been too badly wounded, and at last died.

Tom Graham might have overlooked the killing of Paine and Blevans, but the loss of his own brother, the baby of the family, called for immediate revenge. Tom determined to wipe out the entire Tewksbury family in one decisive battle.

Early on the morning of September 2, 1887, the two surviving Grahams, the remaining Blevans brothers, and other foes of the Tewksburys surrounded their cabin. Posting themselves on an adjacent hillside, they watched and waited.

Their patience was well rewarded, for John Tewksbury and William Jacobs soon came along looking for horses. At a signal from Graham the men rose from the brush and riddled the two men in their tracks. They lay there sprawled out in plain sight of the people in the cabin—among others, John's wife and aged father.

General firing broke out immediately. The attackers poured lead into the cabin from every side, but the defenders kept themselves well protected and returned the fire, pinning the Graham men down behind trees, out-buildings and other shelters.

The hogs around the place finally discovered the bodies of the two dead men and began rooting at them. This was more than young Mrs. Tewksbury could stand. Suddenly she flung open the cabin door and screamed, "I'm comin' out! I'm comin' out!"

For a moment she stood there, wild-eyed and defiant, shovel in hand. Her sudden, dramatic appearance silenced the guns at once. Brandishing the shovel overhead, the brave woman strode to her fallen husband and drove off the hogs. Oblivious to danger, she dug shallow graves right next to the two men and rolled the bodies into them. After this ordeal, the young woman buried her face in her hands and knelt at the head of her husband's grave for several minutes.

With great restraint the feudists waited until Mrs. Tewksbury finished her silent prayers and slowly dragged herself back to the cabin. But the closing of the wooden door was the signal for the firing to start in again.

The Graham and Blevans brothers were unable to kill any more of their enemies that day, however. Late in the afternoon, John Meadows, a justice of the peace from Payson, showed up with a posse. One of the beseigers saw the large dust cloud and sneaked over to Tom Graham's position.

"We better git outta here. There's a big party ridin' up on the other side of the cabin."

Meadows rode right up to the cabin and soon had the story from the tearful Mrs. Tewksbury. He exhumed the bodies for an immediate inquest. Meanwhile, Graham and his men had scattered before Meadows could lay his hands on any of them. The guns were silent for all of two days.

THE SETTING for the next round was the dusty little cow town of Holbrook, about seventy miles northeast of Pleasant Valley. Andy Cooper, whose stepmother lived there, rode into town on the morning of September 4. After a few drinks in the nearest saloon, he boasted of having killed John Tewksbury and William Jacobs two days earlier. Andy knew that there was a warrant out for his arrest, but he didn't think anyone would dare try take him in.

That afternoon another man rode into Holbrook. He was Commodore Perry Owens, who had been out rounding up jurors for the next term of court. His ornate and gaudy cowboy outfit, the long hair down over his shoulders, and his habit of wearing his six-shooter on his left side, butt forward, made some of the local citizens wonder as to his worth in a showdown.

"Sure, we got the fanciest damn dude sheriff this side the Pecos. But that ain't what we're payin' him for. We want protection, not a showpiece."

For two months Owens had carried a warrant for the arrest of Andy Cooper. It was sworn to by officers of the Apache County Cattle Growers' Association. The board members knew about the unserved warrant, and determined to find out why Owens hadn't yet made the arrest. Some days before Cooper's appearance on September 4, the board had summoned Owens to appear before them.

"Why haven't you served the warrant on Cooper?" demanded Giles Jonsson, Chairman.

"I haven't been able to find him."

His tone was flat and matter-of-fact; it was the truth.

"Well, that may be," Jonsson continued, "but if you haven't served that warrant within the next ten days, you can start looking for a new job. As far as we're concerned you aren't producing."

It was common belief that Owens was avoiding the arrest, feeling sure that one or the other would be killed—perhaps both.

Mrs. Blevans had a little three-room house on the north side of the railroad track, on the edge of town. When Owens heard that Cooper was on one of his frequent visits home, he decided to make a call. Winchester in hand, he walked up and knocked at the front door. Cooper opened the door.

"Hello, Andy. I got a warrant here for your arrest," Owens began.

"I won't go," Cooper replied.

Advancing, and well aware of how vulnerable he was, Owens fired when he heard a noise at his side. John Blevans at this moment had half-opened an adjoining door and had taken a quick shot at the sheriff. But even before Blevans could slam the door, Owens had returned the fire, wounding him in the shoulder. Blevans staggered back and fell into a chair, bleeding profusely and completely out of the fight.

Cooper, crouched beneath the windowsill, received his mortal wound when Owens chanced a shot through the boards and effected a lucky hit. Just then Mose Roberts appeared around a corner of the house, six-shooter in hand and ready for action. He got it quick; as soon as Owens pointed his deadly Winchester at him, Roberts lost his nerve and turned to run. Owens again fired—and again he didn't miss.

There was time to lever another shell into the chamber before Houston Blevans, the only able-bodied male in the house, had his big chance to get in the act, too. Only in his middle teens, young Blevans had been refused the use of a gun. Suddenly he jerked away from his frenzied mother's clutches, grabbed up Cooper's gun and dashed out the front door. He was just in time to catch a bullet and stagger back into his mother's waiting arms. Sheriff Owens, his Winchester smoking in his hand, was unscratched.

In a minute's time he had left three men dying and another wounded. Only John Blevans subsequently recovered. The town's skeptics were convinced, completely and permanently. There were no more cracks about long hair and dude cowboy outfits. The inside of the house was a shambles. Blood was spattered everywhere, over the floor, the walls, the furniture. The coroner's jury found that Sheriff Owens had acted in the official discharge of his duty.

IN PLEASANT VALLEY the feud raged on. With the Blevans men so nearly wiped out, the Grahams lost some of their numerical superiority; but unrelentingly, they carried on their private war against the Tewksburys, determined to avenge their younger brother's death. On September 7, 1887, a conference over the Tonto Basin troubles was held in the governor's office between Governor Zulick, District Attorney John C. Herdon, and Sheriff William Mulvenon of Yavapai County. At this conference it was decided to raise a strong posse to go over into the Basin and clean things up.

On September 10, Sheriff Mulvenon and Deputies George Bristow, E. M. Tackett, and S. J. Sullivan left for Pleasant Valley. They were joined at Payson by Deputy Dan Francis and a posse of men from Flagstaff, making a party of some sixteen men. The warrants on which Mulvenon acted were sworn out and issued from the office of Justice of the Peace John Meadows of Payson. Before Mulvenon and his men could get into Tonto Basin, however, another killing had occurred.

On September 17, some of the Graham faction made an early morning raid on the Tewksbury Ranch on Cherry Creek, but the Tewksburys were ready and waiting. Joe Ellenwood and Henry Middleton were shot from ambush, Middleton falling from his horse, dead at the first volley. Ellenwood, unhurt, threw himself from his horse and rushed to the shelter of a nearby tree. Eventually he edged around the trunk of the tree in an effort to get a bead on one of his attackers. The tree was rather small and, without realizing it, he exposed a leg. A rifle bullet was planted just below the knee. Suffering agony, Ellenwood gritted his teeth and held his ground until dark. Then with the aid of friends, he mounted a horse and rode to the San Carlos Apache Indian Agency. There he recovered fully under the treatment and care of Dr. Davis.

Possibly influenced by two Tewksbury partisans, George A. Newton and Jim Houck, who had joined his party, Sheriff Mulvenon went after the Grahams first. On September 21, 1887, before daylight, the posse moved in and took possession of the Perkins store, a stone building put up several years earlier for defense against the Apaches. The store was in sight of the Grahams' cabin and that of Al Rose, also an active Graham confederate.

The men hid their horses, and some posted themselves behind the stone walls of a home that the owner of the store was building nearby. In an effort to decoy the Grahams into ambush, six possemen rode in a large circle past the two cabins and then tied up in front of the Perkins store. Mulvenon was watching them.

"All right, boys," he said. "Over here now behind the wall. It's my guess we'll have a couple of curious visitors pretty quick."

The ruse was partially successful. A few minutes after the decoy party had passed the cabins, a signal of two shots fired from Rose's cabin was answered by three from Grahams'; Charles Blevans and John Graham rode cautiously up to the store making a complete circuit of the building in an effort to discover what had become of the six men who had disappeared so quickly.

"It's too quiet to suit me," Graham muttered.

"Yeah," was Blevans' terse comment.

Nevertheless, the two men finally sidled up to the unfinished building and just as they rose up in their stirrups to peer over the five-foot wall, Sheriff Mulvenon, shotgun in hand, stepped out of his hiding place.

"Throw up your hands, boys, and nobody'll get hurt."

But Graham and Blevans had lived by the gun too long to give up so easily. It was instinctive for them to turn and fight, not to surrender. Instantly wheeling about, the two men grabbed for their six-guns. It was a suicide move; simultaneous blasts from Mulvenon's shotgun and the hidden riflemen swept the pair from their saddles, and the next moment they lay sprawling in the dust, Blevans dead before he struck the ground and Graham living only several hours.

Mulvenon's next move was to surround Al Rose's cabin, who readily surrendered when he saw the odds against him. Mulvenon arrested Rose, a Mexican named Miguel, and Joe Ellenwood—the cowboy who had been wounded in the fight in which Henry Middleton had been killed, four days before. But he didn't get Tom Graham, who had been able to slip out the back door of his cabin and creep away through the brush.

From here the posse went to the Tewksburys, where they had more luck. Ed and James, and five of their friends, surrendered without a fight. The whole party then set out for Payson where the prisoners were brought before Justice of the Peace John Meadows. Meadows discharged Rose and Miguel for lack of evidence. The Tewksburys and their allies were sent on to Prescott, where they made bonds to appear before the next grand jury, which subsequently released them.

PLEASANT VALLEY was quiet for awhile, but only because both sides were constantly on guard. Tom, thirty-three years old, was the only remaining Graham. Of his friends (the Blevans family), five of the six men were dead, and the other was in jail. Tom, living alone, let his thoughts turn again to the attractive seventeen-year-old girl he had met in Phoenix and had planned to marry. Taking advantage of a lull in the fighting (the Tewksburys were temporarily reclining in jail in Prescott), Tom arranged for the wedding and invited his relatives out from Iowa. On October 8, 1887, he married Anne Melton at her parents' home near Tempe, just east of Phoenix. Tom's father, who had come out for the wedding, begged his son to take his wife and return to Iowa with him; but Tom refused.

Four days after the wedding, Tom went to Phoenix and asked the sheriff of Maricopa County if a warrant had been issued there for his arrest. Now that Tom had a young and attractive wife, he was anxious to clear up his record and stay home for awhile. When advised that there was no warrant for him, he asked Sheriff Halbert to advise Sheriff Mulvenon of Yavapai County that he, Graham, was in Phoenix and would go to Prescott whenever requested to do so. On October 15, Mulvenon arrived in Phoenix to arrest Graham. The next day the two men left for Prescott. Graham was held on $3,000 bail to appear before the grand jury in Yavapai County in November, 1887. He, like the Tewksburys before him, was also cleared and released.

In September, an unsuccessful attempt had been made to kill Al Rose. Early in November, Rose and two companions were camped near the Houdon Ranch, where the Jump-Off Trail crossed Spring Creek, nine miles southwest of Pleasant Valley. At sun-up, while the others were getting breakfast, Rose went out to get the horses, left hobbled and grazing during the night. A few minutes later he was shot from ambush by a party of Tewksbury men.

Suddenly hearing two shots, his comrades ran out to find him lying dead in the grass. Unable to catch the Tewksbury forces off guard, the Graham men decided to change their tactics and carry the fight into court. On December 3, they succeeded in having Ed and James Tewksbury, Joseph Boyer, Jim Roberts, George Newton, Jake Lauffer and George Wagner indicted at Prescott for the murder of Hampton Blevans at the Middleton Ranch on August 9. Both factions went to Prescott, and while court was in session they camped side by side at the old OK Corral and Store. Living in such close proximity, it was the general opinion that a clash was inevitable, but the men of both sides conducted themselves carefully, coming in close contact, but never speaking to each other.

After the grand jury's indictment, the Tewksburys and their allies were released under bond to appear for trial in June, 1888. Since no one was fool enough to risk his life by testifying against them, their case was dismissed for lack of evidence.

The Tewksburys then retaliated by having Tom Graham arrested for the murder of the Navajo sheepherder back in February, 1887. The warrant was sworn out by Jim Houck. Graham went to St. Johns for trial. There was not a shred of evidence against him and he was turned loose. Graham made an excellent impression while in the county seat. He was a handsome, clean-cut young man and in spite of his sinister reputation most people were glad to see him turned loose.

"It says, 'A bear damn near kilt Dan'l Boone under this tree.'"

DEFENSIVE vigilance of the warring factions made bloodshed less frequent, but August, 1888, brought a new outbreak, and in December of the same year, Jim Tewksbury was removed from the scene. Jim suffered from tuberculosis and died at his sister's home in Globe. His death left only one of the principals on each side to carry on the feud—Ed Tewksbury and Tom Graham. Tom's wife, Anne, was constantly pleading with him to move away from Pleasant Valley. By this time, however, the flames that had seared the Basin had subsided; Tom Graham and Ed Tewksbury seemed willing to drop the feud that had cost so many lives, but neither could fully control his trigger-fingered partisans. The vendetta smouldered but refused to die.

Finally, in the summer of 1889, when an addition to his family was expected, Tom gave in to his wife's entreaties. He turned his cattle over to his partner, S. W. Young, and, with his wife, went to live on a quiet farm in the Salt River Valley near the Double Buttes, a few miles out of Tempe. Some people thought the feud had ended and began to relax. Such optimism, unfortunately, proved to be wishful thinking.

The next man to disappear—a Tewksbury partisan—was George A. Newton, a jeweler in Globe who also operated a cattle ranch in Pleasant Valley. Any cattleman taking the side of the Tewksburys was likely to be a special target for attack, but Newton stayed on guard and remained alive; that is until one day in September, 1891, when he saddled his horse in Globe and started out for his ranch, sixty-five miles away. He had ridden this trail many times, but this time he disappeared. Except for his pack horse, no trace of him was ever found.

For three years Tom Graham lived peacefully on his farm near Tempe. Occasionally he took a short trip up into the Basin to see how his cows were getting along. In June, 1892, he and his pal, Charley Duchet, rode into Pleasant Valley to drive out some cattle that Graham had sold. On the way they ran into a bunch of Tewksbury men. The men all stopped and talked peace. Graham, unarmed, shook hands with some of his former enemies. It looked as if the Graham-Tewksbury Feud had really ended.

"How about that, Charley? I think I got 'em all buffaloed down here."

"Yeah, maybe," was Duchet's laconic reply.

"What d'ya mean maybe? You seen how friendly them fellows was. I tell ya they're afraid to fight any more, includin' Ed Tewksbury."

"Well, I dunno, Tom. I think you'll be better off if ya keep it to yourself."

This was good advice from a well-meaning friend, but Graham didn't take it. Sympathizers of both sides said that after these trips to the Valley, Graham liked to do a lot of talking and bragging about how the Tewksbury men were all afraid of him. Many felt that this kind of talk kept the old spirit of the feud alive.

For their part, the Tewksbury men seemed willing to let the coals of war grow cold. They had never left the Basin and their enemies had. They rather felt themselves the victors—if there were any.

On August 2, 1892, about eight in the morning, Tom Graham was driving a team and wagonload of grain from his farm to Tempe. Two men lay in wait for him in a mesquite thicket near the Double Butte school. About this same time, three children were on their way to school—Ed Cummins, a twelve-year-old boy, and his sister (whose father lived two miles from the Graham Ranch), and a girl named Gregg.

As Graham's wagon passed in front of the mesquite thicket, the three children walked around a cottonwood tree that had blown down behind the thicket, and saw the two men hiding behind the brush. Both men raised their guns, but one looked around, and when he saw the terrified children, lowered his rifle. The other, intent upon his business, shot Tom Graham in the back toppling him off the wagon seat onto the sacks of grain behind him.

The children ran to spread the alarm, and almost immediately trackers were hot on the murderers' trail. The children later identified the two men as John Rhodes and Ed Tewksbury. Rhodes had married John Tewksbury's widow. Rhodes was arrested in Tempe, but Tewksbury reached the desert and got away.

A crowd quickly gathered around Tom Graham's wagon. Bleeding profusely, he was carried to Cummins' house. Anne Graham was soon at her husband's side. Dr. Gregg told her that Tom was done for. He also told her and other persons in the room that Tom had been shot by Ed Tewksbury and John Rhodes. Tom died at 4:00 that afternoon and was buried the next day in Phoenix, under the auspices of the A.O.U.W. of which he was a member. He was thirty-eight years old. He left a widow and a two-year-old child.

Ed Tewksbury had outrun his pursuers and escaped to Pleasant Valley. He finally established an alibi to the effect that he was some 200 miles away from the scene of the killing on August 2.

By appearing in Pleasant Valley, Tewksbury knew that witnesses would corroborate his story that he was somewhere else at the time of the murder. It came out, however, that Ed had ridden a powerful horse very hard and long in a deliberate attempt to give just this impression. When Tewksbury was finally hauled into court and this story told, the judge bound him over to the grand jury which met on September 7. He was not admitted to bail.

Meanwhile John Rhodes was tried and freed. He had refused to talk, even after the hoofprints of his horse were perfectly matched with those found at the scene of the murder. For three days—August 7, 8, and 9—Justice of the Peace Huson of Tempe listened to testimony. On the second day of the hearing, Anne Graham was sitting beside her father near the reporter's table. Suddenly, putting her hand into her dress and pulling out a .44 revolver, she sprang toward Rhodes. But her father grabbed her before she could aim and pull the trigger.

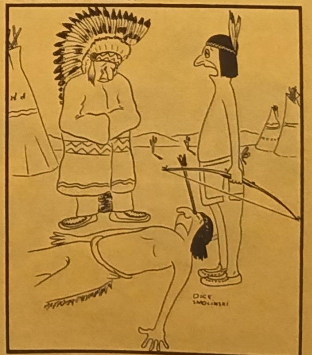
"Let me kill him! Let me kill him!" she screamed, struggling against her father. Forcibly he led her from the courtroom as she continued to cry out, "They'll free him! Let me kill him! They'll free him!" She subsequently remarried and moved out of the area completely.

Rhodes bore a charmed life for, on the day after Tom Graham's death, Charley Duchet had made a vicious attack on Rhodes and would have killed him if Tom Elder, the Tempe town constable, hadn't promptly interfered. On August 9, Justice of the Peace Huson discharged Rhodes and he was escorted safely out of town by a bunch of armed friends. Tempe citizens were so enraged by this action that they held a mass meeting and adopted resolutions condemning the acts of the local officers.

The grand jury indicted Tewksbury on December 3, 1892, for the murder of Tom Graham. Ed Tewksbury was jailed in Tucson, then taken to Phoenix. Because of public feeling against him there, his trial was shifted back to Tucson. There it opened on December 14, 1893.

With money obtained from some unknown source, Tewksbury engaged the Territory's finest lawyers for his defense. His trial involved more than seventy-five witnesses and he was found guilty on December 23. A scarlet ribbon convicted him. Tewksbury wore a white sombrero with a red ribbon around the crown. Witnesses remembered the colors, white and red, and swore that they had seen a man wearing such a sombrero in the vicinity of the Cummins Ranch on August 2.

Ed Tewksbury was doomed to die. His lawyers frantically reviewed the case looking for a legal loophole. They found one; they discovered that Ed's plea of "not guilty" had not been entered on the district court's records, and the verdict was set aside.



"Honest, Chief, I didn't know it was loaded."

Tewksbury's second trial began on January 2, 1895, and on the 10th his fate was again in the hands of a jury, who this time disagreed. A doubt was raised in the minds of the jurors by A. J. Stencel, a cowboy from the Winslow country who testifed that on August 2 he had met Ed Tewksbury on the Reno road, far from the scene of the murder.

The case was finally dismissed on March 12, 1896. After having spent two and a half years behind bars, Ed returned to Pleasant Valley—but he didn't stay long. He moved to Globe, where he served as town marshal for several years before his death from tuberculosis on April 4, 1904.

Except for the shooting of Horace Philley, a cowboy killed in Reno Pass soon afterwards, Tom Graham's death was the last act of bloodshed in the feud that had raged so long and so fiercely in the Tonto Basin. As new settlers came into the Valley, and barbed wire fences crossed the ranges, hostility ceased. The feud's bitterness remained only in the fading memories of the pioneer ranchmen.

Miners' Rush to the Wichitas

(Continued from page 37)

riders were seen winding around Mt. Scott. They were led by Frank B. Farwell. The miners armed themselves and waited the outcome. One old-timer said that Winchesters and pistols were as thick as fleas on a dog's back that day. There was heated argument between leaders of the two parties. The police finally decided there were too many armed miners to deal with and retreated.

On January 19, 1905, a Game Preserve bill was passed in the Senate and the Wichitas were made into a Game Preserve. It was to be fenced, with four gates placed where they were most needed. There would be a gatekeeper at each of the entries to prevent firearms being carried into the preserve.

The miners would not be interfered with by the Government in any way, and would have the pleasure as they worked their claims of gazing on the herds of buffalo and deer.

Claim jumping was another problem which plagued the mine operators. One of the more talked about incidents concerned H. Foster Bain, a late Government mining expert. He, with two other men, Lloyd and Berlington, is said to have jumped six claims near Wildman. Finding the owners gone, they pitched tents, put up their skull and crossbones sign, and went to work. Their first tunnel was sunk in the side of Nest Egg Mountain. They had reached a depth of forty feet when the real owners returned and ordered them off. The claim jumpers put up a big bluff but finally decided it would be best to leave.

As the weeks and months passed and no big bonanza was discovered, the miners began to lose heart. Several of the owners salted their mines with gold from Colorado, and sold shares back east. The Lawton Saddle Mountain Mining Company came up with an idea for developing their claims—they sold their stock on the installment plan.

Suddenly work began to slacken. All too soon the big mining companies and investors realized the experts had been right. Mining in the Wichitas was not and had not and would never be a paying operation.

Editor's note: For present-day activity in Oklahoma's gold area, be sure to see August, 1965, TRUE WEST.

The White Petticoat

(Continued from page 31)

The next day the Chief drew Harry aside and in a solemn manner asked, "You know old man come last night?"

Harry said, "Yes, Chief, I know him."

"He mebbe so come again?"

"Yes, Chief, he might. Why?"

"He come again, you tell'm I want pair overalls."

I THINK it was a man by the name of McArthur who had acquired the Pahrump Ranch (formerly owned by Aaron Winters, the discoverer of borax in Death Valley). He backed one side in the dispute over the Johnnie mining claims. The other side were all Mormons and their rights were based on claims located by Bob Montgomery. Several high officials of the Mormon Church were among the stockholders in the Mormon Company, and a Salt Lake City man by the name of Jerry Langford was in charge of the mine for the Mormons.

A little town called "Deuces" developed around the mines and Sam Yount, hoping to become a merchant there, had opened up a saloon in the town. One evening Sam heard some sort of a commotion going on in front of his place of business and went out to investigate. It was dark but he saw some horses and, when he bumped into a man, he asked what was going on.

The man shoved a gun up against Sam and said, "Kid, you get back inside your place and forget you saw anyone out here. You don't want to know what's going on."

Sam restrained his curiosity, got back inside and not until the next morning did he learn what was happening.

The Mormon crowd had been in possession of the mine, working it while the McArthur men had been out recruiting an "army." After these many years the only names that I remember of those comprising the army were Phil Foot and Jack Longstreet. Phil Foot had built up quite a reputation as a gunman throughout the Southwest and Jack Longstreet, said to be a relative of the Confederate general of that name, was a squaw man who lived on a ranch in the north end of Nye County and was known as a violent man. Jack came down, bringing with him several Indians who were anxious to get the gun wages being offered by the rival claimants.

It was this McArthur army that Sam had bumped into that night in front of his bar, and in the darkness the army moved up and occupied the hill behind the Johnnie mine workings.

When daylight came, the McArthur men opened fire on the Mormon crew, ran them all out, and gained possession of the mine. At this point the new occupants made a vital mistake; they did not continue to occupy that important hill behind the mine workings and thus left it open for the Mormons to reverse the process.

Sam said that he heard the Mormons assemble in front of his place of business but, knowing that his interference would not be welcome, he stayed inside and the next morning heard what had happened.

In the night the Mormons took possession of the hill behind the mine workings and at daylight opened fire on the McArthur men who rushed into the hoist house for protection. The Mormon gunfire must have been more accurate or more intense than that of their rivals, for soon several of the McArthur men had been wounded and they all wished to surrender.

Then the problem was—how to convey their desire for an armistice to the Mormons who were still shooting? Finally it was discovered that Jack Longstreet's squaw was wearing a white petticoat. This they borrowed. With the petticoat tied on a Winchester barrel and waved out the window of the hoist house, the Mormons soon got the idea and the shooting ended.

When some of the defeated McArthur men got down to Deuces that morning they told Sam that Phil Foot had been shot through the lungs and was in terrible pain, and asked if Sam had anything to relieve his suffering. He had some morphine. After getting permission from the victorious Mormons, Sam got on his pony and rode up to the mine. He gave the drug to Foot who was lying on a door in the hoist house, and Foot gradually went to sleep. But it was sleep from which he did not awaken.

On his way up to the mine Sam said that he got the one laugh of the whole campaign. When the Mormons took possession, they ordered all the McArthur men to leave at once. Most of them did, but Jack Longstreet was caught in a bind. He had his squaw and his wagon up at the mine but when he was ready to leave he could only find one horse. Luckily the road from the mine to Deuces was mostly downhill, for when Sam met the Longstreet outfit, the squaw was up on the wagon seat working the brake and Jack and one horse were doing the hauling.

I SAW Jack Longstreet some years after the Johnnie affair and he was still quite a picturesque character. A big old fellow, with a flat brimmed, flat top Stetson, his long white hair almost reached his shoulders—and it did conceal his ears. Jack Longstreet's ears are still a moot question with those who knew him. Some say that his ears had been trimmed, as that was a penalty for a certain crime in the West. But as no one had ever seen them, and certainly no one ever had the temerity to ask about them, the question must remain unanswered. He was a most formidable looking old person.

After the second battle of the Johnnie, the Mormons seemed to have remained in peaceful possession of the mine, but Sam was almost caught in a jam over the deal a few days later. He had taken his team and driver down to the Manse Ranch to get supplies and, having spent the night there, was ready to leave the next morning when a light rig came driving in from the railroad at Fenner. In the rig were Jerry Langford and another official of the Mormon Johnnie Company.

When it developed that Sam was on his way back to Deuces they invited him to ride with them since their light rig would make much better time than Sam's heavy wagon. Sam accepted the invitation and, after giving instructions to his driver, they started out. Sam noticed that before they left, one of the men went over to the scrap pile at the blacksmith shop and came back with a leaf from a buggy spring which he placed in the back of the rig.

From Manse Ranch there were two roads that went to Johnnie; one of them went straight through, but the other one detoured through the Pahrump Ranch which was in possession of the defeated McArthur warriors. Sam felt a little upset when they passed up the road that went straight to Johnnie and took the road that went through Pahrump. He felt even more concerned when they stopped the rig and, with the buggy spring leaf, opened the wooden case that was in the back of the buckboard. This proved to be full of Winchester rifles and ammunition. They loaded three of the rifles, handed one to Sam and, with the other two rifles in their hands, drove on toward Pahrump.

Sam said that he thought the situation over and decided that he was being played for a sucker, riding along with a Winchester rifle in his hands like a hired gunfighter in a war that did not concern him. He was in the back seat, and not under observation, so he slipped the Winchester down between his feet out of sight and sat up straight with his arms folded and his hands in plain sight as they went trotting into the enemy camp.

The McArthur gunmen who had retired to Pahrump, smarting from their defeat in the second Johnnie battle, would have opened fire instantly on the two Mormon ring leaders. But seeing Sam, whom they all knew and liked, sitting in the back seat with no gun in his hands, they debated among themselves until the opportunity was lost.

Langford kept the horses at a fast trot until they were out of the palm drive leading from the ranch and only then did Sam dare to take a deep breath. Sam said that only sheer bravado on the part of Langford and his partner was responsible for that foolhardy trip through the McArthur stronghold.

I am still quoting Sam when I say that the Mormons continued to operate the Johnnie Mine profitably for a number of years but, as the operation was tied to several unprofitable ventures among which was the Confidence Mine over in Death Valley, the Johnnie Company finally wound up in financial difficulty and Sam told an interesting story of what happened when the mine closed down.

IN THOSE days the miners were paid monthly, but once the miners' pay checks from the head office in Salt Lake City failed to arrive for three months. The men went to the mine superintendent to complain. The superintendent said that he was in the same fix; he hadn't been paid either. He shipped the gold bullion to the Selby Smelter in California and the checks for it went to the Johnnie Company in Salt Lake but his letters to the Company about the pay checks remained unanswered. He suggested that there was plenty of good ore in the mine and if the men would just go back to work and get out ore for a good mill run, when it was reduced to bullion they could ship the gold themselves and divide the proceeds.

This seemed to be the only way the men could collect their back wages, so they agreed to the plan and went back to work. When the ore had been mined and processed in the mill and a large bar of bullion was ready to ship, the superintendent said, "Now men, so there won't be any misunderstanding, I want a couple of you to go along with me when I go down to the post office at Pahrump to ship the bullion."

Two of them went along with him and saw the bar shipped by registered mail to the Selby Smelting Company near San Francisco.

Back at the mine the superintendent said, "Boys, it will be ten days before the returns come from Selby. I have some business to 'tend to down at Fenner, so I will go down there and be back here by the time the returns get here."

The superintendent left but at the end of the ten days he had not returned. The miners waited a few days more and then went down to Pahrump and asked the postmaster if there was any mail from Selby. There was, and although it was addressed to the superintendent, the postmaster finally gave it to the men.

When they opened it they found, not a check, but a letter from the Selby Company acknowledging the receipt of a bar of babbitt metal of a weight corresponding to the weight of the gold the superintendent was supposed to have shipped and asking what was to be done with it. The superintendent was never seen again. Such was life in the far West, where the wind blows and the dogs bark at strangers.

After much discussion, the men finally went back to the mine and worked to get out another mill run. When this ore was reduced to bullion, the miners took no chance on anyone's shipping it. They marked the bar off in equal parts, cut it up with a hacksaw, and each man got his fair share.

The drain of other unsuccessful operations used up the money produced by the Johnnie Mine, and the accumulation of unpaid bills ruined the credit of the Johnnie Company. At last the mine shut down.

Some of the Salt Lake City owners of stock in the Johnnie Company had wanted to see it get back in operation again. They raised a fund for this purpose and engaged an engineer named Gillispie to go down to the mine and pay a portion of the bills. Gillispie was an experienced and honest mine and mill operator from the Silver Reef District in Utah, where he was well known.

When Gillispie arrived at the Johnnie, he found that the outstanding bills were considerably in excess of the money he had been given to pay on them. The bills were totaled and he offered to pay each of the creditors a proportion of the funds he had brought from Salt Lake, with the balance to be paid as soon as he received additional money.

This plan was agreed to by all but one of the creditors. The exception was one Harry, a saloon keeper, who said that his bill must be paid in full, at once, and to hell with the rest of the creditors! Gillispie explained that it would not be fair to pay one man in full and the others only in part. Harry insisted that he must have his account in full immediately.

Residents of Deuces had dwindled so, that during the daytime, when Gillispie came down to try to settle up, the blacksmith (a Frenchman) and Harry were the only two people in town.

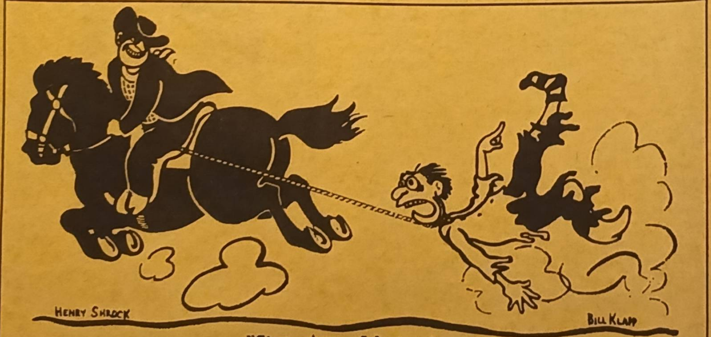
WHEN the other residents of the town returned later in the day, they found the body of Gillispie lying in his buckboard. He had been killed with a shotgun. Harry and the blacksmith claimed to know nothing about the shooting, but Harry was arrested and taken to Belmont for trial. The blacksmith refused to testify and, as the State could produce no other witness to the crime, Harry went free.

Some time later, when the blacksmith was leaving the country to go back to France, he told Sam the story of the shooting. It seemed that when Harry and Gillispie argued about the account, Harry got a shotgun and murdered the unarmed Gillispie in cold blood. Harry then went to the blacksmith and told him that if he dared to testify against him, he would be killed, too. Knowing Harry to be a merciless killer and having a foreigner's distrust of American law, the Frenchman kept still and allowed the crime to go unpunished.

The Manse Ranch remained in the possession of the Yount family until about 1911 when it was sold to a German-American named Hoffman. During the First World War Hoffman was so emphatic in his refusal to sell beef that might be used to feed soldiers who were fighting Germany, that he was arrested and confined at Fort Douglas, Utah, for the duration.

The next owner was an eccentric wealthy Frenchman of miserly habits. He was shot and killed by a Mexican ranch hand who resented the Frenchman's attention to the Mexican's wife. The Mexican hauled the Frenchman's body down and threw it to the hogs. He then loaded his wife and family into his car and took off. Captured at San Bernardino, California, he was returned to Tonapah for trial and sentenced to one year. Individual jurors were quoted as saying that they did not mind his killing the Frenchman, but they did not think it was exactly cricket to feed him to the hogs!

Well, the West was never a quiet place—or a sedate place. It was full of trouble and full of fun. When I think of Sam Yount, I remember the last dance I ever attended in his store in Goodsprings. I danced the cake walk, in costume, and took second place. Wish I could do it today!



"Stop, stop — I lost a boot!"

Forgotten Frontier Heroes

(Continued from page 45)

among ourselves to see who would play with the pup. She came back with another pup in her mouth." She made other trips and finally had four pups on the bedding. "The father of these pups was the big Newfoundland that belonged to the Shadler brothers."

These hardy outdoor men were touched by this dog family carrying on in the wilds like the true pioneer stock that they were—the enterprising mother and four sturdy pups fathered by a fighter who had died a hero's death defending his masters.

You may still find a dog owner in Texas who claims that his canine is a descendent of this stock. It's something like saying his own ancestors came over on the Mayflower or was one of the original Three Hundred. He will have no papers to prove it, but no true dog lover can blame him for wanting to believe it.

MUCH has been said about the faithfulness and application to duty among sheep dogs. There are many examples on the frontier where their action was "beyond the call of duty." In 1876, a sheep owner named Casner and his herder were murdered on the Palo Duro, in the Texas Panhandle, by the outlaw, L'Archeveque. The Casner shepherd dog was guarding sheep when the Indian herder was attacked. The dog left his herding duties, rushed to the assistance of the herder and fought the attacker until he was brought down by a bullet.

About a week later a couple of cattlemen found the wrecked camp and the bodies. The outlaw's bullet had not killed the dog; it had only knocked one eye out and stunned him. Though nearly starved and in great pain the dog was faithfully holding the sheep in herd.

Though cattlemen, at this time, violently hated sheepmen and almost everything associated with them, one of the men adopted this proven animal. Among cattlemen he sometimes apologized for the animal's background, but in this rugged land where heroes were a necessity and admired as such, he never apologized for the "blood" in his dog.

A prospector in the Elk Mountains came upon a large bunch of sheep herded only by dogs. The sheep were fat and healthy, but for days the prospector observed that there was never a human being with them. The prospector later learned that the Indians had killed the herders and stampeded the flock. The dogs had rounded up the sheep and had driven them over a hundred miles to their original stamping grounds.

Dogs in this region were trained for such emergencies. A few goats were kept with the herds. Before the eyes of a prospective sheep dog were open, they were given to some nanny that had lost her kid. The goat usually adopted two or more pups and suckled them until they were able to shift for themselves. When the dogs grew up, they were taught to catch a nanny and milk her if necessary. One dog would hold her while the other sucked her. As long as there was a nanny in the herd, the dogs would not starve. Thus the dogs managed their sheep and goats and lived comfortably enough, bound by instinct and training never to leave a job undone.

Many people will tell you that, without dogs, the frontier would have been much longer getting settled. But no one will try to estimate the number of lives and the amount of property these faithful, intelligent, and courageous animals saved.

King of the Filibusters

(Continued from page 51)

of an American insurgent ruling Nicaragua, Walker hand-picked a dolt, named Rivas, as provisional president. (Rivas's full name spoken in Spanish sounds like "Topsy-Turvy.")

Topsy, in his turn, named Walker commanding general of the twelve hundred man army. Adventurers all, Walker trained his troops with infinite care. There wasn't a man among them that couldn't bore a dollar at one hundred yards with his rifle, nor flick the ashes from a cigar at a hundred feet with his pistol.

With force at his back, Walker undertook to educate the masses through his newspaper "El Nicaraguense," which repeatedly reminded natives of their legend about the Gray-Eyed Liberator. The thin veneer of sanity which had kept his megalomania secret began to run off with the overpowering realization he no longer answered to anyone, for anything. Walker was the state. Anyone even remotely threating to eclipse his fame was ordered shot, and those who found toadying favor were elevated and justified beyond reason.

With a fear fanned by Legitimist refugees that Walker planned to engulf all of Central America, Costa Rica invaded Nicaragua in February, 1856. The Immortals, though again outnumbered, repulsed the invaders easily. The blue and white flag with the blood red star again waved peacefully in the humid air.

Some of Walker's personality must have rubbed off on Topsy, as he chose this juncture to call a general presidential election. Topsy announced himself as the Democratic candidate, believing he could undercut Walker in his own party. A resurgent Legitimist party then contrived the century's greatest political irony, naming Walker as their candidate. When the June, 1856, ballots were canvassed William Walker had been elected overwhelmingly. This was the first time in history that an American had ever been elected ruler of a foreign country.

Legal as well as nominal ruler, Walker unfurled a new blood-starred flag with the motto "Five or None," an allusion to consolidating all the neighboring nations.

Incited again, the four nations coveted by Walker, Costa Rica, Guatemala, San Salvador, and Honduras simultaneously attacked. Walker had three thousand troops in the field against their twenty thousand. The outcome was never in doubt until Walker crossed swords with a financial giant.

NEEDING funds, Walker seized a gold shipment from one of the Accessory Transit Company steamers. He justified his act by declaring the company in violation of their contract with his government and commandeered the entire line. The Transit Company had been granted a long-term franchise, providing certain improvements would be made within Nicaragua, and ten per cent of the profits paid. Cornelius Vanderbilt's line carried gold seekers from Greytown on the Atlantic coast, up the San Juan River, across Lake Nicaragua to Virgin Bay, then completed the last twelve miles by carriage, to be picked up by Vanderbilt's Pacific ships. Inasmuch as it pared seven hundred odd miles from the usual route across Panama, the company was fabulously successful. More than twenty-five thousand passengers were carried annually, but clever bookkeepers saw there were never any profits to report.

After seizing the company, Walker reissued the franchise to a pair of friends.

Vanderbilt raged, swearing vengeance on the little gray-eyed man. He stopped his ships supplying both ends of the Line, began pouring money and janizaries into the four countries already at war with Walker; even connived with the State Department to have a warship sent to capture Walker.

Captain Charles Davis, of the "St. Mary's," located Walker at Rivas. Since Vanderbilt's intervention, Walker's fortunes had rapidly declined; his forces were sick and decimated. Theoretically, in the name of humanity, Davis demanded Walker's surrender, after he prevented his escape in the Nicaraguan ship "Granada." Hopelessly, Walker arranged for care of sick and wounded Immortals, then capitulated.

Walker was given a robust welcome to New York. Charges were dismissed after Vanderbilt recovered his Transit Line. But even while he was being feted, Walker secretly recruited volunteers. Within a month, he landed with one hundred and fifty new Immortals and seized the Atlantic port of the Transit Company, preparing to recapture his prize.

Vanderbilt and the State Department apparently anticipated him. The American frigate "Wabash" beached three hundred and fifty blue jackets a short time later. Commodore Hiram Paulding, backed by his ship's guns, demanded surrender. And for the third time in his meteoric career, Walker surrendered to American forces.

Both Walker and the Commodore were publicly reprimanded by President Buchanan for their activities. Stoically Walker accepted the rebuke, slipped out of Mobile Bay on December 1, 1858, with one hundred and fifty more men. His vessel was wrecked on the Honduras Coast, and they were rescued and returned.

WALKER was fast becoming a roving nightmare to both America and Great Britain. Ships constantly patrolled Central American coasts, and every internal precaution was taken to prevent these volatile countries from flaming into rebellion again.

With incredible persistence and impudence, Walker gathered another hundred filibusters and landed on Ruatan, an island facing Trujillo, Honduras. Supply failures again plagued him, but his men voted to invade Trujillo. Next day the blood-starred flag fluttered over Trujillo, and Walker seemed on his way back to Nicaragua.

Captain Norwell Salmon's British frigate "Icarus" slipped into the bay and sent orders for immediate evacuation of the port. Great Britain, Salmon insisted, had a mortgage on Trujillo's revenues; therefore Walker must not interfere.

Walker stalled and argued too long. A ragged, barefoot force of Hondurans prepared a siege to assist Salmon. Walker promised a final answer in the morning, but with his troops slipped from the city during the night, undertaking a forced march down the Honduran coast through the dreaded Mosquito Belt.

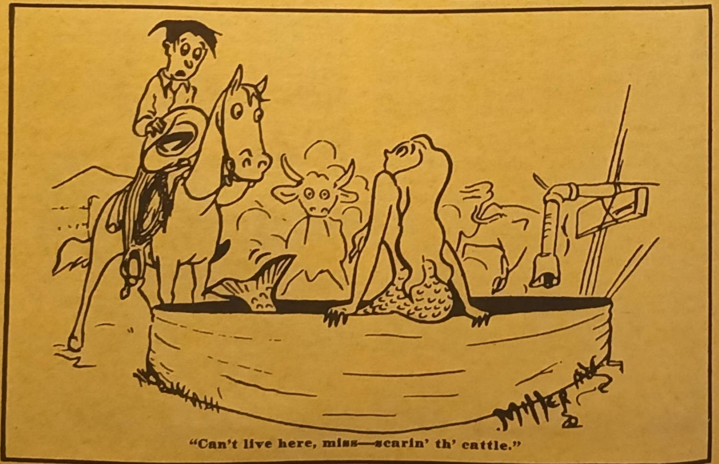
The "Icarus" weighed anchor and set a course to intercept them. Despite the brief chase, Salmon found Walker and nearly all of his men disabled by fever. The landing party rounded up the stragglers, and Walker, when taken into custody, was twice assured he was a prisoner of the British Navy.

As quickly as the wind allowed, the "Icarus" dumped its prisoners into the hands of the Hondurans, long thirsty for Walker's blood. Salmon interceded for the men, and offered Walker amnesty if he would humbly request it as an American. But with his personality, or courage, it wasn't mentally possible for him to comply. Walker said only that he was now a Nicaraguan.

Court martial convened. On September 12, 1860, William Walker walked to a spot of beach, followed by a rag-tag firing squad. He waved away the handkerchief, made a brief, rambling speech justifying his life, then stood ready.

Even at twenty feet his enemies had difficulty killing him. A sergeant administered the coup de grace.

Ironically, Costa Rica, which had remarkably little to do with Walker's defeat, has erected the only permanent monument to the king of the filibusters. In the public square of San Jose there is the statue of a woman (in which Walker had little interest), fashioned with her foot on his prostrate form.



"Can't live here, miss—scarin' th' cattle."

Trail Drive on the Rio Conchos

(Continued from page 12)

The next day broke in its usual serenity. While the cattle were leaving their bed grounds I rode to the head of the herd to line them up for a count. We were eleven head short. They had strayed away when the big stampede started.

The big longhorns would trail out each morning and keep going until midday, would lay up on the river during peak heat, then we would trail again until dusk.

Fifteen days from the start, the herd was at the Rio Grande River. We made the crossing without any trouble, as the river was down at Presidio. A count was made as the herd went into the river by the Mexican boss and on the Texas side by Pat Kennedy and me.

We were about twenty head short as we had to drop some cattle that were cripples and could not keep up, and a few were lost in the stampede. The bosses were well pleased with the herd and that night the Reynolds crossed into Ojinaga and pulled a big party for all who made the trip. They had their fill of tequila, that potent Mexican beverage stronger than T.N.T., which caused them all to go crazy with fun.

PAT KENNEDY and his cowboys took charge of the herd. He did not try to take the cattle through the mountains, but followed the Rio Grande River northwest until he came to Hudspeth County, then north across the Southern Pacific Railroad to the LX pasture in Culberson County. The 150-mile trip we made in eight and a half days. I shall never forget it.

At the ranch Mr. Reynolds gave me my pay and a bonus of $200. It was April, 1909, and I was offered a job running one of the ranches, but I wanted to go to California.

On the way, I stopped at El Paso for a good time. While making the rounds of the redlight dance halls, I ran into a man from Amarillo, Texas.

"You are the fellow from the XIT up on the plains who they say can throw the Johnny Blocker loop with a lariat for a hundred feet and make it fit a horse's head," he remarked.

I smiled, "I don't know who told you that, but I like the compliment." For those that don't know what a Blocker is—it's a small loop a man makes in his rope, dropping the rope to his left side, then without swinging the rope, raises it over his head with a quick twist of the wrist before he pitches it through the air on the head of a horse. A good roper can throw in a remuda of 250 head—when the head only could be seen—any place within reach of the length of his rope. This is what he was referring to.

This man turned out to be Captain Bill Hardy of the Border Rangers, so for the next four months I wore the star of the Border Ranger Service working out of El Paso, riding the Rio Grande River, looking for wetbacks, smugglers or anyone committing crime.

I did not follow orders from my superior officer, in that sometimes, when making an arrest, I would not take them in but would take it upon myself to punish them. Then I would tell them never to let me catch them again doing anything wrong. I either made my friend or enemy, but usually more friends as I gave them a break. For this I was told my services were no longer needed.

I took it a little hard as this was the first time in my life I had ever been fired. I did get a thrill out of the work—never a dull moment. The chances you took were always exciting as well as dangerous, and this I enjoyed as much as the nightly trips, when not on duty, across the bridge into old Mexico—Ciudad Juarez. The Sunday afternoon bullfights, the beautiful senoritas, and the steer roping in Cowboy Park—yes, I took it all in.

It was September when I boarded a train for the West Coast. Fred Akins, a Wild West showman, was hiring bucking horse riders to open in November in New South Wales, Sydney, Australia, so I joined the Akins Real Wild West and Far East Show, and we sailed from San Francisco, California, about the 5th or 6th of October, 1909.

The West's Bloodiest Duel?

(Continued from page 27)

and as McCluskey crawled up within reach, dealt him a terrible blow in the neck, cutting muscles and tendons and veins, and half severing the head from the body. But the effort was too much for him, and leaving the weapon sticking in the wound, he pitched heavily forward on his face.

Everyone supposed that this blow would have instantly killed McCluskey, but strange to say it did not, for so great was his vitality that before falling, he twice plunged his own knife into the body of Anderson.

The tale is soon told. McCluskey lived a minute longer than his antagonist. The dead bodies, locked firmly in each other's embrace, were taken to the house of Harding and laid out side by side on the gaming table. A crimson trail marked the path of those who carried them indoors, and the pools of blood indicated the scene of the late conflict.

There was no gaming that night. The hunters and Indians appeared to find excitement enough in talking over the events of the day without having to resort to their usual pastime. About 11 o'clock the moon rose, and the bodies were taken out for burial.

There were no funeral ceremonies, but Job Harding remarked as the muffled forms were lowered into the grave, "There go two as brave men as ever lived."

They were buried deep to keep the wolves and coyotes from digging them up, and the earth was heaped up in a little mound to mark where they slept.

And then, with the night wind whispering a soft requiem over the dead men's graves, and the moon shining sadly from her distant sphere in the upper ether, the crowd slowly dispersed, and each one sought his couch.

Early the next morning our party of engineers turned its back upon Medicine Lodge, and on the evening of the fourth day took passage on the eastern-bound train from Wichita, Kansas.

A MORE horrible affair than this double murder it would be difficult to imagine. Both men were well known in Wichita and along the great cattle trails, and both, to a certain degree, were popular. While looked upon as desperadoes and bad characters, their undoubted pluck won for them a feeling of admiration, which, if not akin to friendship, at least secured them friendly treatment. And I have no doubt that in the minds of many of their own class they left behind them recollections quite as favorable as would have been the case had they, instead of being ruffians, lived virtuous and peaceable lives." So ended Allegro's story.

PROFESSOR James W. Grahame, an Englishman, who witnessed the fight, was working with the same party of engineers for the Texas-Pacific Railroad. Years later he said that the McCluskey-Anderson death duel was "the most desperate meeting of the kind ever heard of."

He backed up Allegro's story fully when he recalled the fight.

"It was agreed that they should fight to the finish with six-shooters and bowie knives. The spectators ranged in two lines with a sufficient space in between, and the desperadoes stood back to back.

"At a word, each walked ten paces and turned. Then they began firing. Twelve shots in all were fired and only two failed to tell. The spectators could see the men waver as each ball struck them, and then with curses and taunts at the bad marksmanship of the other, each would stagger forward, firing as they came.

"When the pistols were empty, the bowie knives were taken. The men engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. They were too weak to stand long and were soon on their knees, fighting with both hands. It was no stage combat, no posing, but all work. They swore and cursed and bit. They hardly paused. Each was too eager to kill the other to waste time in anything but cutting.

"The blades were in their throats, their sides, near the heart. The men literally weltered in blood. The hardened spectators turned away, asking if the death of one or the other would not soon end the struggle. At last, McCluskey, too weak to longer evade or strike, received Anderson's knife in the neck. The jugular was severed and he fell forward, dead. Anderson too had expired. That was a game fight!"

What happened to Allegro is not known. The Red Front Saloon at Newton is still standing. Now the broken-down building is used as a scrap yard for a garage. Perry Tuttle's dancehall went downhill after Jim Shay bought it in 1872 and was foreclosed for debt on February 6, 1873. Businessman Dave Hammill killed Shay in a gunfight on February 22, of the same year. The building was then bought by businessman Harry Lovett, who had it moved to a plot he owned on East Sixth Street to be used as a private house. It has since been destroyed.

No one knows exactly where the graves of Arthur McCluskey and Hugh Anderson are. It is likely that they were buried near where they died out on the prairie.

"In-di-ans!"

LETTER RIP!

Dear Joe:

Enclosed is ten dollars, being payment for THE BEST OF TRUE WEST, one-year subscription for OLD WEST beginning with issue one and back numbers of TRUE WEST—22, 24 and 26.

Dollars are as scarce as hen's teeth in this remote part of the South Seas. But we had a couple of Mormon elders on the Island some weeks ago and one of them wished to cash a ten dollar bill. The bill was quickly cashed and just as quickly forwarded to you.

Joe, everytime I read copies of your magazines, I sweat tears of blood as many of the books advertised are a real *must* to me. For the past twenty years, I've been doing research on Polynesian pre-history and any publication on the American Indian is of value in this work. Since dollars are nonexistent, I'm prepared to help anyone who can help me. There are ample supplies of Pacific sea shells, some of the rare *Conus* variety, here on Atiu. We still make hula skirts, hats, etc.

Atiu is a remote island and, although only overnight from Rarotonga, we seldom have any Europeans staying on the Island. We have a Dutch Roman Catholic priest and we two are the only palefaces here. Although a Scot, the best part of me is slowly becoming Polynesian.

All success to your publications, Joe. They are tops and as a trained anthropologist I can very well say that your publications are a *must* for any social scientist.

Excuse mistakes, etc. The typist has put a flower behind her ear and run off to the beach. *Aro' anui*—John James MacCauley, The Residency, Atiu, Cook Islands, South Pacific.

You sadist! I need a brief vacation (about twenty years!) and I'll be in on the next canoe. We've got plenty of hoss-swapping readers. Let us know how you come out. May do some with you myself.

Dear Mr. Small:

It isn't often I sit down to write a letter like this but I felt obliged to this time. The Spring, 1965, issue of OLD WEST was so chock-full of good stuff I had to write and tell you how I felt about it.

I was up till the small hours of the morning reading. I just couldn't put it down. The articles I especially enjoyed were "Gauntlet Gloves," "The Mysterious John Ringo," "Hellacious Young Hellion," and "On This Day." But every article was so gosh-durned good, I can't explain it in words. That's how the past issue of OLD WEST has left me—speechless!

I'm awful glad you're reprinting the past issues of TRUE WEST since I only found out about your publications a year ago. I'm sure looking forward to reading all the hundreds of great stories I missed.

I'm only thirteen years old and it's not always the easiest thing in the world to raise six bucks extra to subscribe every year. But I want you to know, Mr. Small, that you'll be getting those six bucks no matter *how* hard it is to scrape up.

Thanks for such great magazines.—Kathy Giorgi, 54 Sylvan Road, Port Chester, New York 10573.

Bless your heart, Hon. I wish we could send these turrible rags free to youngsters like you. If you ever have trouble raising the dough, let me know.

Hello, Joe (Old Boy):

I go out tonight with a buck and a half in my pocket. I start to get a bottle or so of beer. But no, I stop in the drug store. Look at magazines for 25c—35c. Then I spot OLD WEST all bright and new—Spring, 1965—50c. What did I buy? Boy, I am reading tonight. Having fun away up in Alaska digging gold and *cold sober*. Happy '65 to all you folks.—Cliff Graves, 905 Locust Street, Kansas City, Missouri 64106.

Dear Editor:

"Gold Trails of '98" is a great story. I like to read about Alaska and especially the Yukon and have read many books dealing with both. Let's have more long articles in the OLD WEST magazine.

In regard to articles that are continued, I always wait till I get the last part before beginning to read the story. —Albert Gay, 710 Highland Drive North, Seattle, Washington.

Dear Joe:

OLD WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST are the best buys on the newsstands today. They are crammed with history as it really was and knock the wind out of the old Ned Buntline type stuff that has found its way into schoolroom history books as fact.

I sure regret not picking these great magazines up from the start. Now I will have to order a batch of your back issues.

I just picked up your Vol. 1 No. 3 issue of OLD WEST and while looking over the illustrations for "Gold Trails of '98" I think I caught a boo-boo. The photo on page 67 captioned "Circle City waterfront" looks a whole lot more like the waterfront of Ketchikan or possibly Juneau around the turn of the century. As Circle City is on the Yukon River and therefore has no tides they would not have docks with piling twenty feet above the water. Also the several million tons of ice migrating down stream each spring would wipe out such a waterfront as this. Who goofed?

While I'm at it maybe one of you older "brush poppers" can give me a line on a great-uncle from your neck of the woods. The only information that I have on him is that his name was Bullard, a Texan, probably born or raised near Fort Worth. He was either a sheriff or marshal and came to a very dead end somewhere in the Big Bend country while doing his job. I would appreciate any information that the readers of OLD WEST might be able to give concerning this fellow.

Good luck to a fine magazine and keep the *facts* coming.—Steve R. Robar, Star Route A, Box 169, Spenard, Alaska 99502.

Steve, "goofing" is an interesting topic. Quite a lot could be written about it, but in the publishing business it boils down to who goofs *last*. And, of course, that's always us.

Probably nobody could ever put out a down to the eyelash perfect story no matter how it was gone over. For example, George (below) spotted some errors that you either missed or were too polite to bring up. But so far, on this story, yours and his are the only complaints we've received on geographical boo-boos. We'll tell you one thing, if your great-uncle Bullard had ever got you down in some of those Big Bend Canyons—in our neck of the woods—you'd have been as turned around as we seem to be in Canada!

Dear Sir:

Have your publication, OLD WEST, Vol. 1, No. 2. Sorry I missed No. 1.

I have a complaint regarding the article on Jim Bridger. It's this following the North Star and going through to the Arctic Ocean and not seeing a white man. It's funny he never ran into some of my family as they were there in the country from 1792. The whole idea of him going through to the Arctic is just bloody eyewash. It's impossible and I wish and hope I never see it in your publications again as this is the second time. I would suggest he got to Lesser Slave Lake in the Athabaska district of Alberta and being a man not hep to the country and seeing nobody, took it to be the Arctic. It's possible even now to get here on a horse and, if careful, see no one.

Your tale "Gold Trails of 1898" is a fine yarn but there are some bad mistakes like putting Fort Saskatchewan at Athabaska Lake—500 miles away from where the Fort really is! Fort Chippewyan is the place in question. There are others but I'll just mention that one but it really spoils a wonderful tale. I know all the area covered and know what they had to put up with.

With all the comments, I hardly ever miss a copy of your magazines and hope I'll continue to read them for a number of years yet.—George S. McDonald, Bones Bay Cannery, Minstrel Island, British Columbia, Canada.

Dear Sirs:

Do you know of anyone who would help me trace my grandfather who has been missing since 1914? Here is all the information I have been able to locate.

About 1897 near Sayre, Oklahoma, W. D. Poarch had a threshing crew working for him. One of the men was Thomas David Carson. About 1898, Poarch left his wife and six children and Mr. Carson was hired by Mrs. Poarch to work there on the homestead.

In 1903, Mrs. Poarch took her children and moved to Hill County, Texas, and in 1905 she and Mr. Carson were married. They had three daughters born in 1906, 1908, and 1909. The stepchildren all loved Mr. Carson and everyone thought only good of him. In 1914 he left Texas to look for work out West on the railroad and was never seen by his family again.

What happened to Thomas D. (Slim) Carson? If anyone, anywhere, knows anything pertaining to my grandfather, I would deeply appreciate hearing from them. My grandmother, Laura Carson, died in 1943 and my mother, Artie Ferguson Carson, died in 1961 so if I am successful in this search, it will depend on help I receive from your readers.

Many thanks.—Mrs. L. M. Jones, Box 5087, Federal Youth Camp, Tucson, Arizona.

Howdy, Ye Ole Varmint:

How are ye a gittin' along nohow? Got your FRONTIER TIMES for March, 1965, and both copies of OLD WEST about the same day so I have lotsa reading on hand—nuff to last quite awhile.

Kindly pass the word along for me to Mrs. Bernice McGee for a right nice article on the Superstitions of Arizona. Right purty country out there. I spent one whole day in late March of 1961 just riding back and forth on The Apache Trail and gazing at the magnificent grandeur that was all about me and getting out of my car once in awhile to take pictures. I do have some nice Kodachrome slides to prove I was there.

Well, here's to you, you ole varmint! Keep kicking, trying, and printing. With the best for all of your staff and a good business year in 1965.—Joe B. Downs, 2352 23rd Street West, Birmingham, Alabama 35208.

Howdy, You Old Billygoat!

You asked how I was—an' made your mistake. I got *burrsittis* in my writing arm, sweaty, cold feet, pallered cheeks, misery in my belly and carbunkles on my hunkus. But wors'n that, I got a coated tong that even corn squeezings won't redden up! My bile's not flowing proper. Add a tech of flu to that and you can see as how I might get to feeling puny if I get a few more ailments before dark.

Keep your hocks clean, Old Polecat, and for bedanged sakes, don't step on a whooping crane!

Dear Friends:

I am glad the majority of your readers are in favor of OLD WEST as you have decided to publish it. I would never have had the chance to read these old stories otherwise. The first two copies have been read from cover to cover and the pictures and your covers are great.

In the Winter (No. 2) edition I especially enjoyed Bernice McGee's story of the Superstitions. It covered that area better than any other I have ever read and I would surely like to see her picture album of that trip.

She mentions how much money has been spent in search of Noah's Ark. I have pretty good evidence that the Ark HAS been found but the fact that it is on a peak, almost inaccessible and on an international border whose soldiers have their guns pointed at each side of the lines, make it impossible for scientists to investigate.—Chester L. Mayer, Box 176, Eagle, Colorado 81631.

Howdy, Joe:

As I have never written to you before I think it is about time I put in my two cents worth. I have read TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES for some time and I think they are tops. But your OLD WEST is one dandy. Keep it coming right along. You write in your editorial of Vol. 1 No. 2 of the bloke that sent you the sour letter. I will say that guy must have lost part of his brains. He don't need anything to read.

Your story by Bernice McGee, "The Other World of the Superstitions," is a doggone good one. I have lived on the Great Mojave Desert for twenty-two years and would not live anywhere else. I am retired and have nothing else to do but keep my nose in your books all the time. I have made many a mile over this desert and I am telling you it is rugged in places.

Your "Letter Rip" column is a humdinger. Say looky, Joe, you are getting right down here in my territory, by gosh. It shore is good to read your stories so close to my home. All your books are tiptop and, like I said, keep them coming.—John E. Scarbrough, 612 West Newgrove Street, Lancaster, California 93534.

Dear Editor:

That story about Billy the Kid in your Spring OLD WEST is a lot of baloney! No one but Bell and Billy ever knew just what happened in the room at the Lincoln County Jail, Lincoln, New Mexico, and Bell died in a matter of minutes and Billy told nobody.

It is pure imagination on Mr. Adams' part to write such an article saying how Billy got the gun. He did not get it that way at all and I can prove it definitely and in due and proper time I will tell how he really got the weapon with which he killed Bell.

Material is being gathered to show when and where Billy was born, who his parents were, when and where they were married, the episode at the jail, and other information. Whether there will be sufficient data to make a book, remains to be seen. But it will quiet forever the myth about Billy getting Bell's gun by dropping a card on the floor and grabbing it when Bell bent over to pick up the card for Billy. Some other writer has come close with the real explanation but did not give the right name of the man who got the gun to Billy. But the man is long dead and his son also is dead so the word should hurt no one.

Much success to OLD WEST.—Alan Rhodes, Box 254, Vestal, New York 13850.

Dear Joe and Gang:

Yeah, stop man stop! What in tarnation are you paper-pokes trying to do down there? Are you all getting ready for a six-months' cruise around the world? Not that I would blame you if you were, but here's what I'm getting at. It is just the latter part of December and I already have my January issue of FRONTIER TIMES, my February issue of TRUE WEST, and my Spring issue of OLD WEST. If you keep up this pace, we're going to be receiving some of our 1967 issues by the end of 1965 or else there's going to be a long spell with *no* western reading at all. Anyhow, I'm just kidding.

As for advertising in your magazines, I can't think of one good reason why you should not put it in. What do people think you are in business for? Fun? In fact, I can't understand how you can put out a magazine like OLD WEST and even break even on it at 50¢ per copy. I say put in the ads and make yourself some dough. As long as you continue to shun the liquor ads and give your tenth to the Lord, you have nothing to worry about.

I don't see how you could improve on any of your magazines. They're perfect! Let the soreheads grumble. Remember, every knock is a boost. Don't worry, those that cancel their subscriptions will be sneaking them off the newsstands. They just *can't* keep their chicken-pickin' fingers off history magazines like yours.—D. H. Hacklander, 120 West 8th Street, Blue Earth, Minnesota.

We know just how you feel about getting a magazine in December that carries February on the cover! Christmas Day a friend of mine brought over a big watermelon and I thought "Now, ain't that rushing it a little—right here in the middle of cranberry time?" but I got used to the idea right quick and was spittin' seeds as fast as he was before it was over.

Trouble is, we're on the newsstands two months. Say we put "January" on the issue that was delivered to the newsstands about the 20th of the month (our on-sale date). About the middle of February the newsdealer would amble by, spot that "January" and heave us into the discard bale as *old*. We sure wouldn't get to stay there our full sixty days 'til March 20.

So it's better to rush the season and kinda confuse the readers, on account of if we don't make any money we'll have to quit publishing and then we can't confuse *anybody*. Lord forbid!

Grant and Minnie Nipper, 1937

Dear Joe:

I noted with great interest the life story of Butch Cassidy. Being of the younger generation I have heard many wonderful stories of his life from my grandfather, Grant Nipper. Before he died in 1957, he told many stories of the history of Wyoming. One such story wasn't of Butch but of a full-blooded Sioux woman who married a white man by the name of Jules Lamoreaux. The young couple with their two children were on their way to the gold mines of Atlantic City. When near Split Rock, Wyoming, their wagontrain was attacked by a war party of Sioux.

Mrs. Lamoreaux, seeing they were her tribe, yelled at them saying, "I am a sister of your Chief Gall. If any harm comes to my children you will hear of it."

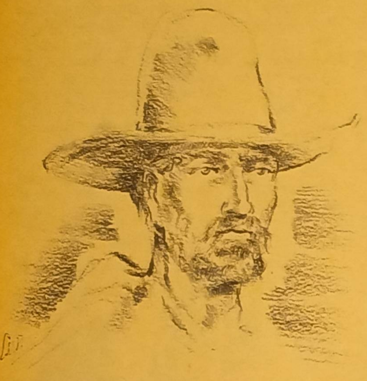
The Chief yelled for her to come out where they could see her. She did and the Indians, seeing she was telling the truth, formed an escort for the wagontrain until they reached Rock Creek near Atlantic City.

This grand lady lived a full and wonderful life. She had eight children. She died in the year of 1908 but her story will live on and on through generations to come.—Mrs. Otis E. Jones, Box 473, Lander, Wyoming.

The exploits of Jack Hays in Texas and California, if told in detail, would fill several volumes, but at this late date it is impossible to secure a complete record of his adventures and his daring deeds in Texas, Mexico and California. Through the enthusiastic cooperation of W. P. Webb, Adjunct Professor of History in the University of Texas, and Mr. D. S. McMullin of San Rafael, California, and by gleaning from various Texas writers, A. J. Sowell, Rev. Z. N. Morrell, James T. DeShields, Mrs. Mary A. Maverick, and others, some of whom personally knew him, we are enabled to present a very accurate record of the achievements of the premier Texas Ranger Captain.—*J. Marvin Hunter*

From Materials Furnished by Colonel Hays and Major John Caperton in California, and from Other Sources.

JACK HAYS the Intrepid TEXAS RANGER


Captain Jack Hays

Explanatory Note:

Jack Hays, the Intrepid Texas Ranger was originally printed serially in FRONTIER TIMES in 1927. Some time later (publication date unknown) the articles were compiled into a book edited by J. Marvin Hunter and published at Bandera, Texas. The latest quoted price for this small volume is $15.00.

Inserted into the original presentation are short sketches which we have taken from early issues of FRONTIER TIMES and which we feel are worthy additions to Jack Hays' story. In each case, volume and date have been given to clearly indicate the material included merely as a sidelight to the main story.

JOHN C. HAYS was born at Little Cedar Lick, Wilson County, Tennessee, near the Hermitage, on the 28th of January, 1817. General Jackson purchased the Hermitage from John's grandfather, whose name was also John Hays, and who was an officer under General Jackson in the Creek and other wars, and who built Fort Maysboro in Tennessee.

John's father, Harmon Hays, went into the army and was an officer under Jackson in all his wars. The boy was named John Coffee Hays, after General Coffee. He had a common school education in Tennessee. When he was about fifteen, he went to Mississippi, where he went out surveying in the swamps, and made enough money to carry him to Texas. There he joined the army on the Brazos River shortly after the battle of San Jacinto in 1836.

After that battle, where General Sam Houston commanded, the command of the army devolved on General Felix Huston, and then on General Albert Sidney Johnston. Hays was there before General Johnston took command. He served two or three years as a private, and was employed as a spy. He was on the Colorado for six or eight months, and then along the frontier under different commanders. He and one or two others would go out scouting and report to headquarters. During that time he belonged to various companies, and was engaged in a great many fights.

He was in Colonel Smith's Company at first for three or four months. Smith always went by the name of "Deaf" Smith. He came into Tennessee with consumption in early days, and went from there to Texas to live as a hunter. He was a very peculiar man, a famous frontiersman; one of the best scouts and fighters ever in Texas, and when the war broke out, he commanded a spy company and was Houston's right hand man as a spy.

Hays afterwards went into Colonel Karnes' Company. Karnes was a frontiersman, with red hair, desperately brave. He came from Tennessee also. Under him the company had various Indian fights with the Comanches who fought on horseback, with bows and arrows and lances. Some of them also had shotguns which they obtained from the traders, and from which they fired balls. The Indians had their families far up in the interior and kept large herds of horses. They lived there, and came down to the settlements from time to time, to commit their depredations. They came in considerable bodies and carried off the stock from the ranches, and murdered the settlers whenever they could catch them. They never attacked or burned houses, but always attacked the people outside.

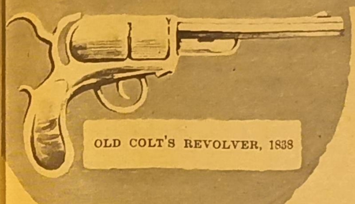
Deaf Smith's company was mostly employed in guarding the Mexican frontier, and his fights were with the Mexicans. Karnes' company fought more with the Indians; when they heard of the Indians coming into the neighborhood, they would go out and fight with them. They were principally the Comanches, and ranged through Texas clear up to nearly where the railroad runs now. That was their country, and had been for generations. They were a powerful nation, and very warlike and savage and cruel, at war with everybody, Mexicans, Americans and other Indian tribes.

AFTER the independence of Texas was established, the Government gave out what were called headrights to the people who came there to settle, and to those who had performed military service, entitling them to so much land. During his stay in Texas, Hays was engaged more or less all the time in surveying when not actively employed in military service.

He located and surveyed the land for people who had been granted headrights. He surveyed on nearly all the streams of Western Texas. These surveys were made to secure the people in their titles to the land, and at their expense, not for purpose of immediate settlement. The Surveyor's Office was opened in Texas in 1838. When a party went out surveying, they generally had a guard for protection. Hays sometimes commanded the party. The first time he went out to make a survey, his party of four or five became prisoners of the Cherokee Indians.

They first discovered them in the evening, and laid off at night, and the Indians came around them the next morning. They started along the trail, and the Indians followed, and got between them and the timber. The party broke and ran about a mile and a half, when a little fellow who was along as chain carrier gave out. They stopped and sent off one of their men who was mounted on a horse to the camp for aid.

The Indians came up and said they were friends. But when they got around the little party, they said they were prisoners. Hays said they would not give up their guns, and they didn't. The Indians kept them that night, and the next day they held a council of war. A Negro who was along with the party, and who understood what the Indians said, interpreted their talk. The Indians discussed the matter among themselves and said they would let the party go provided they would say the Indians were friends; they knew if they killed the survey party, men from San Antonio would be after them. The Cherokees were at that time at war with the whites, and also with the Comanches, and this body of them were fleeing from the latter.

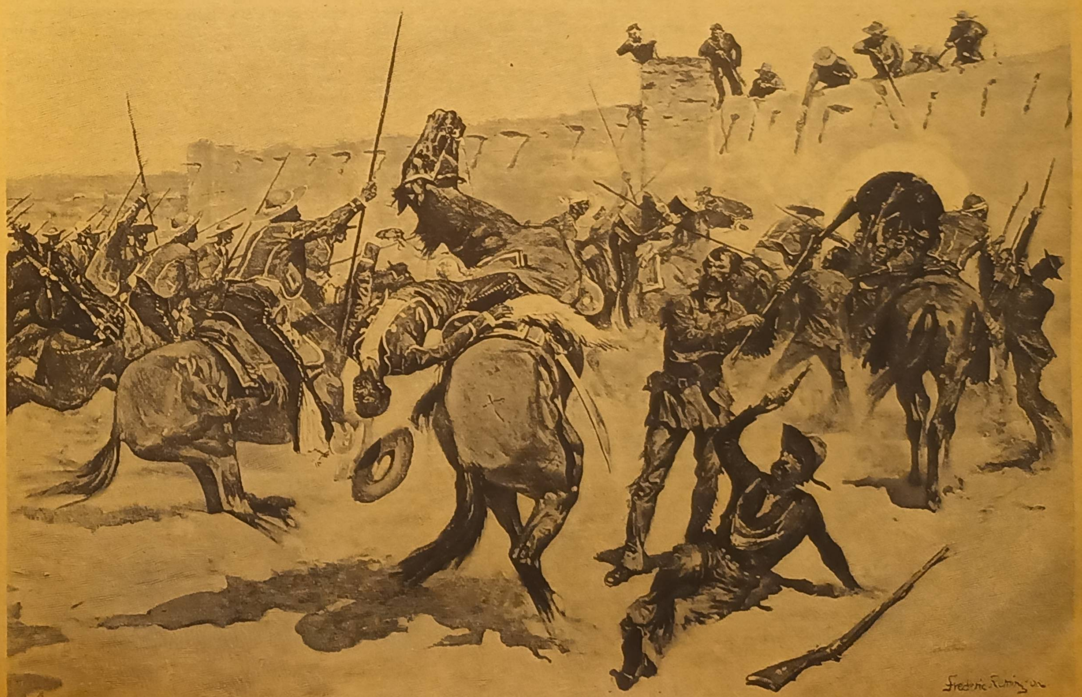

OLD COLT'S REVOLVER, 1838

Finally, about 2 o'clock, they made the party a proposition to the effect that if they would sign a paper saying that these Indians were friendly, they would let them go. The paper was accordingly drawn up and signed by the white men, who were then allowed to depart. During their captivity they were guarded day and night, but retained their guns, and told the Indians if they attempted to take them away, they would kill some of them. The Indians had a lot of Comanche scalps which they were cleaning all day, and putting on hooks. This was at Comal Creek.

One of the party, though not a coward, became so frightened thinking he would be killed by the Indians, that his hair turned gray, and he shortly became sick and died. There were no settlements where these surveys were carried on and there was great danger on account of the Indians. The first year after the Land Office was opened the larger portion of the surveyors were killed off.

DEAF SMITH was in Texas before the Americans came in. He used to go off in the mountains by himself, hunting, and on one occasion while riding his horse along, he discovered that some Indians of the Tawakoni Tribe, who go afoot altogether, were following him. Along the trail he was following there would be a little hill now and then, and he would lie down behind it to watch the Indians a little, out of their sight, and then continue on his way. He got to a river a little before night and stopped at a small opening or prairie, and at dark built up a fire, and put a log beside it about the size of a man and placed his hat on one end of it to deceive the Indians, and went off a few steps into the

An illustration by the distinguished painter, Frederic Remington, depicting the charge and killing of Padre Jarante in an important Ranger engagement. Note fallen Ranger in foreground with early model Colt revolving pistol.



brush.

Along about midnight he heard them coming up toward the fire, and he had to catch a dog he had with him, by the mouth, so as to prevent his growling or barking. Presently he saw a flight of arrows go into that log, and a big Indian ran up to tomahawk the man he thought was lying there. Smith said if he lived a thousand years he never could describe the expression that came into that Indian's face when he saw he had been fooled. Smith then raised his gun and shot him dead.

At Laredo, a little town on the Rio Grande River, about 200 miles southwest of San Antonio, the Mexicans had a garrison, with troops quartered there. On one occasion Deaf Smith, with about twenty-five of his men, including young Hays, went on a scouting expedition and had approached within two or three miles of the town, when about 80 Mexican soldiers came out to attack them.

The party retreated two miles, the Mexicans following, and took up their position in the chaparral whereupon they were surrounded by the enemy, who commenced blackguarding and insulting them, calling them "damned rascals" and worse things, and demanding of them to surrender; said they had them sure and told what they would do with them after they had taken them.

Smith kept his men quiet and would not let them fire a gun. The Mexicans commenced firing their *escopetas*, but did no harm. Finally they dismounted and hitched their horses, and came into the brush to within forty or fifty yards of Smith's men who were lying under a little bank. The scouts were all good shots, but had never met the Mexicans before. Then Smith gave the order to fire, and they lit in upon them and completely routed them. The Mexicans broke and ran; twenty or thirty of them were killed on the spot, and a number of them were taken prisoner while the rest ran away, and their horses were taken by Smith's men, not one of whom was killed.

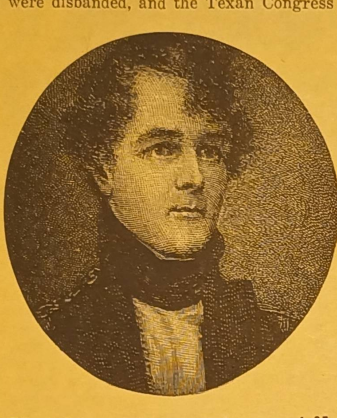
The Mexicans used to come over across the line (the Rio Grande) in little invading parties. They were regular guerrillas (but sanctioned by the Mexican Government), had considerable skill in shooting, and were not cowards, but the Americans always whipped them, having better arms than they had and picked men to fight them. Those Mexicans were fully as cruel as the Indians, and often put their prisoners to death. Their incursions were generally in the direction of the towns, Goliad, San Antonio, and Corpus Christi.

Karnes, who was Smith's first lieutenant, afterwards had a company of his own, which Hays joined, and in whose movements he took an active part. On one occasion Karnes and his men pursued an Indian robbing party for a long distance on the Pedernales River and finally came upon their encampment, having learned through their scouts where they were.

During the night, Hays, who was acting as scout, and a few others got quite close to them. In the morning he crawled to within a few feet of the Indians, who were asleep in their blankets. The main body of the troops were some little distance off and, while he was in this position, one of the men in the rear, either from excitement or trepidation, foolishly discharged his gun. The Indians were instantly aroused, and jumped up on the alert. They never act with precipitation or get flurried, always are cool and wait for orders, though their movements may be remarkably quick.

Hays had an old-fashioned flintlock rifle, such as was used at that day, and had it cocked; but he was so much interested in observing Indians, and so overcome with astonishment and admiration at seeing the chief give orders to his men, and noticing their maneuvers, that he quite forgot to fire his gun until the Indians had discharged two arrows at him, whereupon he fired his gun. He jumped up and hallooed, "I've killed an Indian! I've killed an Indian!" He had killed an Indian chief.

IN 1840, Texas being too poor to maintain a large army, the regular forces were disbanded, and the Texan Congress authorized the creation of a force for the protection of the frontier against the Mexicans and Indians. Its organization took place at San Antonio, where the men were enlisted and mustered into service to the number of seventy-five at first, and the force was called the "Texas Rangers," and was composed mainly of young men from the settlements in Texas, hunters, trappers, adventurers and frontiersmen.



Albert Sidney Johnston at the age of 35. This portrait, from a miniature painted in 1838 or 1839, shows the military leader as he appeared when in command of the Army of the young Republic of Texas.

Hays, though quite a young man at that time, only twenty-three, had done good service as a spy and scout, and had gained an enviable reputation for bravery, daring, endurance, and skill in commanding men. Successful in opposing the Mexicans and Indians in their frequent invasions, he was appointed to the command of the Rangers, and commissioned by Congress for that post. This was a very great compliment to the young man, inasmuch as there were many men in Texas at that time who had had much longer experience on the frontier, and who would have made admirable leaders, and also many officers of high rank and long military service in the regular army who sought the position, and whose bravery and skill were unquestioned.

But the honor thus conferred by the Government was not misplaced, as was shown by the subsequent career of young Hays. This body of men was a nucleus about which a much larger force could be collected at any future time in case of need. They furnished their own arms, equipment, horses and everything, except ammunition, which the Government furnished, and provisions, which it also claimed to furnish. But as the force was most of the time away on the frontier, out of the reach of supplies, without any of the usual accompaniments of troops in service, they depended mostly upon their guns for food—in fact, wholly when in active service, save an occasional supply obtained when they routed the Mexicans.

The men were promised $30 a month. At first they got nothing, but after the money of Texas became good, they were paid. The commander received at first $75 a month, afterward $150. There were two companies at first, afterwards three. The number of men in the service varied, at times reaching as high as 500. The frontier to be thus protected extended from the mouth of the Rio Grande up to the headwaters of the Colorado, a distance of several hundred miles, the Indians on one side, and the Mexicans on the other.

Without disparagement to the regular army, it may be said that this frontier was never so well protected before, as by this little band, who month after month and year after year were in the field, moving against the Indians or Mexicans, by day or night. Each man was armed with rifle, a pistol, and a knife. And with a Mexican blanket tied behind his saddle, and a small wallet in which he carried his salt and his ammunition and perhaps a little *panola*, or parched corn, spiced and sweetened (a great allayer of thirst), and tobacco, he was equipped for months.

The little body of men, unencumbered by baggage wagons or pack trains, moved as lightly over the prairie as the Indians did, and lived as they did, without tents, with a saddle for a pillow at night, blankets over them, and their feet to the fire. Depending wholly upon wild game for food, they, of course, sometimes found a scarcity of it, and suffered the privations which are known to all hunters. Sometimes it was necessary to kill a horse for food, when all else failed.

The men were splendid riders, and used the Mexican saddle, improved by the Americans, and carried the Mexican *riata*, made of rawhide, a hair rope, and a lariat used to rope horses.

The Rangers were frequently divided into little parties and sent to different points for special purposes. Whenever they started after the Indians, if the force were large enough, they never came back until they caught them. They would follow them for days and weeks, if they could not surprise them (which was a difficult matter, though sometimes it was done), until they finally overtook and punished them.

The Indians and Mexicans were very numerous and active, and they kept the Rangers busy. They would at times have to ride day and night, for a long time, all the time going. The settlers looked to them for protection along the frontier, and to prevent incursions beyond it, and in turn did what they could to aid them, furnishing them with horses and such other supplies as they could, as they passed over the country. If they had not protected the frontier in this way, the settlers could not have stood it, and would have been wiped out.

It was a life full of the most intense excitement and attended by the greatest peril. About half the Rangers were killed off every year, and their places supplied by new men. The lives of those who went into the service were not considered good for more than a year or two. Fighting was their business, and they got to like it after a time, and took all the risks. Hays was extremely fortunate, and though constantly in the field and the leader in all the important expeditions and movements, was wounded only three times, and then not dangerously.

The Comanche and Cherokee Indians were hostile throughout, but the Lipans were friendly, and rendered efficient aid as spies and scouts, and helped the Rangers in various ways in their movements. There were no roads in those days; they traveled altogether by courses, making their own way from point to point. There were no settlements west of San Antonio, that being the extreme outpost up to 1842 or 1843. There were a few people on the Colorado, and down about Port Lavaca.

The Indians captured at different times a good many men, women and children; the men they always killed. The Rangers rescued some of the women and children from the savages. This condition of things continued up to the time when the Mexican War commenced. Before the annexation of Texas, the Indians in that part of the country were pretty well whipped out, and they retreated far back into the interior with their families, and mostly ceased their depredations upon the whites.

The Rangers would occasionally go into San Antonio to report, and take a little rest and recreation. Among other amusements were chicken fights on Sunday, in which the Padres participated, or anybody else who would join in. The priest, after celebrating mass in the church, would go out and heel a chicken; the best heeler they had was the Padre. The *fandango* was the great event every night, a dance where the Mexican men and women and the Rangers all took part; and their Captain was sometimes seen whirling around with some fair *senorita*.

A. J. SOWELL, in his book, *Texas Indian Fighters*, gives a lengthy sketch of Ben Highsmith, a noted pioneer of Texas, in which is given the following account of the battle of Bandera Pass:

"Soon after the Plum Creek battle, President Houston commissioned the famous Jack Hays to raise a company of Texas Rangers for the protection of the frontier against Indians and lawless characters. The latter were thick around San Antonio, and did pretty much as they pleased. Jack Hays at the time was a young surveyor, and not much known. He distinguished himself at the battle of Plum Creek. General Houston, who had been elected President of the young Republic of Texas, recognized his ability, and seeing the necessity of having such a man with a company of like spirits around him, at once put him in the field, and well did he sustain the trust and confidence which the hero of San Jacinto placed in him. Under Hays the Texas Rangers gained a name and reputation which was world-wide.

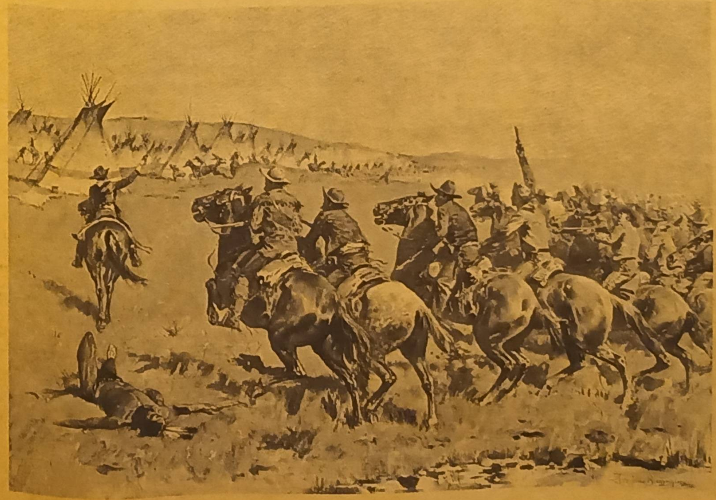
"Ben Highsmith joined the company of Hays, and they were stationed at San Antonio. They soon established law and order in the Alamo City, and the name of Hays and his Rangers became a terror to evil-doers. The redman of the Plains felt the weight of his mailed hand, and learned to dread an encounter with him. In four pitched battles they were utterly routed, namely, Nueces Canyon, Pinta Trail Crossing, Enchanted Rock, and Bandera Pass. The main scouting ground of the Rangers was in the mountains west and northwest of San Antonio, up the Guadalupe, Medina, Sabinal, Frio, and Nueces Rivers.

"In the spring of 1841 Captain Hays started on a scout with forty men. His camp at this time was seven miles west of San Antonio on Leon Creek. They went a northwest course up Medina River, and camped for the night at a point where the center of Bandera town now is. Guards were well posted, and the night passed without any disturbance.

"Some people would be surprised to know that the Texas Rangers under Hays were many of them men of refinement and education. Around the campfire at night it was not uncommon to hear men quoting from the most popular poets and authors and talking learnedly on ancient and modern history. It is true they looked rough in the garb they wore. The wide hat was to protect them from the sun in long scouts across the prairies. The leggings of buckskin or cowskin protected the legs from the thorny brush and cactus. The large clinking spurs put new life into a tardy pony if occasion demanded.

"The intention of Hays was to turn north from this place and go out through the famous Bandera Pass and into the Guadalupe Valley, and then scout up the river to the divide. The pass was about ten miles from the night camp of the Rangers.

Rangers attacking Indian encampment



Harper's New Monthly Magazine

"After the Rangers left camp and were riding over the open country toward the Pass, which could be seen plainly, quite a different looking crowd was assembling there. A large band of Comanche Indians were on the warpath and had started across the country by way of the Pass to the Medina Valley. They arrived there first, and seeing the Rangers coming, lay in ambush and waited to fight them.

"The Pass was named for General Bandera of the Spanish Army, who was stationed at San Antonio when the missions were first built there. All of this country and Mexico then belonged to Spain.

"The Pass was originally the home of the Apache Indians, and they raided upon San Antonio. General Bandera was ordered to follow them to their stronghold and chastise them. He found them at home in the Pass and strongly fortified among the rocks. A long and desperate battle took place and many were killed on both sides, but at last the Spanish arms prevailed and the Indians gave way and retreated through the hills farther toward the west. They never came back, but settled in New Mexico. Now after the lapse of a century or more, another bloody battle was about to be fought here.

"HAYS and his men arrived at the Pass about 11 o'clock in the morning and began to ride through it, as yet having seen no sign of Indians. The Pass was 500 yards in length by about 125 yards in width, and from 50 to 75 feet high on both sides, very steep, and covered with rocks and bushes. The Indian chief dismounted his men and placed them among the rocks and bushes on both sides, leaving their horses in the rear, concealed in a deep gulch which cut into the Pass from the west and well up toward the north end.

"The first intimation the Rangers had of the presence of Indians was being fired on by bullets and arrows on all sides, and the terrible war-whoop of the Comanche resounding through the gorge. For a few minutes there was some confusion among the Rangers on account of the plunging of frightened and wounded horses, which would turn and try to run back through the Pass in spite of all their riders could do.

"This was a trying and most critical time and the Indians knew it. They charged down into the Pass and almost mixed with the Rangers and plunging horses. The white men could not well use their guns and hold their horses, too. To add to the disadvantage and confusion, some of the Rangers were killed and wounded and were falling from their mounts. As soon as a horse would find himself free of his rider he would gallop madly back through the Pass.

"All this took place in less time than it takes to write, and it was the first time Jack Hays was ever caught in a trap; but he was equal to the occasion. His clear voice now rang out sharp and quick, 'Steady, there, boys; dismount and tie those horses; we can whip them, no doubt about that.'

"Order was soon restored, and in a moment the Rangers were on the ground, and the Indians were falling back before a deadly rifle and pistol fire. They came again, however, and several hand-to-hand combats took place. Mr. Highsmith, who was in the fight, dismounted near a Ranger named Sam Luckey, who was soon shot through by a bullet. It entered under the left shoulder blade and came out below the right nipple. Highsmith caught him when he commenced falling and let him down to the ground easy. At this time the Rangers had fastened their horses near the south entrance of the Pass and were fighting in front of them. The wounded Luckey called for water, and Highsmith gave him some out of a canteen.

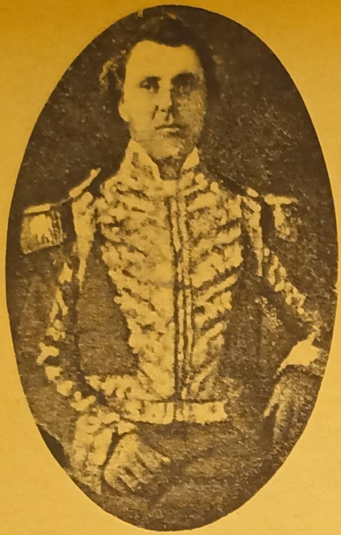
"At this time the fight was raging, and the Pass was full of Indians, Rangers and horses. The Comanche chief during this close fight attacked Sergeant Kit Ackland and wounded him. Ackland also shot the chief with a pistol, and then they clinched and both went down. Both were large, powerful men, and the combat was terrific. Both had out their long knives and rolled over and over on the ground, each trying to avoid the thrust of the other and himself give the death wound. The Ranger was finally the victor. He got up covered with blood and dirt, with the bloody knife in his hand. The chief lay dead, literally cut to pieces.

"Mr. Highsmith loaded and fired his rifle many times, and was finally wounded in the leg with an arrow. The wound did not disable him; after getting the arrow out. he continued to load and fire until the fight was over, which lasted an hour. The Indians finally gave way, retreated to the upper end of the Pass, and left the Rangers masters of the situation. It was a dear-bought victory. Five Rangers lay dead and as many more wounded. Many horses were also wounded and killed.

"Of the wounded were Highsmith, Ackland. Tom Galbreath, James Dunn, Sam Luckey, and one other whose name is not now remembered. While the fight was going on, some of the Indians were carrying their dead back to where their horses were, at the north end of the Pass. Hays carried his dead and wounded men back to the south entrance where there was a big waterhole, and there spent the night burying the dead Rangers and taking care of the wounded. The writer was not able to get the names of those killed except one, whose name was Jackson. It has been fifty-six years (this was written in 1900) since the battle was fought. and Mr. Highsmith cannot now remember the others. At the time of the fight he had not been in the company long. and the names of those killed were not as familiar to him as the survivors became in after years.

"From the Pass Hays carried his wounded men to San Antonio where they could get good medical attention."

WESTERN TEXAS, which was the scene of the Rangers' exploits, from the Brazos to the Rio Grande, and from the Gulf to the headwaters of the Red River and the Colorado, embraced some of the most beautiful country to the eye in the world. With broad prairies and live oak openings, hills and dales, rivers and little streams, the whole country at that time abounded with game of every description, buffalo, bear, deer, antelope. wild turkeys, sandhill cranes and other birds, to say nothing of coyotes and wolves and smaller game. Deer were there by the tens of thousands.



Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library

Sam Highsmith (in Santa Anna's uniform)

It was a lovely country to campaign over. In the spring the whole territory was carpeted with flowers and the grass was luxuriant, and in Southwestern Texas there were vast herds of wild horses and cattle, and the streams were filled with fish, so that it was truly a hunter's paradise.

About the first fight Hays' Rangers had with the Mexicans was at Laredo, a little Mexican town of perhaps six or eight hundred people, where the Mexicans generally kept a force. Captain Hays went there to reconnoiter and get a few horses, with about fifteen of his men, Americans, and three or four Mexicans who had volunteered into his company, among them Antonio Coy, his servant, as brave a man as ever lived.

They went to the town, and entered it at night, and the Mexicans seeing there was but a small force, resolved to follow them when they left and attack them, which was just what Captain Hays expected and desired. He went off with his men six or eight miles and took a good position and the Mexicans with their whole force of seventy-five followed, and commenced an attack.

Captain Hays and his party drove them off and followed them up, killing several. After the Mexicans had taken their position he charged them and captured the whole force except one. He took all their horses, saddles, plunder and everything. Hays then sent a messenger into town and ordered the Alcalde to send out a supply of provisions. He threatened, in case the Mexicans refused to comply with the demand, to enter the town and kill them all.

The Alcalde, under the impression that the enemy existed in large force immediately furnished the provisions required. Captain Hays then turned the prisoners loose and allowed them to go home. The commanding officer of the Mexicans was a brave fellow, and during the last charge of Hays' men he pulled out his sword and ran at them, and Hays shot him with a pistol, about eight feet off, during the fight. The Rangers lost none of their men.

During this battle, after Hays had taken his position, Major Chevalier was coming up behind, and a Mexican made a dash at him. The Major's horse threw him and he ran, pursued by several Mexicans with their lances. Hays, seeing his difficulty, ran out with Nat Harbert and shot one of the Mexicans who was after the Major, whereupon the others retreated, and the Major escaped.

The Rangers had a feast from the provisions furnished and then retired with the spoils of their victory. They frequently had fights with the Mexicans, whom they often surprised, and almost always came off victorious. Occasionally, when the force of the Mexicans was very much superior to theirs, they were compelled to retreat before them, although they were never surprised by the Mexicans.

IT WAS the custom of Captain Hays to take a small body of his best men, mounted, and go from time to time to spy out the Indians and watch their movements. On one occasion, shortly after the organization of the Rangers, he took twelve of his men and went toward the Canyon de Uvalde. Within five or six miles of the Canyon, they saw some signs and knew they were in the neighborhood of the Indian encampment, mainly on account of the large numbers of buzzards they saw flying about. Thousands of these birds always hovered about the place where the Indians make their camp.

Going along cautiously, and getting within two or three miles of the Canyon, they discovered some Indians camped on the bank of the creek. Hays told his men to remain behind quietly, and he himself dismounted and crawled up to within a short distance of the Indians, counted them, and noticed their situation. He saw they were a party of twelve Indian scouts, who had started out on an expedition, and they were camped on open ground on the creekbank, in the middle of the day, three or four miles from the main camp, as it proved afterward.

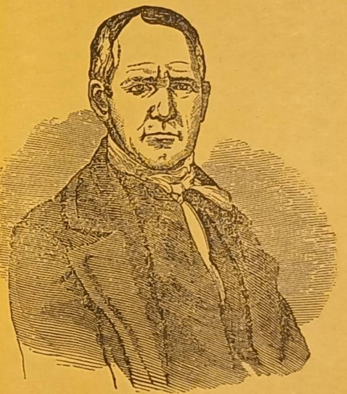
Captain Hays then mounted his horse, and took the creek under them, and rose before them within sixty or eighty yards. Meantime the Indians took the alarm and started down to fight the party. About a hundred yards off was a dogwood thicket, right in the middle of which were three oak trees together and a log. which offered a good shelter. The Indians broke and ran for that place, and only one of them was killed before they got into this retreat. He was shot by a man who did not belong to the company, a man who was connected with some mercantile house in New York who went to Texas to sell goods, and while there he fell in with the Rangers, and went along with this little party just to see the fun. He had a double-barrel shotgun, and killed this Indian.

The men dismounted and Captain Hays stationed them around the place where the Indians were concealed, to prevent their getting away. He took two men with him, old Trueheart and another, into the thicket, to fight the Indians. The brush was so high that nothing could be seen until right upon it. As they advanced, the Indians commenced upon them, and shot Trueheart in the neck badly, also shot Hays in the finger, and killed the other man.

The two Rangers then ran out of the thicket, and Trueheart was taken aside. Hays decided to go in alone and fight the Indians. He took a double-barrel shotgun and a pistol, and went crawling through the brush until he got quite near them again. Suddenly three Indians charged on him with their arrows. They were all singing their war songs. They could not shoot their arrows very well through the brush, it was so thick.

Hays lay as snug as possible, watching his opportunity, and when they got within about fifteen steps of him, he discharged the two barrels of the gun, killing an Indian with each, and drew his pistol on the other one, who ran to the shelter. Captain Hays then went back and took a rifle and went in again, and for about three hours fought the Indians in this thicket, over about an acre of ground, they shooting their arrows around him but missing him on account of the density of the brush and he constantly shifting his position and firing whenever an Indian exposed himself within range.

He finally had killed all but one of the remaining Indians, ten out of twelve having fallen victims to his skill in marksmanship. Every time he shot, he killed an Indian. The Indian who gave him the most trouble had a gun, the only one the savages possessed, and had concealed himself behind a log.



Contemporary wood engraving of General Sam Houston

Hays was on the other side, a few steps off watching him, and could just see the top of his head, and as Indians have a good deal of hair, he could not tell how deep the hair was, and so didn't risk his shot until he got a better sight. The Indian was also watching Hays, with his gun over the log. At last he put his head up a little; both fired, the Indian's bullet grazing the Captain's shoulder and Hays' ball killing the Indian dead. This was the last but one; the survivor ran out of the thicket and the boys shot him.

The Rangers captured the horses of the Indians, and fearing that the main body might have heard the firing and started in pursuit, they traveled all that night as fast as they could back to their camp, carrying Trueheart on a litter. He finally recovered.

For the bravery, coolness and daring displayed by Captain Hays on this occasion, he was promoted to the rank of major. These twelve Indians who were killed were picked men, the best men of the tribe always being employed as scouts, and there was probably never before a fight of this kind where one man, single-handed, fought and killed so many savages who were bent on killing him.

SHORTLY after the Rangers returned from this expedition, the whole company of 120 men started out in pursuit of the Indians. They followed the main body for many days, up onto the Llano River. They had with them about fifteen or twenty of the Lipan Tribe (who were friendly to the whites) under command of the celebrated Flacco. The Lipans were a small tribe, a branch of the Apaches, and enemies of the Comanches, and sometimes came down to the settlements for protection. Flacco, their chief, was a great pet among the Americans.

The Comanches moved their families with them as they marched, and burned the grass behind them, so that the horses of the pursuers could not get any feed. Major Hays attempted to surprise them, but failed through an accident, and with his party came upon their encampment about sunrise in the morning. They had about a thousand men, one or two thousand women and children, and four or five thousand horses. The fighting commenced in the morning. The Rangers whipped them out of their encampment, but could not take their horses. They fought them all day, the Indians retreating slowly all the while, with their families and horses, and owing to their greatly superior numbers they proved too strong for the little force of Rangers and friendly Indians on the prairie.

They got away entirely, but a large number of them were killed, and Major Hays lost twenty or thirty of his men. It was a long and desperate fight. The Indians had firearms besides their bows and arrows. It was a kind of drawn battle, and neither party gained a decisive victory, but the Rangers burned their village and everything on the spot, though they did not succeed in taking their women and children or their horses. The Indians retreated to the mountains and after that did not come and camp near the settlements. They were effectually driven back.

Flacco was a very remarkable Indian, an intelligent and very brave man. During the fight just described, Major Hays' horse bolted and carried him across the Indian lines into their midst. Flacco, thinking he was charging, charged after him, and commenced fighting the Indians. An Indian presented himself before the Major's horse, the horse suddenly stopped, the Indian raised his gun to fire, whereupon the Major shot him, and Flacco tried to get his scalp. But the other Indians were too quick for him, and he dashed on after the Major, who made a circle round, and got back to his men.

THE LIPAN INDIAN TRIBE

(From Vol. 1, No. 1, Oct., 1923, Frontier Times)

Among the Indian tribes whose friendship for the white settlers in Texas was steadfast and faithful, was the tribe of Lipans of which Flacco was the chief. This tribe was not of the more numerous of the Indian communities—it was just the other way; it was a small tribe. But it was a valuable ally of the settlers and on more than one occasion gave valiant assistance to the hard-pressed settlers in their fights with the fierce Comanches.

Old Chief Flacco had a son, a dashing young fellow who was the bravest of his tribe. He assumed a place in the tribe next to his father, and his friendship for the settlers was loyal. As evidence of their regard for him, members of the Texas Government presented him with a colonel's uniform. The gift included a gay cocked hat with a brilliant plume and a sword. Then the Texas Government bestowed on young Flacco the title "Colonel."

These distinctions pleased the young Indian immensely, and he used to ride into Austin decked out in his uniform and sitting up very straight on his horse, with his sword clanking by his side. One of the men at the capital taught him to write his name and he took pride in writing it on every possible occasion. He always wrote his signature in Spanish fashion, "Flacco, Colonel."

An expedition against Mexico was organized in the summer of 1842, and young Flacco was engaged to serve as scout. He took with him a fellow tribesman, a deaf and dumb Indian whose sense of sight was marvelously developed, and the two Lipans acted as scouts and spies for the army. They rendered valuable service and received their share of spoils taken in various battles along the Rio Grande. When the army reached Laredo, some members of the party decided to return home, and the Indians accompanied them. Each member of the party was laden with booty, guns, ammunition, blankets and horses.

When they reached the Medina River, Flacco's deaf and dumb comrade was taken sick and the two stopped to rest until he improved. The other members of the party went on. The following morning the leader of the party, which had proceeded several miles from the spot where the Indians were left, noted that two members of his party, both white men, were missing. Several days later these men were discovered in Seguin. They had Flacco's horses and blankets.

It needed only a little investigation to find that the Indians had been murdered by their treacherous white allies. When the dead bodies of the Indian scouts were discovered the other members of the party were grieved and outraged. Moreover, they had cause to feel alarm, for such treacherous treatment for the son of the tribal chief would not be lightly passed by when it came to the ears of the old chief himself. The Lipans were good friends, but they could be good enemies, and the settlers feared that such an occurrence was just the thing to make them such.

It is said that when old Flacco became uneasy over his son's continued absence and began to inquire longingly for news of the expedition in which his son had enlisted, and at last had letters written to General Burleson and President Houston, he was told that his young brave had been murdered by the Mexican bandits. President Houston lent the dignity of his official statement to this fabrication, and along with the story of young Flacco's death he sent condolences to the chief of the Lipans, "friends of the white men."

Senor Antonio Navarro, a friend in whom the Lipans had unbounded confidence, helped the settlers by also sending the old chief a statement corroborating the rumor. Perhaps it took much temporizing with a conscience on the part of General Houston and members of his Government to bring the official administration of the State to do this lie. But it seemed the wisest plan, for nobody but the two ruffians who perpetrated the murder had ever dreamed of doing ill to the dashing and loyal young Indian prince. Certainly it seemed useless to stir the tribe of warriors into a frenzy of rage in which many innocent persons would be victims. Whatever became of the actual murderers is not recorded.

NOT LONG after the Rangers were formed, they received a lot of Colt's pistols, five-shooters, the old style, which the Texas Government bought of Colt. Going out to look for the Indians, as was their custom, on one occasion the Captain took fifteen of his best men, each armed with a gun and two of these revolvers. They went up the Pedernales River, a long way, but discovered no Indians. On returning, they set the prairie on fire, in order to let the Indians know, if any of them were in the country, that the Rangers were about.

In traveling along, one of the men would follow four or five miles behind the rest of the party, and stop at a hill here and there to look out for the Indians, and see if they were following.

In his book, *Texas Indian Fighters,* A. J. Sowell, well known Texas Ranger and Indian fighter gives the following account of Jack Hays' ability to get out of tight spots.

"On one occasion Hays was close upon a band of Indians located by his scouts in a cedar brake. The Rangers had eaten nothing all day, so hot was the pursuit, and the Captain now told them to dismount for a few minutes and partake of some cold bread and beef they had in their wallets, but by no means to raise a smoke. Hays always had a few Mexicans with him, as they were good guides and trailers, but on this occasion, in lighting their cigarettes after eating, they let a pile of leaves get afire, and soon smoke was curling above the tree tops.

"Hays was furious, and the Mexicans were badly scared and made frantic efforts to stamp out the fire, the Captain striking some of them with his quirt during the time. An order to mount was given and a furious run made toward the Indian camp, which was a mile away. It was as Hays had anticipated. The Indians saw the smoke and knew the Rangers were on their trail, and had fled, leaving many things in camp, which were taken.

"One of the hardest fights Captain Hays had was on the Pedernales in 1844. On this occasion he had gone out with fourteen men about eighty miles from San Antonio northwest, now within the limits of Gillespie County, for the purpose of ascertaining the probable location of Indians. On arriving near the river, about fifteen Indians were discovered well mounted, and they seemed to want a fight.

"When the Rangers advanced upon them. however, they retreated and endeavored to lead them toward a ridge of thick underbrush. Captain Hays was too well acquainted with the Indian character to be caught by their snares. for he suspected an ambush. It was hard to keep his boys from advancing to the attack. among whom were Ad Gillespie, Sam Walker and Mike Chevalier.

"Hays went around the thicket and posted his men on another ridge separated from their position by a deep ravine. This position was occupied but a short time when the Indians discovered who he was. and knowing their man. gave up trying to catch him by stratagem and showed themselves to the number of 75 and challenged him to combat.

"Hays accepted the challenge and signified to them that he would meet them. and immediately started down the hill with his men toward the Indians. moving, however, very slowly, until reaching the bottom of the ravine, where he was hidden from the view of the Comanches by the brow of the hill upon which they formed. Then turning at full speed down the ravine he turned the point of the ridge and came up in the rear of the Indians and charged them while they were watching for him to come up in front of their position. The first fire of the Rangers with rifles momentarily threw them into confusion.

A Lipan woman

"The yells, war-whoops, and imprecations that filled the air were enough to blanch the cheeks of the bravest, but Hays and his men had heard such sounds before, and stood their ground unmoved. The Indians, aware of their superior force, soon rallied.

"Hays now told his men to draw their five-shooters to meet the charge he saw was coming. In order to resist attack on all sides, as the Comanches were surrounding them. Hays formed his men in a circle fronting outwards, being still mounted on their horses, and for several minutes maintained that position without firing a shot, until the Indians came within throwing distance of their lances.

"The Rangers' aim was sure when they fired, and nearly every shot took effect. Twenty-one Indians were killed before they desisted from hurling themselves on the muzzles of the revolvers. When the Comanches fell back, the Rangers changed their ground and charged in turn. The fight lasted nearly an hour, each party charging and recharging in turn. By this time, the Rangers had exhausted the loads in their revolvers, and the chief was again rallying his warriors for one more desperate struggle.

"The number of Rangers was by this time reduced, some killed and others badly wounded, and the situation was critical. Captain Hays saw that their only chance was to kill the Indian chief, and asked his men if any of them had a loaded rifle. Gillespie replied that he had. 'Dismount, then,' said the Captain, 'and make sure work of that chief.'

"The Ranger addressed had been badly wounded—speared through the body—and was hardly able to sit his horse, but slipping to the ground he took careful aim and fired. The chief fell headlong from his horse. The Comanches now left the field, pursued by a portion of the men, and a complete victory was gained. When all was over on this battleground, thirty Indians lay dead, and of the Rangers two were killed and five wounded. Sam Walker was one of the wounded, and was also speared through the body.

"ON ANOTHER occasion, Hays was on a scout with about twenty of his men near the head of the Pedernales, at a place called the Enchanted Rock. It was of large, conical shape, with a depression at the apex something like the crater of an extinct volcano. A dozen or more men can lie in this place and make a strong defense against largely superior numbers, as the ascent is steep and rugged. Not far from the base of this hill, at the time of which we write, the Rangers were attacked by a large force of Indians.

"When the fight commenced, Captain Hays was some distance from his men, looking about, and attempted to return when he was cut off and closely pursued by quite a number of warriors, and made his retreat to the top of the Enchanted Rock. Here he entrenched himself, determined to make the best fight he could and, as the border men say, 'sell out' as dearly as possible.

"The Indians who were in pursuit, upon arriving near the summit, set up a most hideous howl and after surrounding the spot, prepared for a charge on the position of the Ranger captain. They were determined to get him at all hazards, for no doubt there were warriors along who knew him. For some time, seeing the muzzle of his rifle coming over the rim of the crater, they would dodge back, knowing it was death to face it. Becoming bolder, however, it was necessary for Hays to fire, and one fell at the rifle shot, and then the revolver went to work, and as they were close, each discharge from the five-shooter found a victim.

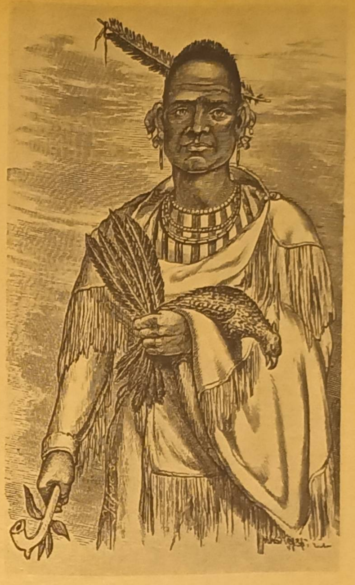
"In those days there were no six-shooters, but these were made soon after. The Indians fell back before this fire, which gave Hays a chance to reload. This was kept up for some time. The Rangers heard the battle on the hill and knew it was their Captain, and gradually fought their way to him. The Indians below were defeated, and those after Hays fled down the opposite side when they saw the battle had gone against them in the valley and that the Rangers had commenced the ascent of the Enchanted Rock.

"Captain Hays was glad to see his boys, as the case had become desperate with him. The Indians, maddened at their loss, were drawing closer around him, becoming reckless of life, and would in the end have overpowered him. Five or six lay dead around the spot where Hays fought, and twice as many below. Three or four Rangers were wounded, but none killed."

AFTER the defeat of the Mexican forces under Santa Anna in 1836, there was no general invasion of Texas by the Mexicans until 1842. At that time a large force came up to the Rio Grande, under command of General Woll, a Frenchman by birth, who then went on to San Antonio, with 1,500 picked troops (about 1,000 infantry, and 500 cavalry), and artillery. Major Hays was there at the time, without any of his men, they being scattered about in various directions. There was only a few hours' notice of the approach of the Mexicans.

At that time the District Court was in session there, and a good many lawyers were collected. It was then a place of two or three thousand inhabitants. Major Hays collected the citizens together to the number of fifty or sixty, for the purpose of fighting the Mexicans, who surrounded the town in the night and demanded its surrender. Hays declined to surrender, and they started in, whereupon his little company fired on them, killing a drummer and several others, and they retreated. The Mexicans then sent in a flag of truce to say that they did not come there to fight citizens, but soldiers, and if the citizens would surrender they should be treated right and protected.

The citizens, relying upon the good faith of the Mexicans, thought it best to surrender and declined to fight any more. Hays, being a soldier in command of the Frontier forces, with a price set on his head by the Mexicans who looked upon him as their chief enemy, knew it would not do for him to surrender. It would be certain death.



Placido

Courtesy Austin McKown

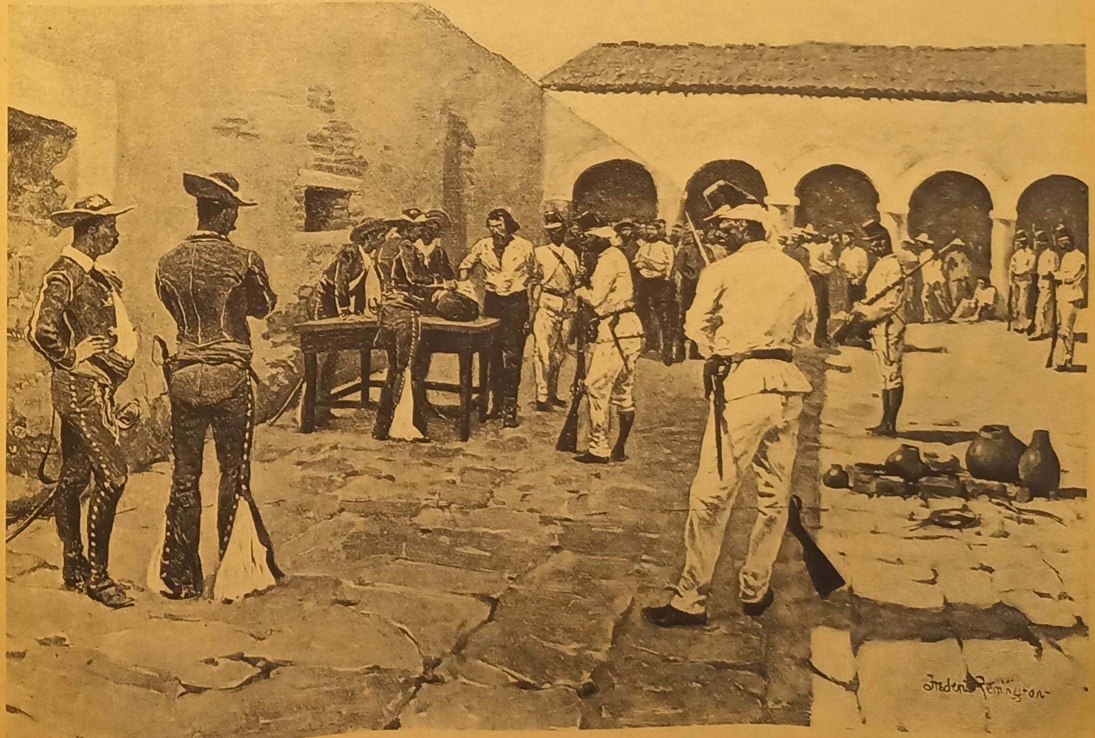
The citizens advised him to go, and as he could do nothing there without their aid, he left with one man, Mr. James Robinson. They were mounted on fine fast horses. Hays put on a Mexican blanket and hat to disguise himself, and rode out through their lines in the early morning, counting their forces, as well as he could, as he went along, and passed unrecognized. He dispatched Robinson east into the settlements to carry the news that the Mexicans had come in force, and to raise some men to fight them. Hays himself remained near the town, going in and out at night, watching the movements of the enemy. This continued for about eight days.

The following account of Woll's invasion of Texas is taken from *Flowers and Fruits from the Wilderness,* a book written by Rev. Z. N. Morrell, a pioneer Baptist preacher, and published in 1872:

"During the spring and summer of 1842, a great interest was felt throughout the Republic for the annexation of Texas to the United States, and a plea was urged that the War with Mexico was about at an end. The Mexican authorities, of course, threw every obstacle in the way of this union that was in their power, and learning that this plea was made, sent out an expedition under General Woll. Their expressed intention was to march through the territory; but

Ranger prisoners drawing beans. This incident took place as an aftermath to the ill-fated Mier Expedition in which a life and death lottery was conducted by decree of Santa Anna. A white bean meant life; the drawing of a black bean was selection for execution.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine



their real intention was to make a raid, and thus delay and, if possible, thwart annexation, hoping in the end to induce Texas to submit to Mexican rule. On the 11th of September, 1842, a Mexican force under General Woll, about thirteen hundred strong, captured the city of San Antonio, making hostile demonstrations toward other points farther east.

"We gathered what ammunition we could at Gonzales, and left for Seguin, with instruction that recruits coming from the east should follow our trail. At Seguin I obtained ten ears of corn, had it parched and ground, and mixed with it two pounds of sugar. This we called cold flour.

"Recruits were coming in all night, and on Tuesday morning we marched on within twenty miles of San Antonio. Colonel Caldwell was in command by common consent. A call was made for ten of the best horses and lightest riders to go and meet Jack Hays that night on the Salado. He had notified us, by messenger, that he was there watching the enemy, and needed reinforcements.

"The number called for was soon obtained, the writer among them on his fine, untrained, borrowed horse. A charge with some instructions was given us, and a short while before day we arrived at the spot where we were ordered to go. A keen whistle was given, and readily responded to by Hays.

"Wednesday morning came and found us thirteen strong, with nothing but cold flour to eat, and a limited supply of that. Our ration consisted of a spoonful for each, mixed with water. A detail was soon made to stay at camp, another to go down on the east side of San Antonio, and another under Jack Hays to head the San Antonio River and go entirely around in the rear of the city, to ascertain if any reinforcements were coming in from Mexico.

"Hays was discovered during the day and driven back, making no discovery himself as to reinforcements coming in from Mexico. Thursday morning came, and with only a spoonful of cold flour for each, another effort was made to get the number and intention of the enemy. Caldwell still remained at his camp twenty miles east of the city, expecting the Mexicans to march on Gonzales. Hays was repulsed, as on the day before, and failed to get in the enemy's rear. The writer and part of the company went down the Salado and discovered what we supposed to be the trail of two or three hundred cavalry, going in the direction of Gonzales.

"On our return we met Hays with his company, driving in some horses. Very soon, about forty Mexicans made their appearance in pursuit. We retreated until they were drawn from the timber, when, under the order of our gallant leader, we wheeled and forty Mexicans failed to stand the charge of thirteen Texans.

"Friday morning a mutiny rose in our camp in consequence of the condition of our commissary department. Plenty of deer and turkey were in sight all of the time, and we were all hunters; but our leader thought it best to fire no guns, and keep our position concealed from the enemy. From Monday till Friday, only a little cold flour measured out by the spoonful, made us feel very lean; and now that the flour was all out, our men began to swear vengeance on the game, at all hazards.

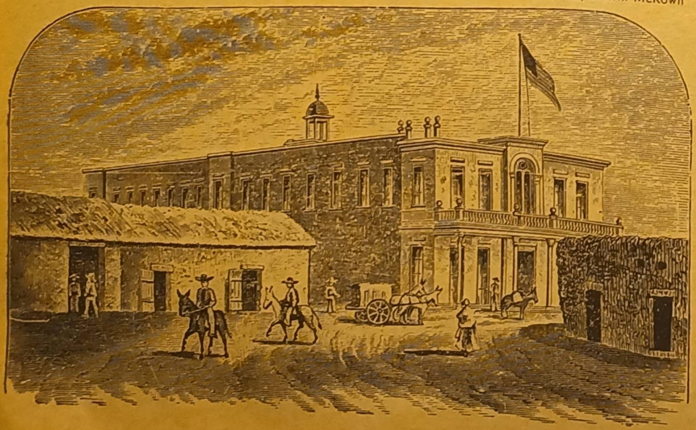
"Captain Hays insisted that I make them a speech. I remembered the old saying, 'Never try to influence a man against his inclination when he is hungry' but as my captain insisted, and I was under orders, I determined to try. To have approached those men with a long face and taxed their patience with a long speech on patriotism, would have been sheer nonsense. So I mounted my horse and rode out in front, with as cheerful a face as I could command, and spoke as follows:

" 'Boys, when I left Colonel Caldwell's camp I felt like I was forty years old. When I had starved one day, I felt like I was thirty-five. After that, on two spoonsful a day, I felt like I was twenty-five; and this morning, when our cold flour and coffee are both out, I feel like I was only twenty-one years old, and ready for action. Our situation this morning is critical—the Mexicans, we fear, have gone toward Gonzales; secrecy surely is the best policy and we ought to report the situation, if possible, to Colonel Caldwell tonight.'

"An agreement was soon entered into that we get information, report that evening, and get some game for supper. In a few minutes we were off, and soon met Henry McCulloch with thirteen men, swelling our number to twenty-seven. Here we learned that Caldwell had discovered the enemy's trail below, and that the Mexican cavalry had retreated back to the city. The families on the Guadalupe were safe for the evening. Here was fresh beef hanging to the saddles of McCulloch's party. The company was organized on the spot, with Jack Hays captain and Henry McCulloch lieutenant, and the young captain led us to the nearest water. We refreshed ourselves with the delicious beef and a good night's rest. We were camped within five miles of the city.

Old wood engraving shows the military Headquarters at San Antonio.

Courtesy Austin McKown



"BEFORE day, Saturday morning, Captain Hays detailed three men, and myself as the fourth, to go in sight of the city before daylight. He took three men with him to make the third attempt to go around the city, and was successful, bringing off with him a Mexican spy as a prisoner. Lieutenant McCulloch watched both roads leading to Seguin and Gonzales. My associates and I remained secreted near the powder-house and before the sun mounted very high into the heavens, a Mexican came out to get a yoke of oxen, feeding near us. As soon as it was at all prudent we captured him and his pony, within 600 yards of the fort, and in plain view. We could see the Mexican cavalry hastily saddling their horses as we passed out of sight with our prisoner. We rode twenty miles in about two hours, and reported to Colonel Caldwell.

"The poor Mexican felt confident we intended to kill him, and on arrival at camp he recognized John W. Smith, and commenced begging for his life. He was soon pacified with the assurance that he was in no danger if he would tell us the truth. Hays and McCulloch both preceded us to Caldwell's camp and as some anxiety was felt for our safety, we were welcomed with many cheers.

"The two captured Mexicans told the same story. These statements, coming from the front and rear of the city, Saturday morning, ten o'clock, revealed to Colonel Caldwell and his men the strength of the enemy. General Woll crossed the Rio Grande with 1,300 men, and picked up afterwards 300 'Greasers' and Indians. Our entire force, ordered into line, numbered 202 men; General Woll's Mexican force was 1,600.

"Saturday night we marched to the Salado, and camped near midnight within six miles of San Antonio. Here we had much the advantage in the ground, if attacked, and during the night a council of war was held. The council decided that it would not be prudent to attack the enemy in his fortifications; but if he could be decoyed out to our chosen ground, we could tie our horses back in the timber out of range of his guns, and from behind the natural embankment make a successful battle, although the enemy outnumbered us eight to one.

"Sunday morning about sunrise, Captain Hays and Lieutenant McCulloch were placed in charge of thirty-eight men, to approach San Antonio and lead the enemy out. Out of 202 horses only 38 were found fit for the expedition by a committee appointed to examine them. My untrained, borrowed horse and his rider were selected to go on the trip.

"We reached a point a half-mile from the city, between nine and ten o'clock Sunday morning. This was about the hour that I had for so many years been accustomed to repair to the house of God, and my position in such striking contrast, gave me some anxiety. Captain Hays and Lieutenant McCulloch, attended with six men, left us with orders to be ready for any emergency.

"They went down close to the Alamo and bantered the enemy for a fight, supposing that forty or fifty mounted men would be sent out, whom our captain intended to engage in battle. Contrary to this expectation, four or five hundred cavalry turned out in hot pursuit. Hays soon approached with the command, 'Mount!'

"We moved off briskly through the timber, and as the Mexicans went around an open way, we were about a half mile ahead, when we reached the prairie. They had fifty American horses, in fine condition, captured from the citizens and members of the court, and our horses were considerably worn with the labor of the past seven days. During the first four miles we kept out of their reach without much difficulty. Two miles lay stretched between us and our camp, and soon Lieutenant McCulloch, in charge of the rear guard, pressed close on our heels.

"Hats, blankets, and overcoats were scattered along our track. No time then to pick anything up. The race was an earnest one; the Mexicans, toward the last, began to fire at our rear guard, doing no damage. We reached the camp, and when formed into line, every man was present, unhurt.

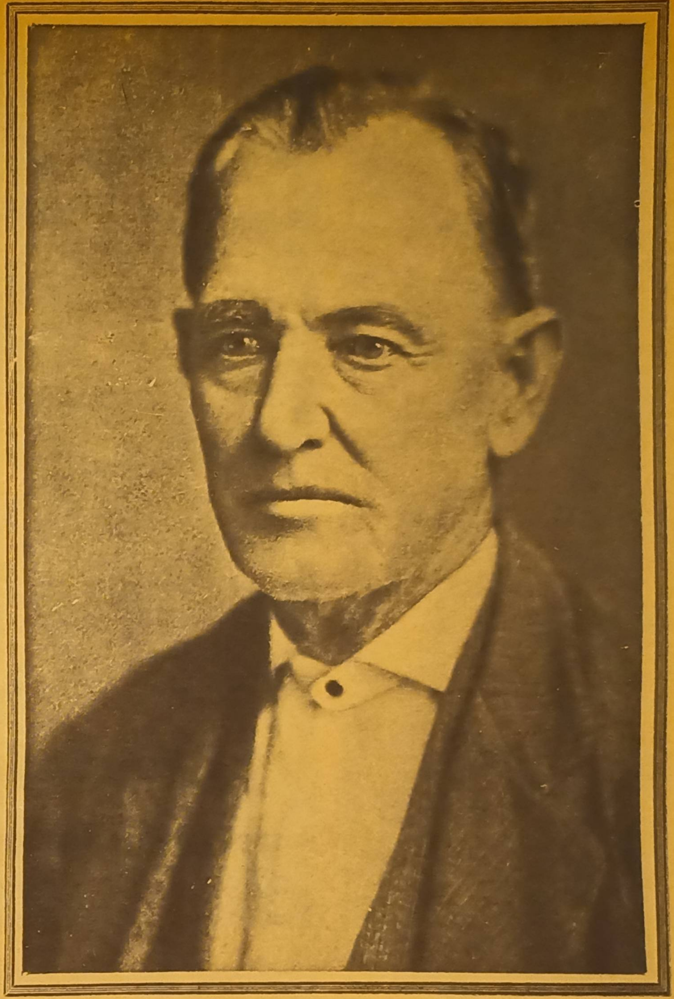
"The cavalry that had pursued us passed round to our rear on the prairie. About a half hour intervened, during which time we refreshed ourselves and horses with water. Captain Jack Hays, five feet ten inches high, weighing 160 pounds, his black eyes flashing decision and character, and crowned with beautiful jet-black hair, was soon mounted on his dark bay war-horse and on the warpath.

"Under our chosen leader, we sallied out and skirmished with the enemy at long range, killing a number of Mexicans, and getting two of our men severely wounded. In a short time they retired, and we fell back to the main command.

"BETWEEN two and three o'clock in the evening, General Woll appeared with all his infantry, cavalry and artillery spread out on the prairie in our rear, and between us and our homes. As we stood in line under the brow of the hill, the brave Caldwell informed us that he could never surrender to General Woll; that he had just returned from the Santa Fe Expedition, and that it would be certain death to be taken in arms the second time. He urged us to make up our minds to fight it out, and even if it required a hand-to-hand combat, the white flag would not be raised.

"Closing this earnest address, he invited me to make a speech to the men. As well as my memory serves me, I spoke as follows: 'Gentlemen, we are going into battle against fearful odds—eight to one—and with artillery on the enemy's side. The artillery can't hurt us under this bank. We have nothing to fear so long as we can prevent them from coming to a hand-to-hand fight. Keep cool; let us not shoot as they advance till we can see the whites of their eyes, and be sure to shoot every man that has an officer's hat or sword. This will prevent them from coming into close quarters. Let us shoot low, and my impression, before God, is that we shall win this fight.'

"Just at this time the cannon fired, and the great shot struck the top of the trees. The Mexicans now advanced upon us under a splendid puff of music, the ornaments, guns, spears and swords glistening in plain view. Captain Hays' attention, as they drew near, was directed to the fact that they were intending to flank us above, and pour a raking fire down our line.



Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library

General Henry E. McCulloch in 1875. He came to Texas in 1835. Veteran of the Mexican Wars, an Indian fighter, Texas Ranger, and Brigadier General in Confederate Army.

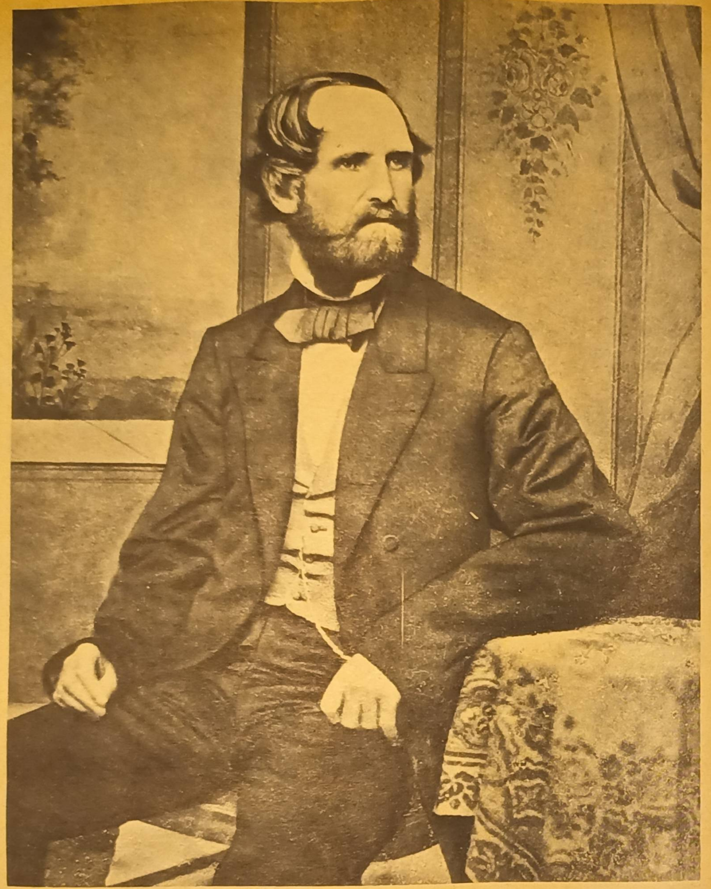
"Accordingly, ten men, with double-barrel shotguns, were detached and stationed above to prevent it. Some of the Mexican cavalry were within thirty feet of us before a gun was fired. At the first fire the whole of them fell to the ground. My first impression was that they were all killed. Soon, however, all that were able rose to their feet, but showed no disposition to advance further upon our line. Not a sword or officer's hat made its appearance after we had been fighting five minutes.

"The ground on which we stood was of such character that we could step back two or three paces and stand up straight to load our guns. The battle lasted but a little while. General Woll was at his cannon on top of the hill, looking on; his artillery was of no use, being in the rear of his infantry, and our men sheltered by the embankment. He could see his men falling while the Texans were out of sight. The horn sounded a retreat, and the Mexicans ran away in great confusion. It was with great difficulty that the Texans were prevented from pursuing.

"As the firing ceased along our line, the roar of artillery and rifles was heard in the rear of the Mexican army. We understood at once that the engagement was with reinforcements making their way to relieve us. By the time we were up and ready to go to their assistance the firing ceased, and we knew that the Mexicans were successful.

"Captain Dawson from LaGrange, on the reception of Colonel Caldwell's dispatch, raised a company of fifty-two men, including himself, and came up in time to hear our guns in the fight just described. The Mexicans, being between us, discovered him on the open field and surrounded him. He rallied his men in a grove of mesquite bushes, and fought with such desperation that the Mexicans withdrew from the range of his guns and turned the artillery upon him.

"As there was no chance to escape and no chance to do the enemy damage, under the murderous fire of the cannon he raised a white flag. The men threw down their guns and for awhile the Mexicans



Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library

General Ben McCulloch. Came to Texas from Dyersburg, Tennessee in 1835. Veteran Mexican Wars; commanded "Twin Sisters" at Battle of San Jacinto. Indian fighter and Captain of Texas Rangers. Major in U. S. Army in Mexican War. Representative in Texas Congress; U. S. Marshal, Coast District of Texas for seven years. Brigadier General in Confederate Army, killed in action at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, March 7, 1862.

disregarded the surrender, and continued to send the missiles of death. Captain Dawson was cut down with the flag in his hand. When the firing had ceased, thirty-five Texans out of fifty-two lay dead on the field; fifteen were spared and held as prisoners; two made their escape. My eldest son was one of the prisoners. This little body of men punished the Mexicans severely with small arms, before the artillery was turned upon them.

“GENERAL WOLL reassembled his forces about one hour by sun, and standing on his cannon where it was first planted, in plain view and in our hearing, made a glowing speech to his men. The hurrahs from the Mexican army were mournful to our ears. We believed then, what we afterwards found to be true, that our friends and relatives from the Colorado were the sufferers. We could not reach him with our guns, and it would not do to expose ourselves on the prairie.

“The Mexicans moved off toward San Antonio about sunset, and spent the night carrying in and burying their dead in the city. A large number were killed, the exact estimate it was impossible for us to make. Caldwell lost only one man killed; no prisoners; three wounded.

“The night was passed upon the battleground, a dark, anxious night for me. I learned that my son, A. H. Morrell, was in the company defeated the evening before in our hearing. Was he dead? Was he a prisoner in the hands of our cruel oppressors? were questions that revolved through my mind all night long.

“Three men volunteered to go with me to the ‘Mesquite Battleground,’ and at daylight we were in our saddles. My Colonel and Captain cautioned me to be careful, as the enemy would certainly keep out spies; but with me the time for caution and fear had about passed. At sunrise we were on the fatal spot, searching carefully for the lost son, while two of my colleagues stood guard.

“Thirty-five dead bodies of friends lay scattered and terribly mangled among the little cluster of bushes on the broad prairie. I recognized the body of nearly every one. Here were twelve men, heads of families, their wives widows and their children orphans: and here, too, lay the dead bodies of the promising sons of my neighbors. The body of my son could not be found.

“The place was so horrible that two of the men with me rode away. One remained on guard while I continued my examination. A number of bodies were turned over before I could recognize them at all. Supposing that one of these might be my son, I examined their feet for a scar that he had carried from childhood. By this time I was satisfied that he had either escaped or was among the prisoners. I then drew a pencil from my pocket and took down the names of the dead, so that I might make a correct report to the bereaved.

“THE unfortunate man of Caldwell’s command who was killed on Sunday was buried with the honors of war on Monday. His grave was dug with Bowie knives. During the fight some Indians who came out with the Mexican army approached his horse which had been tied carelessly some distance from the horses of our command. Our comrade left his post, against the order of his Captain, and attempted to save his horse. He killed three of the Indians in the combat, but finally they killed him and carried off the horse. This all occurred in plain view; but we were forbidden to go to his relief, as he had disobeyed orders.

“Tuesday morning our little company of 202 had increased to 500. A messenger from San Antonio announced that the Mexicans had left for the west that morning, carrying their prisoners with them. The question of burying our dead, who fell under Captain Dawson and with him, came up. We had neither axe nor hoe, and finally decided to pursue the retreating enemy, regain if possible the prisoners, and at some future day gather up the bones of our dead and bury them at LaGrange. This was afterwards done, and a monument placed over them.

“Orders were given at once, and preparations made to pursue the retreating enemy. The Honorable Judge Hemphill accompanied me to San Antonio to look for news from my boy, while the main army crossed the river above and went directly in pursuit of General Woll. We visited Mrs. Jakes and the English minister’s wife, Mrs. Elliot, who had a list of the prisoners’ names. My son, A. H. Morrell, was certainly among them.

“The Mexicans had robbed them of their clothing; my son, on his arrival in San Antonio, was in his shirt-sleeves. Mrs. Elliot took a green blanket-coat off of her son and put it on mine. This coat, he afterwards said, was the means of saving his life. My son was reported by these ladies as carrying a wound from a lance in the engagement, though not serious. After he surrendered, two Mexicans pursued him with lances. As a lance was hurled at him, he dodged it, but as it passed it glanced his left arm near the shoulder. He only saved his life by running in this defenseless condition round the horse of the Mexican Colonel, Corasco, who drew his sword and drove his pursurers from him.

“We procured some provisions, what powder and lead our horses could carry with safety, and overtook Colonel Caldwell who was camped on the Medina, some twenty-five miles from the city.

“Wednesday evening, September 21, the Texan army came up with General Woll’s rear guard on the Hondo. Here a trap was laid for us. Our spies were out, right and left of the road and in advance. The rear guard of the Mexicans was in the bottom, in a bend of the creek and concealed. The Mexican general had offered $500 for the head of Captain Hays, and just at this time he came very near losing it. With all his vigilance Hays was here surprised.

Luckey, a noble man, was riding by his side, on a finer looking horse than Hays’, and was shot through the right breast, the ball coming out at the point of the right shoulder. His horse ran about 100 yards, and left his wounded rider on the ground. Captain Hays requested me to go to his relief, as he feared he was killed. Like all other severely wounded men, he at once cried for water. Judge Hemphill fortunately had some at hand, and it was given him. Luckey did not die, as we feared he would, but survived his severe wound and was afterwards a member of the Senate of the Republic.

“BY THIS TIME Colonel Caldwell had formed a line of battle, and as no one would volunteer to take care of Luckey, a man was detailed. A fight was at hand, and every man was aware of it and ready for action. A call was made for volunteers to increase Captain Hays’ company to 100 men, for the purpose of charging the cannon planted on the road 400 yards in front. General Mayfield made a speech for volunteers, but not a man responded. He was a man of ability, and could make a good speech, but his was the ‘voice of a stranger.’

“Colonel Caldwell knew his men, and knew that speeches were not so much in demand as example. He knew that my son was a prisoner in the enemy’s lines before us, and that Z. N. Morrell’s soul was fired as it had never been before. My Colonel requested me to ride down the lines and encourage the men to come out. I galloped to the lower end of the line with my old fur cap in my hand, recognizing and being recognized by almost every man I passed. The feelings of that moment need no description. They could not be described. My dear boy was upon the hill, perhaps in irons, and unless that cannon was charged and silenced, the sad news must be borne to his mother that our Allen was in chains in a Mexican dungeon.

“Halting in a favorable position, so as to be seen and heard by almost the entire command, I waved my fur cap, and spoke about as follows: ‘Boys! You have come out here from one to two hundred miles from home to hunt the elephant. He has been running from you for two days. We have got him in close quarters, just up on that hill. We want forty men to join Hays’ company. With 100 men we can successfully charge and capture the cannon and turn the grapeshot the other way. The old fellow can’t hurl his missiles of death at us more than two or three times before we will stop his breath.’

“Voices began to be heard along the lines, ‘Come on, boys, we will go with him.’ More than the number called for were soon in line and ready for the charge.

“We had the greatest confidence in our chosen leaders, Jack Hays and Henry McCulloch. Both were cool, daring men; neither of them I suppose was over twenty-five years of age. Captain Hays was, by profession, a surveyor. His great courage and deliberation were first discovered while engaged in his profession. Six men, with Hays as their leader, were out surveying a short time previous, when a body of Indians attacked them. The determined young surveyor, with compass in one hand and gun in the other, continued to take his observations, and at the same time fire upon the Indians every time they drew near. The work was not ceased till the line was finished. This incident had much to do in securing his first position as captain.

“Henry McCulloch had always been among the foremost to meet the enemy on former occasions, as cool and daring as our captain, and greatly endeared to the men by his uniform kindness and social qualities. He was not easily roused, but when stirred was powerfully wrought upon, and had not the fear of mortal men before his eyes.

“Under this leadership we faced that cannon, while receiving orders when to discharge our guns and at what point to counter-march, and eagerly awaited the forward command. At length the shrill, clear voice of our Captain sounded down the line, ‘Charge!’

“Away went the company up a gradual ascent in quick time. In a moment the cannon roared but, according to Mexican custom, overshot us. The Texan yell followed the cannon’s thunder, and so excited the Mexican infantry placed in position to pour a fire down our lines that they overshot us. And by the time the artillery hurled its cannister the second time, shotguns and pistols were freely used by the Texans. Every man at the cannon was killed, as the company passed it. How many of the enemy were wounded besides these, we had no means of ascertaining.

“Had the Mexicans charged us along the road we followed and given us the position they occupied, but few would have returned to tell the story; but strange to say, they were so frightened that they entirely overshot us, killing only one horse, and wounding one man. My friend, Arch Gibson, one of my nearest neighbors on the Guadalupe, who was riding on my right, lost his right cheekbone. To prevent him from falling and being trampled to death, I threw my right arm around him, seizing the rein of his bridle with my right, and guiding his horse and mine at the same time, bore him safely to the rear in a speechless condition. His first cry was for water, which was furnished as quickly as possible. He recovered from his wound, and was afterwards doubly my friend.

“Night was now coming on, and the firing ceased. Most of the men were anxious to charge the lines, and reach the prisoners at all hazards. Ben McCulloch, who had acted as captain in other engagements, a gallant and safe leader, but who from some cause did not get into our organization in time to be placed in command, advised after an examination of the enemy’s position that the attack be postponed until morning.

“A sad night to me it was. Will the prisoners be retaken? Or shall they wear out a miserable existence among the rattling chains? God forbid that any minister of the blessed Jesus should ever again be driven to such desperation as I then felt! I was prepared for almost anything as the morning will show.

“DURING the night General Woll moved off in our hearing and at sunrise his drum sounded in my ears about six miles on the prairie beyond. The men were called up early in the morning, knowing that a council of war had been held and that Caldwell was advised to lead his command in pursuit of the enemy. Feeling anxious to overtake the enemy early in the day, lest the coming night might interfere with the capture as on the evening before, I did all I could to assist both Hays and Caldwell to get the men ready.

“General Mayfield, who had made an unsuccessful speech the evening before, called the men around him and commenced a harangue. He told them we were in the enemy’s country, that the Mexicans more than doubled our number, and that General Woll was hourly expecting a large reinforcement. In the midst of these dangers he doubted exceedingly the wisdom of the pursuit. His design evidently was to kill time and discourage the expedition, in the same speech.

“My indignation now passed all bounds, and it would not be too much to say that I was absolutely furious. He had no command, and I had none, so that as private soldiers we were on equal footing. In the midst of his speech

Monument at La Grange, Texas, wherein are interred the remains of 59 martyred Texans —the Dawson Men and the Mier Expedition Men. For an attempted escape from their Mexican captors, the Mier men were forced to draw beans in the execution lottery. Every tenth man was shot. The remains were reinterred here in 1848.

I interrupted him, saying that the time had passed for long speeches and that I, for one, would be better pleased to hasten to the fight and recapture of the prisoner boys.

“I pointed to the baggage wagons and the cannon we had captured the evening before, and urged the pursuit. Seeing that the men were many of them about to waver, and being in perfect sympathy with my cause, the Honorable Judge Hemphill, and others of like spirit, wept at my side. In spite of all that Colonel Caldwell, Captain Hays and others could do, the contest was abandoned.

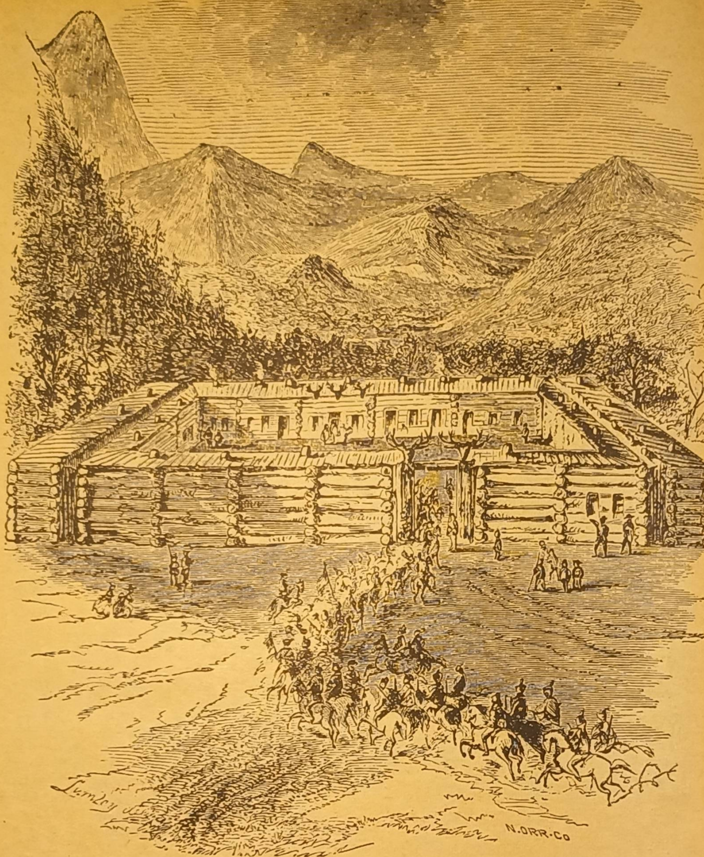
“It required at this time the whole strength of our little army to compete with the enemy and as Mayfield had succeeded in intimidating quite a number of the command, it became necessary to give up the pursuit. General Woll reported to his government that he lost on this campaign 600 men; if so, at the time we allowed him to escape he did not have more than 800 men.

“Five hundred such Texans as ours could easily have killed and captured the whole army. This was certainly one of the most disgraceful affairs that ever occurred in Texas and this, I suppose, is the reason why so little has been said of it in the public print of the country. The poor boys were carried to prison and chains, and we saw not their faces again for two years.

“We now dispersed in small companies and took up the line of march for our respective homes. Gladly would I have hidden myself from my neighbors, if duty would have permitted, rather than rehearse the sad story relative to their dead, and the manner in which they were necessarily left on the mesquite battleground to be devoured by the crow and the wolf.

“Heaven I hope has forgiven me for the animosity I felt toward the man that made that long speech. Twice afterwards he approached me in a friendly manner. The first time was on the return home. I replied to him by laying both hands on my gun, forbidding him to speak another word. This may have been wrong, but I did it. The second time he approached me was on the streets of Brenham, Washington County, Texas, years afterwards.

“God had caused my poor heart, in the meantime, to bow beneath the greatest affliction in life, and I tendered General Mayfield my hand and endeavored to look forgiveness—I did not feel like talking. My wife was in the grave, hastened there prematurely, as I believed, by the grief of two years, in consequence of the chains her eldest child wore in a foreign land. When he questioned me as to my feelings toward him, faithfulness required me to say that there were some wounds made in life that could not with safety be probed, even when they were old—and that this was one of them.”



Old print of a fort on the western border

Courtesy Austin McKown

THERE was a humorous side to the life of the Rangers, as well as a more serious one, and practical jokes were not unknown. An Englishman named Self was camped near San Antonio, a regular John Bull, a great fat fellow, much given to braggadocio and always boasting what he would do if fighting Indians. He played the fiddle finely, and Major Hays on one occasion invited him down to his camp to spend a few days with his men, and asked him to bring his fiddle along. Self accepted the invitation, and after he had been there a few days, entertaining the party with his music, Major Hays thought he would test his courage. He told two or three of the boys to dress themselves like Indians, and presently make a feint of attacking him and Self on the road, who would go out for that purpose.

The Rangers accordingly pulled their shirts off, made black and white stripes on their bodies, rolled themselves in the mud, decorated themselves like Indians, got spears, and started off. Major Hays then invited the Englishman to take a ride with him, and after going a short distance, the Major remarked that he saw sign of Indians, and presently called out, “Here they come now, yelling at us!”

Just then the mock Indians appeared in sight. “Take a pistol and shoot,” said Hays to the Englishman, who was frightened out of his wits, and could only exclaim “Lord! Lord!” before he turned his horse and ran.

The Major accompanied him, exchanging a shot occasionally with the “enemy.” The fat man had his fiddle strapped round him and as he galloped on, it kept banging against him in the most ludicrous manner. They made for the timber, and just as they got into it, one of the boys came up with a wooden lance and thrust it against the Englishman’s back and knocked him off his horse. Self desperately ran for a prickly pear patch, and fell down.

Hays went on to camp, but after awhile, getting uneasy about the old fellow, sent out a man to look after him. Self was still in the thicket, perfectly motionless and he would not say a word. He thought it was the Indians. Hays afterwards went out himself and found him there, a woeful looking object, nearly dead. He had him brought into the camp and attended to.

Self told the most terrible tale about his experience, how when the Indians came to him in the thicket, he played “Indian” on them, and made himself resemble a stump. He made himself out quite a hero, but he was such a coward and so frightened that his hair turned white just after.

When Colonel Hays later went to the Mexican War with his regiment, he took this man Self along as one of his musicians. In coming up from Vera Cruz, Self was always dropping behind the others, being very fond of drink, and one day a band of Mexican robbers came along and took him prisoner. They carried him away five or six miles and, seeing he was a musician, made him play the fiddle unmercifully.

Colonel Hays sent back a company, who took the Mexicans prisoners; but Self went on playing, not knowing he was rescued, until the captain of the company ran up and hit him on the shoulder. Self said they had kept him playing there all night, and as he had heard that music would “soothe the savage breast,” he had kept on, afraid to stop.

On one occasion Hays was out scouting with one of his men, “Alligator” Davis, and they came upon two little bears about the size of big tomcats, some thirty miles from the settlement. They took after them, and the bears ran up a blackjack tree, a kind of oak. Davis propositioned Hays to go up the tree and shake them off, and he would catch one and tie him up, and take him as a present to Mrs. Jacques, an elegant lady who was much admired by the Rangers, and who was fond of pets.

They accordingly took a string off the saddle of one of the horses, and Hays went up the tree and shook it vigorously. Down went one of the bears and Davis caught him in his arms, they having no blanket.

The bear resented this movement and proved a very active opponent; a most extraordinary tussle took place between Davis and the bear, the latter biting and scratching furiously, and Davis doing his best to master him. Hays meanwhile was looking on convulsed with laughter, and every now and then calling out, “Hold on to him, Davis!”

Finally Davis got him down, and Hays gave him a “side swipe” on the head which knocked the breath out of him for a time, and then tied his legs with the string, and put him on to “Bally,” a big-bellied horse with a glass eye. Bally didn’t like the bear, and as they tied him on, looked around with his glass eye, and gave a kind of snort.

Davis said, “Bally, you damned fool, didn’t you ever see a bear before?”

Finally the bear was tied on securely, and Davis mounted the same horse, and Hays mounted his, Bally every now and then looking round and snorting very uneasily. The bear had begun to revive by this time, and as they had neglected to tie his mouth, he presently reached round and bit Bally on the rump.

Bally commenced bucking, and Hays shouted, “Hold on to him, Davis!” but the advice didn’t avail for shortly he went over the horse’s head, and away went Bally and the bear. Hays took after him, but soon lost sight of him, he went so fast, and he got into the track of the wild horses, and neither Bally nor the bear was ever seen again.

THE TEXAS RANGERS were undoubtedly, as a body, the best horsemen, the best shots, and the best fighters on the American Continent. They could run on foot like deer for long distances, and could fight equally as well on foot or on horseback, and in either case could discharge their weapons while going at full speed, and with good effect. On one occasion shortly before annexation, there was a friendly riding contest between the Rangers and the Comanches on the Medina, and the former showed themselves in every way to be as good horsemen as the Indians.

The Rangers proved to be admirably fitted for the service which they undertook to perform, and accomplished it in a manner which entitled them to the highest credit and to the gratitude of the whole country. For their execllent training, courage, skill, aptitude, and success in this perilous service, they were largely indebted to their leader, a man of rare qualities and a natural commander.

Major John Caperton, who has known Hays long and intimately, and who was with him much of the time in Texas and Mexico, regards him as one of the most remarkable men who has ever lived, in the line which he marked out for himself, and in which he accomplished results so satisfactory.

Caperton says of him, “As a hunter, a pathfinder, a scout and Indian fighter, his superior could scarcely be found in America. His powers of endurance were almost unequaled. He could ride for days and nights in succession, could run very long distances, could carry on his surveys for an indefinite time, and such a thing as fatigue seemed to be unknown to him. He was the most tireless man I ever saw. Added to that he was a most industrious man, for instance in attending to all the laborious duties of the camp, getting wood, bringing water, cooking, staking out horses, hobbling horses, and other hard work, which in hot or cold weather is very trying, and not many men would keep it up persistently, day after day, as he did always.

“As an illustration of his power of endurance, I will mention an incident that came under my observation. A party which he was conducting in the western part of Texas, in 1847, came within sight of a herd of buffalo bulls. It often happens that the bulls of the herd are driven out of it, and go off by themselves and become fat. When these bulls were noticed, the company, being in want of meat, decided to camp and send out their best hunters to bring in some. As a matter of course, Colonel Hays, being considered one of the best, went. In the party there was a Delaware Indian named Jack, a famous hunter, and a Mexican named Lorenzo, who was the head guide of the party, and who had been fifteen years with the Comanches, both priding themselves upon their fleetness and endurance, and they asked to go with the Colonel, and were permitted to do so. They prepared themselves accordingly, put on their belts, took their rifles, and girded themselves up for the race, and the three started off on an Indian trot after these buffaloes, which were feeding on a little hillside two or three miles distant.

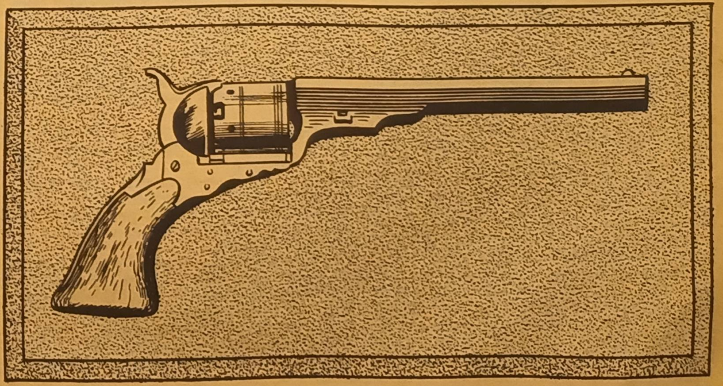
“The ground was covered with a kind of rotten limestone, which made it very difficult for a horse or buffalo to run. Before the hunters reached the herd both the Indian and the Mexican gave out in a run. The Colonel overtook the buffaloes, who started off as he came in sight, and fired at them while he pursued them, loading and firing as he ran, on foot, kept up with them, and killed three, and came into camp, and asked me to go out and bring in the meat on a mule. There were seventy-two persons besides myself who witnessed this feat.

“The most remarkable thing about Colonel Hays was his capacity to control men. The men that he campaigned with, hunted with, surveyed with, and fought with, were the most adventurous and turbulent and unmanageable men probably that could be found, but they yielded passive and complete obedience to him. And he exercised this control over them without being conscious that he did control, by a certain good-natured cheerfulness, without a particle of arrogance or dictatorial bearing, being always ready to lead in everything, however dangerous or disagreeable, and doing more than his share of camp duty. Thus he won the respect and confidence of his men and there was no such thing as any man showing the least insubordination.

“Besides this, he always took the best care of his Rangers. If a man was sick, wounded, or if he gave out in any way or if his horse gave out, Hays was always ready to nurse him, watch him, care for him, and help him—and he did it from the promptings of a kind nature. This won the men to him, and they conceded to him the qualities that belonged to him, as a brave man, a capital hunter, and a splendid strategist in military movements. No one, seeing the quiet, unobstrusive, slight-built man that he is, would suppose that he could have controlled the turbulent spirits about him as he did. But I have seen it, have seen the Indians, Mexicans, and his old Rangers following him day after day, and had never been before. He always ahead, they having entire confidence in their leader, and proud to acknowledge him as such.

“He was empowered with authority by the Republic of Texas to defend the frontier. He was familiarly known as Jack Hays at first, then as Captain Jack

Sketch of Paterson Colt revolver, the “Texas Arm” model of 1836. This five-shot, .40 caliber pistol revolutionized tactical methods in border warfare. Captain Walker was instrumental in arranging with Sam Colt to restyle this weapon and produce the “Walker Colt,” a tremendously effective firearm.



up to 1842, afterwards as Major Jack Hays, and then was made a Colonel at the time of the Mexican War. He was almost always in the saddle with his Rangers, moving from one part of the country to another, attacking the Indians, driving them, and against the Mexicans, until he had established a degree of security in Texas that was felt and appreciated by the settlers there, and which otherwise would not have existed.

"This continued for a number of years, up to the time of the Mexican War in 1846. The line of frontier was all western Texas, along the Colorado, the Rio Grande, and all the streams of Western Texas for several hundred miles; and he defended this frontier with a bravery, endurance, persistence and success that were astonishing and admirable in the highest degree."

THRILLING ESCAPE OF TWO OF HAYS' TEXAS RANGERS

(From Vol. 6, No. 11, Aug., 1929 Frontier Times)

THE FOLLOWING thrilling account of the narrow escape of two of Captain Jack Hays' heroic Texas Rangers from butchery of Comanche Indians was clipped from *The Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News* of October 12, 1897, by A. K. Perry, a cousin of Rufus Perry.

The facts in regard to the interesting incident now to be related were furnished the writer by the old Texas Ranger, Thomas Galbreth. While Mr. Galbreth was not a participant he belonged to Captain Jack Hays' Company at the time and well remembers all the particulars of this frontier episode.

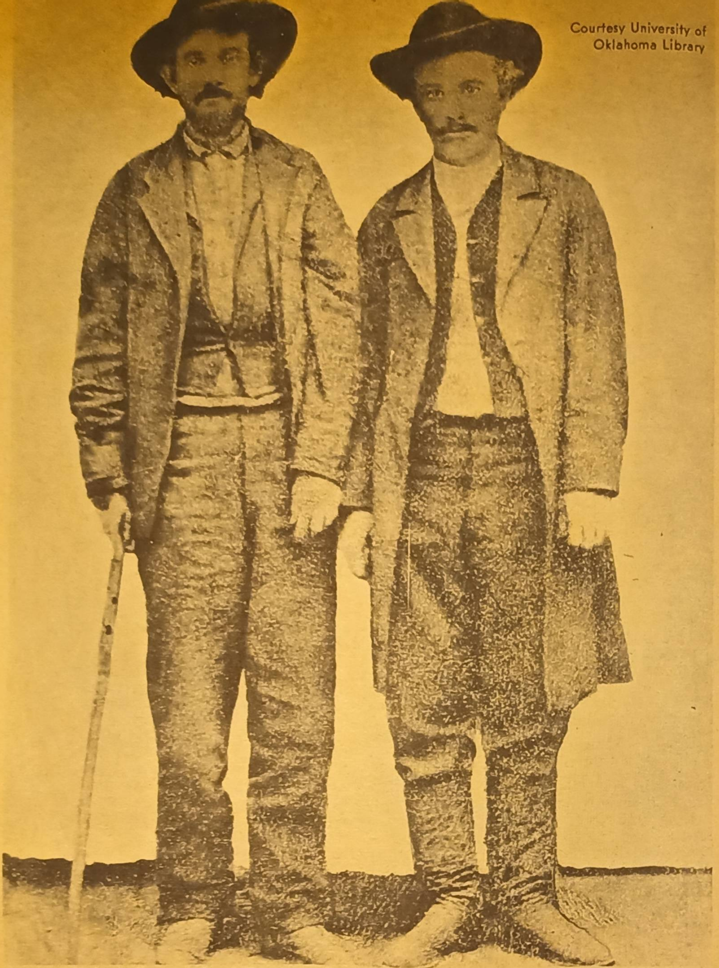
"In August, 1844, about a month after the fight in Nueces Canyon between the Rangers under Hays and the Comanches, Captain Hays sent four of his men back to the canyon to see if there was any sign of Indians there. The men sent on this rather hazardous mission so far from the settlements were Kit Ackland, Rufus Perry and two others. The four Rangers went a westerly course until they arrived at a point in the prairie north of where the town of Uvalde now is, and then turned northwest toward the mouth of Nueces Canyon.

"For some time no signs of Indians were seen except the remains of some of those killed in a previous battle, until they came to what the Rangers called the Three Forks of the Nueces. Here, about noon, after a hard ride, the men dismounted, and unsaddling their horses, put them out to graze while they prepared a meal.

"After dinner Ackland lay down to rest awhile before continuing the scout, and the other two took their horses down to the main river to bathe and cool their horses, leaving their saddles in camp. The camp of the Rangers was close to a deep gully. After they left, Rufe Perry stood guard but his keen vision failed to detect a band of Indians who were concealed nearby intently watching every movement of the scouts.

"As soon as two of them went off, the Indians slipped down the gully, hid from view, and their presence was not suspected until they sent a flight of arrows at Perry, who fell with three wounds, two in the body and one in the face.

"Ackland at once sprang to his feet with his gun, but was instantly struck in three places by bullets and arrows, one of which was in the mouth with an arrow knocking out some of his teeth and badly lacerating the flesh. He, however, did not fall but quickly fired his gun at an Indian's face close by, who had his head above the bank of the ravine. The charge hit the Comanche full in the face and he fell backward.


Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library

Captain Rufe C. Perry, left, of Company D, Texas Rangers, Frontier Battalion, 1874. He is posed with his Indian trailer, Brazil Linscom.

"The other Indians, who now showed themselves and were quite numerous, commenced to charge, but Ackland drew his revolver and fired on them with such deadly effect that they again sought cover. During this close combat the wounded Perry drew his pistol and, although unable to rise, turned on his side so that he could see the Indians, and pouring his shots into them, helped to drive them to cover.

"Ackland now sprang to Perry, and lifting him on his shoulder, started in a run with him to the two bathers. Ackland, although a powerful man physically, was nearly exhausted from loss of blood when he arrived at the place where the other two Rangers were and laid his companion down.

"The other two, who were looked upon as brave men and who had fought Indians before, failed to come to the assistance of their comrades in their terrible need, but sat on their horses and watched the battle at their noonday camp. Their plea was that they thought it was useless to make the attempt against such a large band of Indians, many of whom they could see in the ravine from their position on the river, and knew they would be cut off before reaching their companions.

"They had stripped off their clothing and were in the water when they heard the fight commence at camp, and at once came out and mounted their horses without clothing, ready for flight in case the Indians were too strong for them. By the time Ackland got to the bathers the Indians were yelling loudly and plundering the camp.

"Although the wounded Rangers had pulled the arrows from their bodies they were bleeding profusely and left a trail of blood from their camp to the river. The two unhurt and mounted Rangers said it was no use to stay there, as they could do no good, and started to leave, naked as they were, but Ackland told one of them that if he was not going to stay with them to carry Perry across the river.

"He looked at the wounded man, whose face was covered with blood so that he could hardly open his eyes, and said, 'All right. Take hold of my horse's tail and I will carry you over.' Ackland helped Perry into the water and they were soon all on the opposite side from the Indians.

"Perry then handed one of the bathers his empty pistol and said, 'Load that for me before you leave.'

"The rider took the pistol, but instead of loading it, ascended a tree to see what the Indians were doing and after taking a brief survey, hastily descended, saying, 'The valley is full of Indians and some of them are coming this way.' The two mounted men then set out for San Antonio, saying they could do no good and it was no use for them all to get killed, and that they would go and inform Captain Hays of the situation.

"IT seemed that there was no chance for the two wounded Rangers—left alone on the banks of the clear, beautiful river and a horde of yelling savages on their trail. Under the circumstances some men would have given up in despair and met their fate without an effort or, in the position of Ackland, told his disabled friend goodbye and made his own escape, if possible. But not so with the lion-hearted Kit. He determined to save his friend or die with him.

"They had no chance to defend themselves except with knives. The blood had dried and clotted around Perry's eyes so that he could no longer see, not even his brave friend who was bending over him and endeavoring to again lift him on his shoulder.

" 'What are you going to do now, Kit?' asked the wounded Perry. The loud yelling of the Indians denoted their near presence when this question was asked, but they were on the opposite side of the river tracking Ackland like a hunter would a deer by the blood, and were not yet aware that the Rangers had crossed the river. No doubt the Indians expected every minute to come upon them and have an easy time taking their scalps.

"Ackland was very weak from loss of blood and his mouth was so badly swollen that he could hardly talk, but he managed to tell his friend that he was going to secret him somewhere and then hide himself, as that was the only chance. He succeeded in getting Perry on his shoulder, but staggered to and fro as he went off with him down the river. Ackland was careful in his flight, so as to leave as little sign as possible. The blood had quit flowing from their wounds and their saturated garments clung to their bodies.

"When almost exhausted and almost ready to sink in his tracks, Ackland came to a large drift that covered an acre or more of ground, which had been deposited there during some great rise in the river, and which afforded a good hiding place. Crawling in under the drift, he dragged Perry after him as far as he could go, and then explaining to him what kind of a place it was, said he would go and hide somewhere else, so that if one were found, likely the other would escape.

"It was agreed that if either one recovered sufficiently and was not found by the Indians to set out for San Antonio and bring help for the other. Ackland said he would not be far from the spot where he left Perry.

"The Indians could still be heard and, pressing the hand of his friend, the fearless Kit crawled away and was soon lost to hearing. After getting clear of the drift he covered the trail he made going in and out by throwing leaves and sticks over it, and then hid himself lower down the river. He crawled into a thick place and stretched himself out flat on the ground more dead than alive.

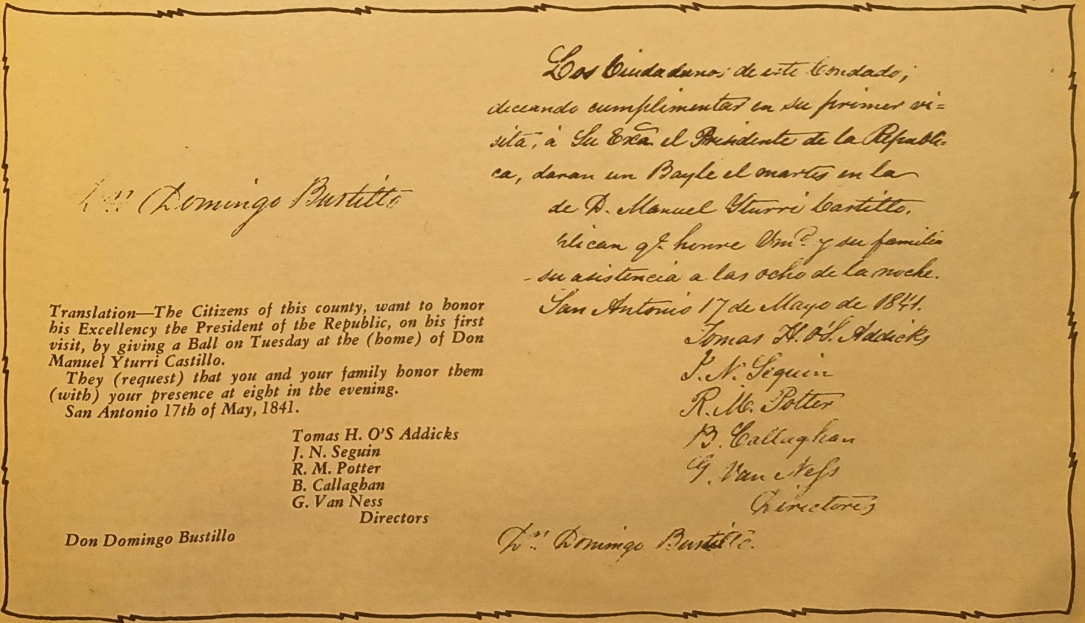
"Perry lay under cover, where he had been left, and listened to the Indians. After a short time he could tell they were closer and that they had crossed the river, and that no doubt they were now on their trail and would soon be there. For some time all was perfectly still, but all at once he was aware of their presence by low talking near him. The Indians had begun to hunt more cautiously, not knowing but what the other two Rangers who were not hurt and who had their guns might also be near. He could also hear the Indians walking over the brush, and finally they got onto the drift under which he lay and walked directly over him. Oh, how he wished for his eyesight and gun and pistol well loaded, but he was helpless and lay still and listened, thinking that each minute would be his last. The drift covered so much ground and had so many openings into which a man could crawl that they failed to find the right one and finally went on down the river.

"PERRY was now uneasy about Ackland, fearing he had not found a good place and would be discovered. He listened intently, expecting each moment to hear the exultant whoop which he knew they would utter if they found him, and his mind was greatly relieved as the minutes passed by and he failed to hear the ominous sound. He knew the savages were anxious to avenge the death of the braves who lay dead up the river, and at least one whose ugly face had been badly mutilated by a rifle ball from Ackland's gun.

"As the evening wore on, Perry suffered much from his wounds and thirst. He could hear the river running nearby and was tempted to risk the Indians' seeing him crawl to it, but still waited and listened. He could tell that night was not yet approaching by the birds'

There's an interesting anecdote connected with the formal ball invitation pictured below. The affair was attended by the young Jack Hays, together with Lieutenant Mike Chevalier and a Mr. John Howard. There was but one dress coat among them and each of the three took turns at wearing it, two having to draw back in a doorway and look on while the other danced.

Courtesy D. R. T. Library at the Alamo,
San Antonio, Texas


Dn. Domingo Bustillo

Los Ciudadanos de este Condado,
deceando cumplimentar en su primer vi-
sita, á Su Exa. el Presidente de la Republi-
ca, daran un Bayle el martes en la
de D. Manuel Yturri Castillo.
Suplican q. honre Vmd. y su familia
su asistencia a las ocho de la noche.
San Antonio 17 de Mayo de 1841.
Tomas H. O'S. Addicks
J. N. Seguin
R. M. Potter
B. Callaghan
G. Van Ness
Directores

Dn. Domingo Bustillo

Translation—The Citizens of this county, want to honor his Excellency the President of the Republic, on his first visit, by giving a Ball on Tuesday at the (home) of Don Manuel Yturri Castillo.

They (request) that you and your family honor them (with) your presence at eight in the evening.

San Antonio 17th of May, 1841.

Tomas H. O'S Addicks
J. N. Seguin
R. M. Potter
B. Callaghan
G. Van Ness
Directors

Don Domingo Bustillo

singing and by their twittering and flying about on the drift over him.

"After almost an age, it seemed to him, everything became still. He could no longer hear the birds and all animal life seemed to be hushed except the hoot of the owl or scream of panther or wildcat, and he determined to crawl to the river. No one who has never experienced such as this can imagine his sufferings or the pleasure he felt while drinking the cold water of this mountain stream after dragging himself over rough stones and logs.

"Here he bathed his head and washed the clotted blood out of his swollen eyes so that he could open them and once more take a survey of the situation. It was indeed night. The dark mountains loomed up on both sides of the canyon and the stars shone bright overhead and cast their reflection in the clear water at his feet. After his hot, fevered head and face had been cooled by frequent applications, and his thirst appeased, he felt stronger and for the first time since the shock of the missiles which struck him that day at noon, he was able to stand on his feet.

"One of the arrows had struck the lower part of the body and paralyzed it up to this time. He now thought of his wounded companion, who, he knew, was not far away, but they dared not signal to each other for fear it would attract the Indians. He feared that when the reaction came upon Ackland after his terrible efforts to save him, the bad wounds he had received would prove fatal to him or render him incapable of making his way back to San Antonio, which was about 100 miles distant. Perry determined to make the effort himself.

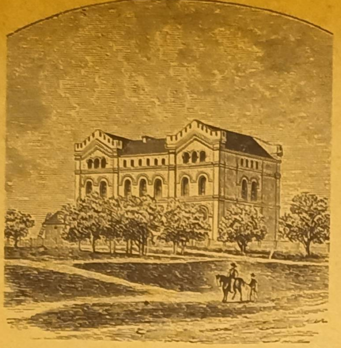
"He was satisfied that Captain Hays would send men back to at least bury their bodies, but as they had left the place where last seen, no one would know where to hunt.

"That night he set out on his slow and almost hopeless journey. We can not describe but can only imagine what he suffered, but suffice to say that in six days and nights with many halts and nothing to eat except berries or any kind of wild fruit which he found on the way, he arrived in San Antonio. The other two had arrived several days sooner in a most deplorable plight, being sunburned and badly worn out by riding so far without saddle or clothing. The deserters had reported Ackland and Perry both killed, as they thought it would be impossible for them to escape.

"Captain Hays at once sent back a scout of trusty Rangers to rescue his two gallant men. if possible and, if not, to bring back their bodies so they could have decent interment. Great excitement prevailed when Perry got in, and another party was detailed to go back and hunt for Ackland.

"Where now was the brave Ackland? All felt a great interest in his fate and men hurriedly made preparations for the trip, but before this second party got ready to start, Ackland himself put in an appearance just two hours behind Perry. He had left his place of concealment and started to San Antonio that night after he could no longer hear the Indians.

"He and Perry started at the same time and evidently were not far apart during the trip. They were in a most horrible condition with their wounds and starvation. With three festering wounds apiece and both their faces lacerated and swollen, even their messmates failed to recognize them. The best medical aid that San Antonio could afford at that time was secured and they were slowly nursed back to health and strength. The room in which they lay while under treatment was just north of where Wolfson's large establishment now is, on the north side of the Main Plaza.


Courtesy Austin McKown

The Land Office of Texas at Austin

"The men who went to look for the unfortunate Rangers did their duty but, of course, did not find them. They went to the battleground and saw plenty of blood on the ground where Perry fell and where Ackland stood over him with the blood streaming from three wounds, and could trace their flight by the blood when Ackland ran with Perry. They could track as well as the Indians, for it is evident they trailed to the drift and lost the trail there only on account of Ackland's skill in covering it.

"Hays was so incensed at one of the scouts that he made him leave the company, even though he was a good Ranger and trailer, and was looked upon as being one of the most daring men Hays had. Years afterward the pistol which Perry gave one of the two men to load was found at the root of the tree where he had dropped it when hastily descending after seeing the Indians coming on the trail of Ackland.

"Kit Ackland had more scars on him than any other man who followed Jack Hays in Texas or in Mexico."

AMONG the persons who were prominent in Texas in 1840, 1841 and 1842 were the following: In San Antonio, which was a Mexican town, there were Mrs. Jacques, her husband and daughter, Mrs. Riddle, James Robinson, Guilbeau, the French consul, Callahan, Nat Lewis, Maverick, and George Van Ness. The Jett brothers were there quite early, and located on the Medina River west of San Antonio, frontiersmen on the extreme border. These two brothers were both in the company of Rangers, and one was killed at the battle of Salado, and the other was murdered on the coast afterwards.

On the Guadalupe River was the small settlement of Seguin; old Ezekiel Smith and his sons were there. At Capote on the same river were Major Erskine and sons; that was the extreme frontier up to 1843.

Among the frontiersmen who joined the Rangers, and more prominent among them or became so afterwards elsewhere, were Major Chevalier, Ben McCulloch, who was second in command to Hays; his brother, Henry McCulloch; Captain Gillespie, who succeeded to the command of the Rangers when Hays went into the Mexican War, and was afterwards killed at the storming of Monterrey; John and Andrew Erskine; Sam Walker, who was famous in the Mexican War, then a Captain in the regular Army, the same who was run through the body by an Indian at the battle of Cista's Creek; Tom Green, who was afterwards famous in the Civil War; Big Foot Wallace, Kit Ackland, Coleman, King, Nat Harbert, Roman, Judge Craner, and Davis S. Terry, afterwards Judge of the California Supreme Court.

The fame of the Rangers extended all over the country, and whenever one of them went east in after years, he was welcomed and entertained in the finest manner. Griffin Jones, Frank Paschal, Joe Minter, a very brave man, Grover Henderson, and John McMullen, an officer in the regiment afterwards, were famous frontiersmen, out in all the battles. King was one of the few people living on the Guadalupe River, a very remarkable character; also Bateman was a man of wealth, who once had a cotton plantation on the Mississippi River but took a fancy to live on the frontier where he could have a great deal of land and stock. He was an oddity, very peculiar, and lived almost like an Indian, only he had a kind of house. He was well known, and his house was a halting place.

He at one time had a lot of wild steers in a corral, and sent his Negroes in to attend to them, and they were frightened at the bull which was enclosed with them, and ran out. He laughed at them and told them he was not afraid of the bull, and he would show them that he wasn't, and how to get the advantage of the animal.

He then went into the corral, and got down on all-fours, and began to imitate the bull; when the bull bellowed, he would bellow, and when the bull pawed, he would paw, and so on. This performance went on for some time, and eventually the bull charged up on Bateman so precipitately that he was unable to resist the attack and was knocked out of the corral to the great amusement of the spectators. He was laid up several months in consequence of this experience.

THE PAINTED ROCKS OF THE CONCHO

(From Vol. 4, No. 10, July, 1927, Frontier Times)

THE Painted Rocks of West Texas are a mystery unsurpassed by any other similar landmark. On the walls of a high rocky cliff, about a quarter of a mile from the Concho River, overlooking this river and the picturesque little town of Paint Rock, the county seat of Concho County, are the peculiarly crude handwritings.

Legends in regard to these inscriptions are many and conflicting. As to their date or meaning, nothing is known definitely. Cattle herders of earlier days found the writings in existence before the country was settled, and it is the general belief that the picture writings were done by Indians and that they tell of the struggles between the Indians and white men when the white men were crowding the Indians and buffalo off the Texas prairies. One tradition is to the effect that near this mountain-like cliff, Indian youths were sent to spend several days of fasting to prove their eligibility for adult tribal membership, and that the writings record the incidents of bravery or suffering that they experienced.

The paintings were made with some indelible mineral that has stood the changes of temperature, rain, wind and hail for over a century, and no one knows how much longer. According to the opinion of a member of the Sioux tribe of Montana, the paint was made of animal fat mixed with clay, thereby rendering it more permanent than the commercial petroleum paints of today. This same Indian maintains that these paintings near Paint Rock were done at least 400 years ago.

On account of the almost perpendicular slant of the cliff, rugged and overgrown with brambles that are the frequent haunts of rattlesnakes, one finds it difficult to reach all of the paintings, or to locate them all when he has reached the top of the mountain. They extend for over 100 yards at the top of the cliff and consist of crude pictures of the bison, horse, turkey, sun, moon, stars and men, in addition to markings that have no meaning to the casual visitor.

One old Indian interpreter claims that certain of the irregular drawings are plots of the country left by one group of Indians for another group, to signify location of watering places and game, with straight marks for the number of miles traveled and the number of men in the group. The sun, moon, stars and corn figures are items of worship, he said, while the pictures of two hands—one white, the other bloody—represent the pure and evil spirits, and a skeleton-like figure on the head represents the devil on warpath and serves as a warning that the evil spirit was angry with the Indians at the time it was painted.

Two circles, one small, the other large, joined together by a straight mark, the large one with a red spot in the center, the other solid red, stood for two men of close companionship, one large in stature, the other small. The larger man was wounded, as indicated by the bloody splotch, and the smaller man was killed, as shown by the solid red circle. Other drawings on the cliff are shields of different tribes that within themselves would make an interesting page in history.

Archaeologists may someday find these writings of great value in tracing the history of the redman on the American Continent. That they meant something epochal and important to the Indians of the Southwest is beyond question.

No effort yet has been made to preserve this mountainside curio, and some of the markings have been partially marred by thoughtless persons.

ONE OF THE most prolonged and persistent battles fought between the Comanche Indians and the Texas Rangers took place at Painted Rock, where Captain Jack Hays, with forty Rangers, fought 600 Comanches two and a half days and defeated them. It was one of the most desperate engagements on the frontier, but no information on the subject has even been published, and as the official report of the fight was destroyed when the state capitol was burned in 1881, it is probable no record of the event could have been secured if Mr. F. M. Harrison, the last survivor of the Texas Rangers who served under Jack Hays, had not related the following preliminary facts and described the battle.

About nine months before the fight at Paint Rock took place, Captain Jack Hays was promoted to the rank of major and placed in command of the Frontier Battalion. that was composed of Captain R. A. Gillespie's and Captain Ben McCulloch's companies. Harrison was a member of Gillespie's company, which was encamped on the Medina River above Castroville in June, 1846, when Major Hays visited Brownsville, immediately after the United States Army was marched from Corpus Christi to that point, with the intention of placing his Rangers under the orders of General Taylor.

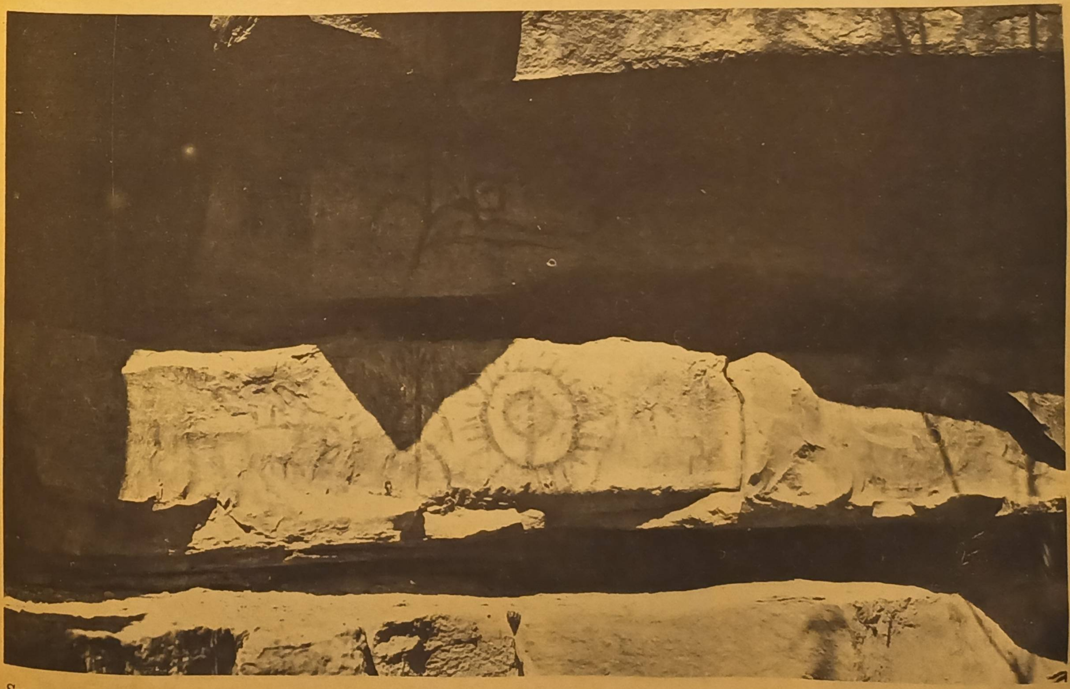
During his absence a large body of Comanche Indians made a predatory incursion into the region west of San Antonio, and a party of scouts reported, the same day he returned, that the Indians had passed a certain point two days before on their way out of the country. Major Hays arrived in camp that night and ordered Captain Gillespie to make preparations to accompany him the next morning with all of his available force. He also notified Placido, a Tonkawa, and Bill Chisom, a Cherokee Indian, two noted trailers, who were perfectly familiar with the country, that he desired their services.

Major Hays rode rapidly from the camp at an early hour the next morning with forty Rangers, and directed his course toward Bandera Pass, a noted historical landmark where Hays and his Rangers fought a desperate battle in 1841 with a large party of Comanche warriors and defeated them. The next point on their route was Enchanted Rock, about eighty miles to the north, which is another landmark of considerable interest, not only as a natural curiosity, but because of the legendary tales associated with it and on account of the fight Hays had with a band of Comanches in 1842, when he was alone in the crater on the summit. It was a fearful experience and he narrowly escaped with his life.

ABOUT 10 o'clock that night, the guides discovered the fresh trail of the

Indian hieroglyphics at Painted Rock

Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library



Comanche raiders a few miles south of Enchanted Rock and the Rangers followed it beyond that point until the trailers decided the Indians were making for a small lake at the base of Painted Rock, situated about eighty miles farther in a northwest direction. Major Hays agreed with them and the trail was abandoned for a shorter and more direct route to the lake, where he hoped to intercept the Indians.

The party rode continuously for twenty-four hours, and arrived at the lake about 1 o'clock at night. After satisfying himself that he had ridden ahead of the raiders Major Hays placed his camp guards, and allowed his men and horses a needed rest. They had traveled nearly 150 miles in about forty-two hours, and were completely exhausted.

About daybreak the pickets announced that the Indians were approaching, and the Rangers made preparations to meet them. The redmen had no suspicion of an enemy being in that vicinity, and were advancing toward the lake in disorder, with the expectation of camping there. They were completely surprised when the Rangers opened fire on them, and the warriors in front retreated a short distance until their entire force could congregate.

But no active movement was made until after daylight, when the chiefs prepared to attack the small body of daring Texans who had intercepted them. They ascertained the exact number of Rangers by examining the trail made by their horses, and expected to overwhelm them in one furious charge.

The Rangers had taken shelter in a thicket of willow trees, where there was considerable underbrush, and where their horses were equally protected. This was on the north margin and near the center of the lake which was 100 yards wide and 300 yards long. At the west end of the lake the precipitous side of Painted Rock rose 100 feet above the water that laved its base, and obstructed an attack from that quarter.

There was perfect order among the Rangers and all were self-possessed when the 600 painted redskins charged them at full speed in a line and circled their position to the towering sides of the rock. The fearful Comanche war-whoops and demoniac yells that filled the air had no more effect upon the little band of Texans than the swarm of arrows that flashed through their ranks when the Indians were closing around them; but they obeyed Major Hays' orders to take good aim, and fired with deadly purpose.

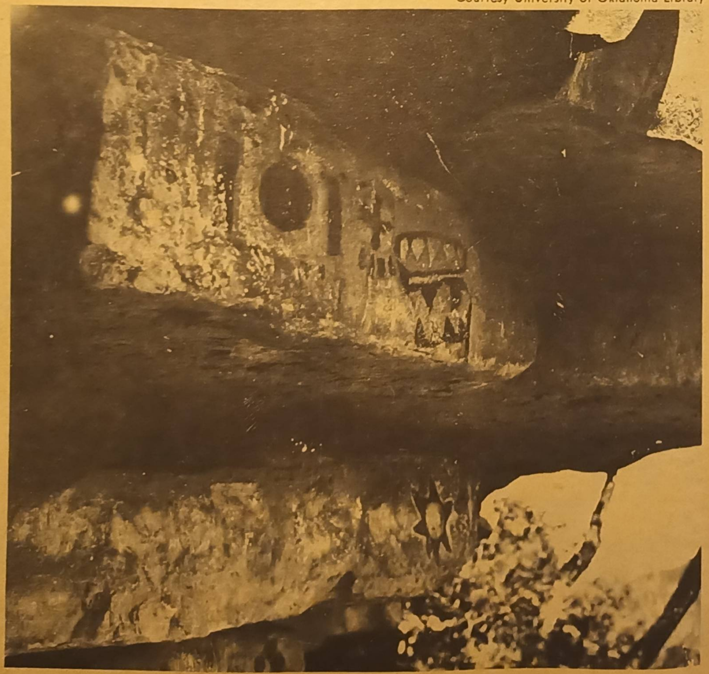
A number of warriors tumbled to the ground when their rifles cracked, which caused the line to fall back precipitately. But after a little delay they again formed and renewed the attack, repeatedly charging at short intervals throughout the day. Sometimes, with lances poised, they rushed forward in a body to within a few yards of the Texans' line, as if they intended to sweep all before them, but they could not face the withering fire of those Rangers, and would retreat in confusion. The Indians fought with determined bravery and recklessly exposed themselves in many charges until night settled over the scene, but none of their efforts was successful.

Mr. Harrison says, "I was a boy then, only sixteen years old, and tried to act as bravely as the more experienced Rangers, but when I saw the long line of painted savages coming toward me in their first charge, I felt the hair rise on my head, and it seemed to me that all the devils from the lower regions had been turned loose upon us; but I braced myself and the panicky feeling passed away. After that I paid no attention to the noise they made."

The Comanches retired into the darkness, leaving their dead on the field, but they continued to alarm the Rangers' camp throughout the night. The whites had fought continuously without food or rest all day and they were completely worn out and nearly famished when the enemy retired; consequently it was a relief when they could supply their necessary wants and recuperate their energies. But Hays and Gillespie were vigilant in watching the enemy and ample detail was stationed to guard the camp.

Hieroglyphic inscriptions on rock wall in Texas

Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library



THE BATTLE that opened early in the morning of the second day continued with short intermission until night, and the courage and endurance of the Rangers was tested to the utmost. They repulsed charge after charge, and several followed in such quick succession that the men scarcely had time to reload their weapons. The Comanches, too, were more reckless, and often forced themselves almost upon the Texans with fearless desperation, as if they had determined to crush them with numbers. But at the critical moment, some of them wavered under the leaden hail that thinned their ranks, and weakness created a panic. The Indians also caused diversion by attacking the Rangers from the south side of the lake and from the top of Paint Rock, which was accessible toward the west, but their arrows did no harm from that distance, though it was not beyond the reach of the Rangers' rifles, which forced them to withdraw after several warriors had fallen.

That night the Comanches again rode to the nearby watering place in small parties, as they had done before, and no doubt they marveled among themselves at the audacity, courage and resources of the small body of white men who had defended themselves successfully two whole days against fifteen times their own number and committed fearful execution among the redskins.

But they knew then that "Captain Yack" (the name Major Hays bore among them) was in command because he had made himself conspicuous at every vulnerable point throughout the fight, and they determined to compass his destruction. The spirits of several hundred Comanche warriors who had been sent to the happy hunting ground through his instrumentality were inciting them to vengeance, and perhaps they gloated over the opportunity of ridding themselves of the man against whom they cherished an implacable hatred on account of the injuries he had inflicted on their tribe. They resolved to prevent his escape by redoubling their efforts.

The Rangers were in an extremely perilous situation that night and Major Hays realized the dangers that confronted him and especially the possibility of being attacked by the whole strength of the Comanche tribe, numbering several thousand warriors. It seemed as if he had invited destruction by penetrating so far beyond the nearest settlement with his small party of fearless men and cutting off a vastly superior body of Indians in the vicinity of their strongholds.

But Hays never hesitated to assume any responsibility, and the courage of his men gave him confidence in their ability to resist any number the enemy might bring against him. He had defended his position forty-eight hours, in which time his Rangers had repulsed the charges without the loss of a man, and he did not doubt but they would continue to do so the next day, though they were then physically exhausted from continual fighting.

Their endurance had been tested to the utmost, but all of them were young men whose energies would be restored by a few hours' rest, and he let them sleep while he and Gillespie again assisted the outposts in guarding the camp or in repulsing small parties of the enemy who made occasional assaults.

The Indians' movements awoke the Rangers early the next morning, and shortly afterward the battle was renewed with more persistency than had been exhibited at any time before. The attackers were led by a war chief who had been urging on the fight, and he exhibited a reckless bravery throughout the battle. He wore on his head the horns of a buffalo, with its heavy tuft of hair in front covering his face. His body was clothed in a long buckskin garment with a heavy fringe on which were many silver ornaments, and it also bore many paintings. He carried a long shield that protected his entire body.

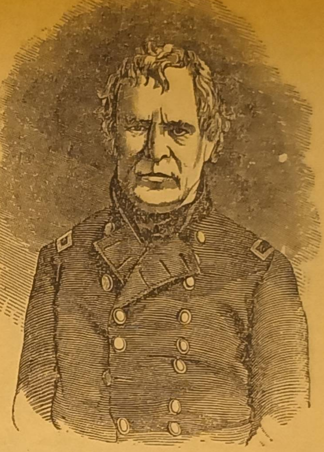
The fighting was all done on the north side, in front of the Rangers' position but from different angles, and the Indians often approached within fifty yards of the thicket. Several fierce charges were made before 10 o'clock in which this war chief was conspicuous, and he was a target for many rifles, but the balls could not penetrate his shield. About that hour he concentrated his entier force in one body and was leading a charge that probably would have overwhelmed the Rangers when he was killed.

He was looking backward to urge on his followers and turned his body half around with his shield in front, consequently his side was exposed. Major Hays instantly took advantage of his carelessness and sent a ball crossways through his body that killed him. When he fell to the ground his warriors rushed forward to recover his body, but the Rangers poured a rapid fire into the mass and forced them to fall back.

One of the Rangers then mounted and ran quickly to the corpse, put a rope around it, and dragged it into camp. The act was performed so quickly the warriors were unable to do anything to prevent it, but they ran forward in large numbers for that purpose. Their daring only exposed them to a destructive fire, and finally the whole number suddenly wheeled and retreated rapidly into a northerly direction until out of sight.

The Rangers could scarcely believe that the Comanches had abandoned the siege, and they mounted their horses to ascertain the truth, but they saw them no more. About a mile from the lake they discovered a herd of fifty horses, with four Indians in charge, who were evidently unaware of the retreat. It was but the work of a few minutes until the four were killed and the herd passed into the Rangers' possession. The horses had been stolen by the Comanches on their raids.

Major Hays was greatly relieved when it was known that the Indians were gone, but he was apprehensive lest they would return with reinforcements, so he hastened his departure, though he would have preferred to remain and graze his horses that had been without food for three days. He knew his men were not in condition to pass through a similar experience, and furthermore, his company was nearly out of provisions and his ammunition was almost exhausted.



General Zachary Taylor, from a contemporary wood engraving

More than 100 Comanche warriors lay dead on the field and, no doubt, as many more were wounded. And it is remarkable that the Comanches only succeeded in wounding one man and they killed one horse. The wounded man was Emory Gibbons, who was hit by an arrow that passed through his left arm below the elbow. Although thousands of arrows were discharged at them, they were the same as harmless because the men and horses were sheltered by the trees and undergrowth where they could not be seen and which the Indians failed to penetrate. Thus protected, the Rangers had a great advantage and the arrows were wasted.

The man who lost his horse was remounted on one of the captured animals, and the company left Painted Rock for their camp on the Medina, which they reached in the course of a few days, completely fagged out and terribly in need of rest.

This was the last engagement Jack Hays had with the Indians in Texas and it is certain the fight was long remembered by the Comanches as one of their hardest battles. Hays went to Austin, where he received a commission to raise a regiment of Rangers to serve under General Taylor, in the Mexican war. This regiment enlisted for six months in July, 1846, and earned a national reputation. The First Regiment of Texas Volunteers was formed under command of Colonel Hays, the old Rangers forming the nucleus of this regiment, which fought all through the war. Seven captains in this regiment were appointed from the Rangers.

There were about 1,300 men in the command. mostly cavalry. On Scott's line Hays' command was increased, and included thirteen companies of rifles and three companies of dragoons, and amounted to nearly a brigade. Hays' rank was that of Colonel. The First Regiment was rather an independent command, not attached to any division. but to the Commander in Chief. It served on both Taylor's and Scott's line.

AFTER the regiment was formed it crossed the Rio Grande and reported to General Taylor, and marched up to Camargo in the direction of Monterrey. While General Taylor was moving along slowly with the main army, the Texas Regiment was employed in scouting through the country in advance. When within seventy-five miles of Monterrey, they discovered that a large force of Mexicans was concentrated at that point, and reported the fact to General Taylor.

Before the main army reached Monterrey, Hays' regiment came in and joined it, and participated in the battle before that place, taking the advantage throughout. In the approach to Monterrey, on the 19th of September, 1846, Captain R. A. Gillespie of the Rangers was selected from the whole command to accompany the Engineers in their reconnaissance, and during the following days his services played a big part in the formation of their plans against the place. Before the attack on the city commenced, a body of Mexican cavalry came out to meet the enemy. There was a mountain on one side, and a cornfield on the other. Hays, seeing them approach, dismounted a large number of his men, and hid them in the cornfield and under the fence, and placed Captain McCulloch with his company in front as a blind.

They were about 600 miles in advance of General Worth and his division when McCulloch feigned a retreat and drew back slowly, followed by the Mexican cavalry, until they got down as far as the cornfield. Then the men concealed there rose within a few feet of them, and charged upon the Mexicans, who were badly surprised; and McCulloch's company charged at the same time, and the onslaught was so sudden and severe that the Mexicans' line was broken and they were thoroughly whipped. So many of them were killed they could not keep up the fight.

Just before this movement Colonel Hays rode up to the commander of the Mexicans, and bowed to him as a challenge to make an attack, and as the officer advanced, Hays shot him with a pistol. General Worth was much pleased with the skill displayed by the Rangers in this engagement, and pronounced it a beautiful maneuver. During the whole Battle of Monterrey the Texas Rangers were active and efficient throughout, leading the advance in Worth's division.

The Bishop's Palace was a terrible stronghold, well fortified, and Colonel Hays was commanded to take it, which he did after a severe struggle. General Worth said the Rangers did more toward securing the victory of the Battle of Monterrey than any other force on the spot. In his estimation Hays' men were the best light troops in the world. An eye-witness of the battle wrote as follows:

"The Texas Rangers are the most desperate set of men in battle that I ever heard of. They charged up to the breastworks, dismounted, and rushed over on foot, with sword in hand. They were each armed with barreled rifles and, as may be supposed. did great execution among the copperskins. Samuel W. Chambers, one of the Rangers, or the 'Delaware Hero,' as they call him, got over the breastworks. obtained a foothold on a thirteen-pounder. and deliberately took aim with his 'five-shooter,' firing with great effect. and cursing the Mexicans. until the piece was taken by General Worth and turned on the city. Chambers escaped without a wound."

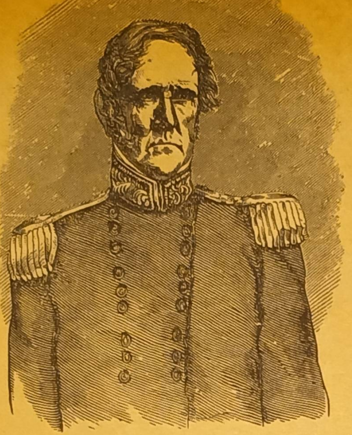
THE RANGERS were the terror of the Mexicans all through the war. When Colonel Hays' Regiment approached the town of China, 100 miles from Matamoros, in August, 1846, they took peaceable possession of the town, there being not the least resistance made, and the people were astonished at the forbearance of their captors, as they expected to be very badly treated. They were feared more than General Taylor and his whole army would have been. One of the Mexicans said they were afraid to fight the Texans, as the only way they could be whipped was to kill them all, for if one was left living or got away, he would be sure to do some serious damage afterwards.

Major General Henderson, in his official report to General Taylor of the Battle of Monterrey, said, "The essential services rendered by the Texas troops upon that occasion cannot be otherwise than a source of exceeding gratification which is greatly heightened by the reflection that the merits of that gallant band are fully appreciated by yourself as well as by the talented and high-spirited officer (General Worth) whose military genius guided their valor and conducted to victory."

In the same report General Henderson pays a high tribute to Captain R. A. Gillespie, who fell at the front, at the capture of Monterrey, as "the brightest ornament of the service, the soul of honor, and the pride of chivalry," and after referring to his services with the Rangers in defending the Texas frontier, he continued, "He was an educated man, a gentleman by nature, quiet in his manners, amiable in temper, just in his dealings, and strictly moral in all his habits. Daring his connection with the present campaign his deportment was such, so marked by a happy union of modesty with bravery, and dignity with obedience, as to win the hearts of all, and constitute him the chief favorite of the army. In the storming of the Bishop's Hill, he was the foremost man, and the first victim upon the ramparts of the foe."

One of the soldiers who entered Hays' Regiment near the beginning of the Mexican War, in 1846, describes his first meeting with that commander, on the banks of the Rio San Fernando, he then being twenty-nine years of age. "As we cast our eyes around a group of men who are sitting around, we tried to single out the celebrated partisan chief, and we were much surprised when we were presented to a delicate looking young man about five feet and eight inches in stature, and told that he was our Colonel. He was dressed very plainly, and wore a thin jacket, with the usual Texas hat, broad-brimmed with a round top, a loose open collar, with a black handkerchief tied negligently around his neck. He has dark brown hair, and large and brilliant hazel eyes which are restless in conversation and speak a language of their own not to be mistaken.

"He has a Roman nose with finely curved nostril, a large mouth, with the corners ending downward, a short upper lip, while the under one projects slightly, indicative of great firmness and determination. He is naturally of a fair complexion, but from long exposure on the frontier, has become dark and weatherbeaten. He has rather a thoughtful and care-worn expression from the constant exercise of his faculties. And his long acquaintance with difficulties and dangers, and the responsibilities of a commander, have given him a habitual frown when his features are in repose. He wears no whiskers, which gives him a still more youthful appearance, and his manners are bland and very prepossessing, from his extreme modesty.


General Winfield Scott, nicknamed "Old Fuss and Feathers," Senior Commander in the Mexican campaigns

"Were an account of the Indian fights, skirmishes, and adventures of Colonel Hays to be given to the world, they would be looked upon as the effusion of a fertile imagination, consisting of legendary tales and the adventures of some fictitious knight-errant, rather than the faithful account of the achievements of a man living and moving among us, and that too comparatively unknown.

"So many were the stories that went the rounds in camp of his perilous expeditions, his wild and daring adventures, and his cool and determined bravery, that when we first saw the man who held such sway over his fellow beings, we were first inclined to believe that we had been deceived. But when we afterwards saw him in the field, we then knew him to be the 'intrepid Hays.' So great is his reputation among the Mexicans, that he is everywhere known as 'Captain Jack.' Notwithstanding his rigid discipline, for his word is law among his men, off duty he is a bland and pleasant companion, and the men familiarly call him Jack, though there is something about the man which prevents one from taking the slightest liberty with him."

ON ONE OCCASION some Indians came into San Antonio to make a treaty. Several chiefs were standing together, and had singled out Hays from several others, and were conversing about him. At last two of them approached, and asked him why it was that he would go out alone, which was frequently the case, and run such risks, without a chance of aid.

"Blue Wing and I," said the chief, Flacco (a celebrated Lipan warrior, and ally of the Texans) pointing to his companion, "no 'fraid to go to hell together; Captain Jack, great brave, no 'fraid to go to hell by himself." The chief meant that Hays was not afraid to go anywhere alone, which was surely a great compliment.

The following is from a sketch of Colonel Hays which appeared in the *New Orleans Delta* in November, 1846: "Modesty is the most remarkable trait of Hays, and it is no uncommon thing to hear other modest men characterized as being 'almost as bashful as Jack Hays.' Indeed, I question whether there is a man in Taylor's army who has so poor an opinion of the merits and services of Hays as he himself. He thinks much and speaks little, and that little always to the purpose. There never lived a commander more idolized by his men, for his word is their law and as they are regular frontiersmen and, of course, notoriously restless under any other restraint, his perfect control of them attracted much curiosity and many inquiries. Their experience with him as a soldier has given them confidence; but his rigid and exact justice to them, his habit of living and faring as roughly as any private in his regiment when on duty, and of treating each comrade in arms as in all respects his equal when not on duty, are probably the reasons why the boys, one and all, are so willing, without a murmur, to live on parched corn, ride seventy or eighty miles without dismounting for five minutes at a time, or to fight Mexicans with pickaxes, when Hays deems either necessary."

Next to Colonel Hays, the most distinguished of the Rangers who took part in the Mexican war were Captain Benjamin McCulloch, afterwards Major and Captain Samuel H. Walker. McCulloch was born in Rutherford County, Tennessee, about 1814. His father fought in General Jackson's wars. The boy left school at about fourteen and was kept hunting much of the time until he was twenty-one. At that time, the bears were so bad that hogs could not be raised, and the settlers depended principally upon bear meat for subsistence. Young McCulloch generally killed as many as eighty bears in the course of a season, and never less than twenty during the winter.

He went to Texas and joined the army under General Houston, was made captain of a gun, and served gallantly at the Battle of San Jacinto, and was afterwards employed on the frontier in locating and surveying lands, and in scouting against Indians and Mexicans, and afterwards joined the Rangers under Hays. He is described at the beginning of the Mexican War as a man of rather delicate frame, about five feet ten inches in height, with light hair and complexion, with features regular and pleasing, though, from long exposure on the frontier, with a weatherbeaten cast; with a quick and bright blue eye, and a mouth of thin compressed lips indicating the cool, calculating, as well as the brave and daring energy of the man. He greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Monterrey, particularly in the capture of the stronghold of that place. On the resumption of hostilities, after the battle of Monterrey, he raised a company, which was mustered into the service and employed by General Taylor for scouting duty, and did most excellent work with his line.

While General Taylor had his headquarters at Agua Nueva, eighteen miles from Saltillo, Major McCulloch was ordered to make a reconnaissance as far as Encarnación, about thirty miles distant to obtain information in regard to the advance of Santa Anna's army. He performed this perilous service with great success. Accompanied by only five or six men, and at times, by only one man, passing the enemy's pickets several times and going close to their lines, at times discovered, and at times not, he obtained the desired information in regard to the strength and movements of the enemy, and after several narrow escapes, got safely back to camp, and reported to General Taylor, who was greatly pleased at the success of this exploit.

The following anecdote is told of McCulloch by one of his officers: "The day after the battle of Buena Vista, I went into Saltillo with him and stopped at the Great Western. I was then Orderly Sergeant of his company, and had on the frock coat I wore when Captain (with the straps, however, taken off). We asked the Great Western for supper. Major McCulloch had not a ball dress on. She told me I could have supper, but as to the other man, she kept no house for teamsters, though he might eat after the gentlemen got through.

I roared and laughed, and the Major was leaving when Colonel May came in and invited him to supper. Major Ben declined, and the Madam asked Colonel May who he was. On learning that he was Major Ben of the Rangers, she ran out and brought him back, gave him supper, charged him nothing, opened a monte bank, and took $18 off him. Next morning I saw Ben adjusting a shawl round her shoulders."

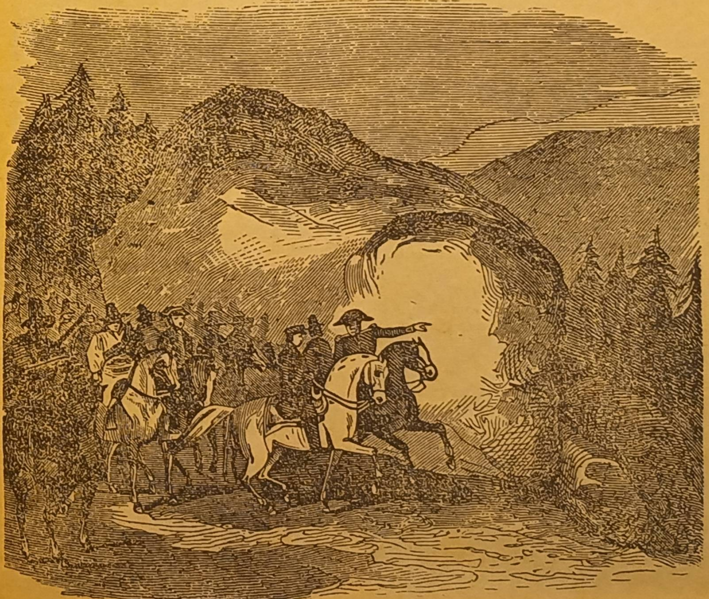
CAPTAIN SAMUEL H. WALKER was born in Maryland in 1817. At the age of nineteen he enlisted with the volunteers for the Creek War, and afterwards went to Florida and served on the Appalachicola River. In January, 1842, he came to Texas, and joined an expedition against the Indians, which recovered two children who had been captured by them. In the spring of the same year he joined the Rangers, and distinguished himself greatly in their movements against the Indians and Mexicans along the frontier. He did gallant service with the other Rangers at the Battle of Monterrey, and his daring bravery at the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma is legendary.

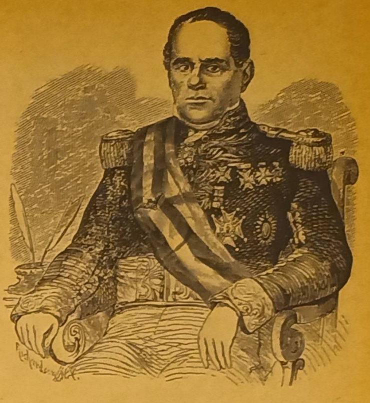
In that extraordinary expedition whose history furnishes the most striking examples of the courage, fortitude, firmness and vigor of the American character which have ever been recorded—the Texas Expedition against Mier—Samuel H. Walker, though but a beardless youth, was one of the last to yield. Endowed with great activity and skill in the use of arms, whether the deadly rifle, the sure revolver, or the irresistible Bowie knife, capable of great endurance against all the dangers, sufferings, and trials of the battle, of captivity, chains, want and starvation—he was a terror to the Mexicans. These qualities enabled him to pass safely through the unparalleled fight of Mier, where 200 Texans kept at bay Ampudia and a large and complete Mexican army of 2,000, slaying five or six hundred, and only surrendering on honorable terms, which were basely violated by the brutal Ampudia. He bore up under the horrible oppression and cruelty of the Mexicans while a prisoner, and sustained the severest visitations of hunger, thirst and destitution in the desert valley of Salado, finally to break through the walls and iron bars of that famous Mexican bastile, the Castle of Perote.

Walker and his companions became lost in the mountains and deserts of the Valley of Salado, and suffered so greatly from hunger that their eyes appeared like auger holes in the head, as Walker said. In this condition they were recaptured by the Mexicans and taken back to Salado, and the bloodthirsty Santa Anna demanded that every tenth man of them should die. The company was marched out to draw the black and white beans, all who drew the black ones to be shot, and this barbarous plan was carried into effect. Walker drew a white bean and was remanded to prison; but he, with eight others, finally escaped from the Mexicans.

Captain Walker was one of the best spies or Rangers on this continent. Colonel Hays and Major McCulloch used to say of him that if they required a man to go into the enemy's camp or approach his lines and pry out his designs, or perform any other acts of great danger requiring coolness and sagacity, they would select Walker in preference to any other man living. He was one of the few who retained his courage and bravery under all circumstances, and in perils the most appalling, he had the qualities of one born to command. Among his brilliant exploits on the Rio Grande, a striking instance of his valor was seen in his cutting his way, with a few gallant companions, through Arista's large army, communicating with Fort Brown, then besieged, and returning to General Taylor with full information of the state of things in the fort and the position of the Mexican army.

General Taylor advancing to Monterrey, as depicted on an old wood engraving of the period




General Santa Anna

Another instance of his boldness and sagacity was seen in the bloody plains of Resaca de la Palma where he unhorsed a Mexican lancer, and chased the retreating foe on the charger of the slain Mexican. Captain Walker was killed in General Lane's command at the battle of Huamantla, while on the march to Puebla. He made a dash into the town with his men, in advance of Lane, and took up his position in a church, when he was shot through the body by a concealed foe, and received a mortal wound.

When the news of his death was made known to the men under command, they burst into tears. His private character was estimable, and his whole appearance and demeanor in life were those of a modest man.

General Lane, in his official report of the battle of Huamantla, thus refers to Captain Walker: "The victory is saddened by the loss of the most chivalrous, noblehearted man that ever graced the profession of arms, Captain Samuel H. Walker of the mounted riflemen. Foremost in the advance, he had routed the enemy, when he fell mortally wounded. In his death the service has met with a loss which cannot be easily repaired."

AFTER the capture of the City of Mexico by the U. S. forces, a correspondent writing from that place, in December, 1847, says: "There arrived here recently the greatest American curiosities that have as yet entered the City of the Aztecs. They were the observed of all observers, and excited as much lively interest as if President Polk and the American Congress had suddenly set themselves down in front of the Palace, to organize a government and laws for the people of this benighted land.

"Crowds of men flocked to see them (however, always keeping at a respectful distance) and women, affrighted, rushed from the balconies into the houses. Perhaps you would like to know who these terrific beings are. Well, they are nothing more or less than Jack Hays and his Texas Rangers, with their old-fashioned maple stock rifles lying across their saddles, the butts of two large pistols sticking out of the holsters, and a pair of Colt's six-shooters belted around their waists, making only fifteen shots to the man. Do you think this was anything to be scared at? There are only 500 men in the regiment, and summing them all up, they have only got 7,500 shots, which it will take them at least from eight to ten minutes to fire into the ranks of an enemy, when they are at a charge. But then they have got a name, and I am beginning to believe there is something in a name. (Note: Colonel Hays said in reality there were 1,000 men in his group at that time.)

"The Mexicans believe them to be a sort of semi-civilized half man, half devil, with a slight mixture of lion and the snapping turtle, and have a more holy horror of them than they have of the evil saint himself. We have several times been asked by some of the inhabitants if the Texans will be allowed to go into the streets without a guard over them. It is really surprising that men with such a reputation should be among the very best disciplined troops in our army, and not disposed to commit outrages or create disturbances in any way. But the natives must not interfere with them, as well illustrated this evening. About an hour ago, some of them were quietly passing through one of the streets, when a crowd of Leperos gathered round them and commenced throwing stones, the result of which was, that in a very few minutes there were several dead Mexicans lying in the streets, and two men badly wounded, taken to the Guard House."

Another eye-witness of the entrance of the Texas Rangers into one of the Mexican cities, gives the following graphic description of the event: "They rode, some sideways, some upright, some by the reverse flank, some faced to the rear, some on horses, some on asses, some on mustangs, some on mules. On they came, rag, tag, and bobtail, pell-mell helter-skelter; the head of one covered with a slouched hat, that of another with a towering cocked hat, a third bareheaded, while twenty others had caps made of the skins of every variety of wild and tame beasts. The dog, the cat, the bear, the coon, the wildcat, and many others, had for this purpose all fallen sacrifice, and each cap had a tail hanging to it, and the very tail too, I am keen to swear, that belonged to the original owner of the hide. I fancy even now that I hear the last request of that same old coon—which was to spare that tail—and this dying injunction was not forgotten. His tail is still where nature placed it, and will there remain.

"A nobler set of fellows than those same Texan tatterdemalions never unsheathed a sword in their country's cause, or offered up their lives on their country's altar. Young, vigorous, kind, generous and brave, they purposely dressed themselves in this garb, to prove to the world at a glance that they were neither regulars nor volunteers, but Texas Rangers, as free and unrestrained as the air they breathe, or the deer in their own native wild woods. Many condemned them on sight, for the world is prone to judge a man by his clothes; but by correct deportment and marked propriety during their stay at this place, they won rapidly the esteem of those who had condemned them in advance. Before they left, they accompanied General Lane to Matamoros, and fought that battle, and as usual came off first best, with the loss of but one man.

"I have described the entrance of Hays' Regiment into this town, and will tell a little of what took place on their arrival in the City of Mexico. Hays' men entered the City of the Aztecs and approached the Halls of the Montezumas, the objects of universal curiosity. The sides of the streets were lined with spectators of every hue and creed, from the Major General of the North American army to the Mexican beggar. Quietly they moved along. Not a word was spoken. They seemed unconscious that they were observed. The trees in their own native forests would have attracted as much attention as they seemed to bestow upon anything around them. They seemed to say, 'We have seen men, and been in cities before.'

"The difference between their entry into the City of Mexico and that which I have described was a mere freak of their own. It is said that a real gentleman is as much at home in one place as in another, in the bear dance and the hoe-down as in the king's palace. In each place they acted their part well. In this it was to play the part of a bull at a fair, to show more courage than conduct. There, as the sequel proves, it was to show both courage and conduct.

"After entering the city they had proceeded some distance without being molested, but the temptation at length became too great for a Mexican to withstand, and one standing on the sidewalk threw a stone at the head of one of the Rangers. As usual with the Mexican, he overshot the mark, and took off the cap of his intended victim, without injuring him. Never was a guilty act more instantly punished. It was the last stone he ever threw for, quicker than thought, a flash was seen, a report was heard, and the offender fell dead. A flash of lightning from the eternal throne could not have called him more speedily to account.

"The Ranger quickly replaced the pistol in his belt, reclaimed his cap, and rode on. Ere long another stone was thrown and another Mexican launched into eternity. During all this time, no noise was heard, no disturbance was perceivable, the column never halted, and the ranks were unbroken.

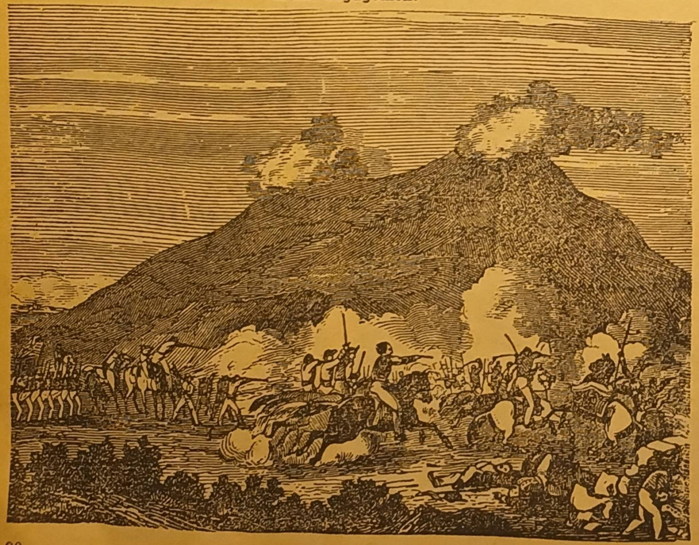
"Information soon reached General Scott that two Mexicans were killed as Hays entered the city. Having exerted himself to repress all disorder and prevent all outrages, the Commanding General was extremely wrathy and dispatched an order for Colonel Hays to appear instantly before him. In five minutes a tall, gentlemanly young man stood before the Commander in Chief of the American Army, and accompanying the word with the proper salute thus addressed him: 'I, sir, am Colonel Hays, Commander of the Texas Rangers, and report myself to you in accordance with an order just received.'

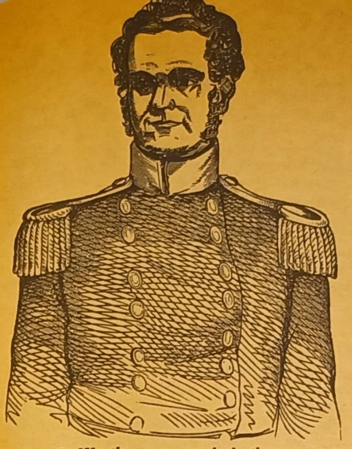
"General Scott replied, 'I have been informed, sir, that since the arrival of your command in this city, two Mexicans have been killed. I hold you responsible, sir, for the acts of your men. I will not be disgraced, nor shall the army of my country be, by such outrages. I require you to say whether my information is correct, and if so, you will render me a satisfactory explanation.'

"'Your information,' replied Colonel Hays, 'is correct, General. The Texas Rangers are not in the habit of being insulted without resenting it. They did kill two Mexicans as I entered the city, and I am willing to be held responsible for it.'

"The manner in which this was said, the whole bearing and deportment of Colonel Hays, was so sincere, frank and manly, that none could have doubted his own belief that his men had done right. The General's wrath began to abate, and asking the Colonel to be seated, he requested a full statement of the facts, and they were accordingly detailed to him."

Cavalry action on the 21st of September. Hays and his Ranger force figured prominently in this engagement





General Worth commanded the assault upon the Bishop's Palace in which Hays' mounted force blazed a pathway for the dismounted regulars.

IT WAS as much an article in the household and political faith of Texans to hate a Mexican as it was with the Carthaginians to yield their whole hearts and minds to the detestation of the Roman name and character. This feature in the character of the Texans had been engrafted upon their nature and constitution, as well, by the long and multifarious struggles in which they had been engaged with the Mexicans, and by the many instances of flagrant perfidy and startling cruelty in which the latter race of people had indulged themselves toward the former. The scenes of the Alamo, Goliad and Mier will ever constitute a dark and repulsive spot upon the pages of Texan memory, and have served to quicken into a lively and consuming flame of indignation the smouldering embers of their hatred, whenever an opportunity for vengeance might present itself.

Colonel Hays' command, which was on Taylor's line during a considerable portion of the Mexican War, was afterwards transferred to Scott's line, and was with him in the City of Mexico for a year or more, under his immediate orders, until peace was declared. Most of the time, Hays operated mainly against the guerrillas in that part of the country, his command then consisting of about 300 men.

During the Mexican War and especially toward its close, the Mexican guerrillas were very active in robbing, murdering and committing depredations of various kinds. Probably a more depraved, unprincipled and unfeeling set of men never banded together, and yet they were destitute of real courage. They distinguished themselves by robbing the poorer class of Mexicans and Indians, even of the smallest articles, putting their *escopetas* to the breasts of women and children, and compelling them to surrender their little possessions, money and personal effects, taking even their shawls and shoes, and performing other equally "gallant" acts.

Generally they were great cowards, attacking an unarmed man or woman, but keeping shy of any considerable number of American troops. Without the quality of warriors, fifty or more of them would lie quietly in their hiding places while a body of eight or ten armed Americans were passing, and never move to attack them; but if, unhappily, *one* was seen wending his way round the mountain road, this valiant fifty would rush upon him with the ferocity of tigers, and after dispatching him, send off in glowing colors an account of the action to the nearest point from whence it was blazoned forth to the world as a great victory!

While the Texas Rangers were in the City of Mexico, these guerrillas, in a quiet way, attempted to get rid of as many of them as possible, and did murder some of them when they found them at *fandangoes* and other places, alone and off their guard. The Rangers discovered this plan to assassinate them, one at a time, and were equal to the occasion.

At once they devised a plan of their own to protect themselves and dispose of their enemies. One or two of them would go to a *fandango*, and after a while would pretend to get very drunk, and would go out and fall down, being watched meanwhile by the assassins who were lurking around, and who would presently come up with a knife to put into the Ranger. As they approached, he would rise and shoot them down, so that the would-be assassins became themselves the victims.

These guerrillas were under the leadership, chiefly of Jaranta and Zenobia, the former a priest of the church, and were recognized and sanctioned by the Government of Mexico. Any Mexican who desired it, could obtain a permit from the Government to place himself at the head of a company of unprincipled men, robbers and picaroons, for the purpose of annoying the enemy, and robbing inoffensive citizens. It was really a system of legalized robbery, a relic of barbarism, and it is one of the worst features in the history of Mexico that its Government should have endeavored to give efficiency to the system.

GUERRILLAS were the terror of the whole Mexican population, and no check was given to their movements until the Rangers appeared among them. They had their women and children away up in the mountains, in secure retreats where they lived, and from whence they sallied forth on their expeditions for plunder, committing all manner of outrages. No regular Mexican force would go after them, and they enjoyed perfect immunity in their lawless life.

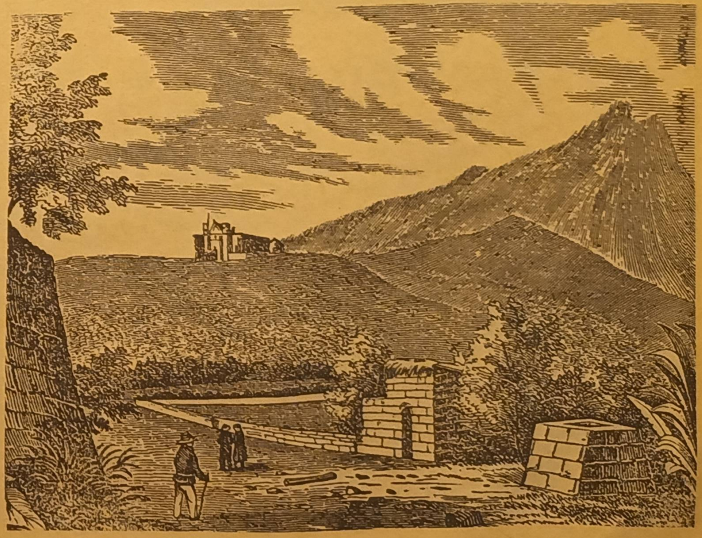
When Colonel Hays approached the City of Mexico with his force, he was a good deal annoyed by these guerrillas attacking his wagontrains, and other petty movements of theirs. He afterward had numerous conflicts with them, and punished them severely. He was especially ordered by General Scott to give his attention to these guerrillas, and did so, actively and efficiently, fighting them whenever he could find them and keeping the roads clear of them.

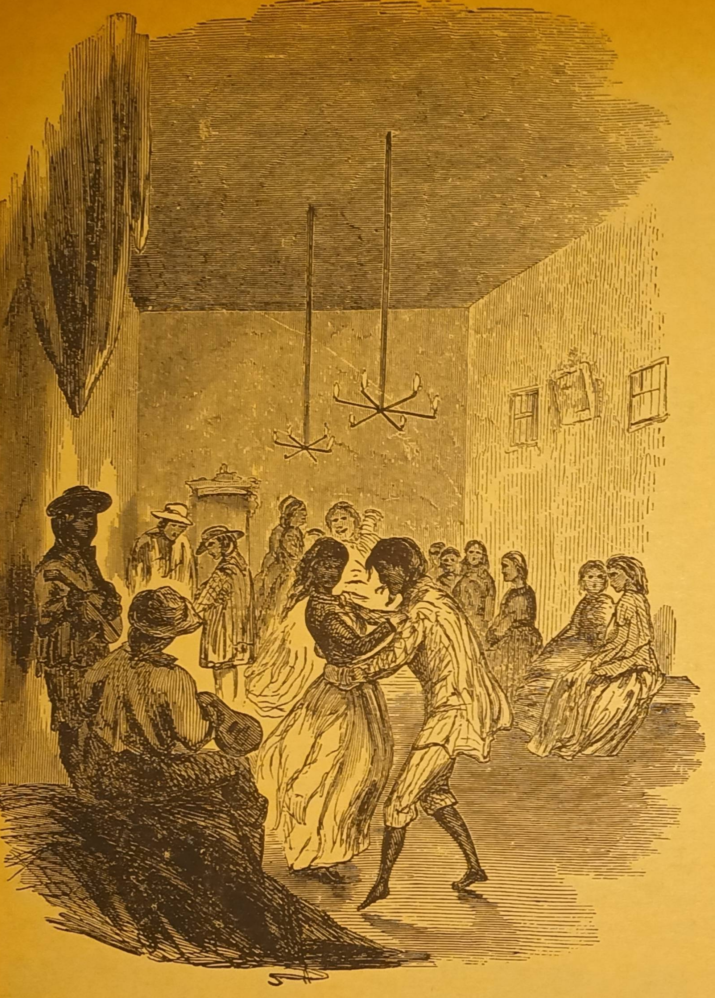
In January, 1848, he started out with a portion of his force in pursuit of them and while stopping at a hacienda at Teotihuacan, about thirty-five miles northeast of the City of Mexico, with about a hundred of the Rangers and a few of the Illinois volunteers, Colonel Hays was nearly surprised by a large force of guerrillas. Some twelve or fifteen hundred men, headed by Jaranta, came suddenly upon the Americans who were resting themselves, having ridden all the night before, their horses all unbridled and unsaddled. The bandits immediately commenced an attack, storming the door of the house.

A sharp conflict ensued, lasting some minutes. Hays kept them at bay at the door and soon placed some of his men on the house from which point they fired with good effect. Eight Mexicans were killed, and not an American killed or wounded. Jaranta was wounded at several points, and fled on his horse, followed by his men. Had not the Rangers been caught napping, so to speak, the Mexicans would have suffered much more severely.

General Lane determined to make a vigorous effort to exterminate these guerrillas, and formed a scouting party of five or six hundred men, including Colonel Hays' command. His plans were to pursue them into the mountains, attack them in their own retreats and strongholds, where they lived with their families and their plunder, and to break

Bishop's Palace. Bloody fighting took place for possession of this strategic height during the siege of Monterrey.





Courtesy Austin McKown

Spanish fandango. Hays and his boys romped at these affairs during brief periods of inaction during the border campaigns.

them up, if possible. General Lane himself accompanied the expedition. He said it was a most remarkable sight to see the Rangers run up the mountains in pursuit of the guerrillas. The ease and rapidity with which they ascended their steep and rocky hillsides, and reached points apparently inaccessible, commanded his hearty admiration.

The expedition proved a great success, for the Rangers reached the outlaws' retreats, destroyed their villages, killed their horses, killed a large number of the robbers, and secured a good many prisoners, breaking them up completely. This one expedition destroyed five of these mountain resorts, and freed that whole section of Mexico from these pests.

General Scott regarded Colonel Hays and his men as invaluable during his stay in the City of Mexico, and in his official reports gave them great credit for their active and efficient services in suppressing the guerrillas that infested that vicinity.

IN AUGUST, 1848, after the close of the Mexican War, Colonel Hays took command of an important expedition, organized for the purpose of marking out and opening a good road for commercial purposes between San Antonio de Bexar and Chihuahua, the object of which was to effect a change of the route of the overland trade to Mexico, and draw the Chihuahua trade into Bexar and also to open a road whereon the Government could move its troops to and from the Rio Grande, and the frontier.

The expedition comprised about seventy-two armed men, being troops furnished by the Government, and a few Mexicans and Indians and private citizens of Texas who desired this road opened for commercial purposes. A portion of the country through which they passed had never been explored, and they had to make their way. The whole distance was about 700 miles.

Up to this time the northern states of Mexico had been supplied mainly from St. Louis, by way of Santa Fe, by means of immense wagon and pack trains; this trade was sometimes known as the Chihuahua trade, and sometimes as the Santa Fe trade. It was believed that a much shorter and less expensive route could be found to supply these Mexican states with such merchandise as they required. By opening a road from San Antonio to Chihuahua, supplies could be furnished from New Orleans and San Antonio, and a trade created in that direction which would supercede the trade from St. Louis. Up to this time there was no knowledge of the country lying west of San Antonio de Bexar beyound a distance of 200 miles.

Colonel Hays had gone as far in his expedition over this country as any white man had gone, but had never got much beyond the Las Moras River, on which stream he had had fights at different times with the Indians. About ten of the men of the expedition were under command of Sam Highsmith of the Government service. Colonel Hays was the commander of the expedition, which had for a guide an old Mexican named Lorenzo. For fifteen years Lorenzo had been a prisoner of the Comanches, and spoke their language as well as he spoke his own. He professed to know the country as far as the Presidio del Norte, the point which the expedition aimed to reach. The party had no wagons, and everything in the way of provisions was transported on pack mules.

The first portion of the trip was over a country well known to Colonel Hays and several others of the party and was very pleasant. The country was lovely, game was abundant, and everything went on to their satisfaction. They were strong enough to have no apprehension of trouble with Indians, except so far as the stealing of horses was concerned. At one point, the Apaches succeeded in getting a few of their animals, but otherwise they were not molested.

After leaving the Las Moras, they entered a country that was new and strange to them. Prior to that, they crossed the Nueces River, where they found, in a beautiful valley, near a fine spring of water, the remains of what had been the commencement of a mission at that place. The Spanish priests had gone there many years before, and got out stones and other materials to build the mission, but they were all destroyed by the Indians before they commenced to erect it, and the materials were left undisturbed on the spot.

After leaving the Las Moras, they entered what was *terra incognita* to the Americans. They crossed streams known to the Spaniards as San Felipe and San Pedro, the latter of which they named the "Devil's River" on account of the rugged country through which it ran. The country had been mapped down from the Spanish maps, but they were not altogether reliable, as the men found during their trip.

They struck a river named on the map as the Puerco, not far from its junction with the Rio Grande, and succeeded in fording it. They afterwards learned that it was really the Pecos River, and they corrected the map accordingly. The Pecos River takes its rise not far from Santa Fe, New Mexico, flows south, and is a very strange river, deep, muddy, sluggish, with no trees upon it, and there are very few points at which it can be crossed by fording. The Mexicans call the Upper Rio Grande the Puerco, because it is a muddy river.

AFTER CROSSING the Pecos, the troubles of the expedition began. Lorenzo, the Mexican guide, who professed to know the country, and where they were going, led them into a great bend of the Rio Grande, and they became lost, the guide confessing that he was mistaken and didn't know where he was. So much more time was consumed in reaching the Rio Grande than they had anticipated, the party became short of provisions. After the guide gave out, responsibility fell upon Colonel Hays, who traveled according to his own ideas, and who displayed the same resolution, energy, courage and skill which had made him famous in other places.

For a considerable while, they were reduced to great misery for want of food, and were compelled to kill several of their horses and mules, and live upon that meat, and whatever they could kill—panthers, polecats, and even snakes, for at times the extremity was very great. They also suffered for want of water, both men and horses. One man, a doctor, became crazy, and wandered away and was lost.

They got into the country of the Apaches, and met a small band of them who directed them which way to go. Hays followed a large trail of theirs which led to the Rio Grande, and succeeded in fording the river, it being low, and got into Mexico. The town of San Carlos was the first place they were able to obtain food. The expeditioners were nearly starved to death when they got there, and the people supplied them with beef, corn, and many other things of which they were in need. The country through which they had traveled was a rough and mountainous country, which the Mexicans called *barancos precipitos*, full of great crevices in the ground that would turn them aside, and it was up and down, around and across, and their progress consequently had been very slow. The country was destitute of game, and very uninviting, though they generally found grazing for the horses, often without water.

From San Carlos, they moved up a distance of about forty miles, and reached the point of their destination, the Presidio del Norte. At that point they recrossed the Rio Grande and stopped at the fort of a man named Leaton, a Rocky Mountain trader who had erected an adobe fort to protect himself against the Indians. This was merely being cautious, for he was a great friend of the Apaches, traded with them, and had great influence over them. He was a remarkable man who had been all his life in the mountains, knew nothing of government or law, was a law to himself. He had his family there, and his servants.

His fort was a considerable enclosure, and he had a small howitzer mounted there. They made him an American flag, and presented it to him with a speech, and he hoisted it with great pride over his fort, and fired off his cannon, and had a great celebration. Hays remained encamped there for a week or two, recruiting animals and getting supplies with which to return home.

The Americans had a quartermaster with them named Ralston, who made purchases through Leaton from the Bishop of Chihuahua who came to that place and furnished them with animals and such provisions as the country would afford.

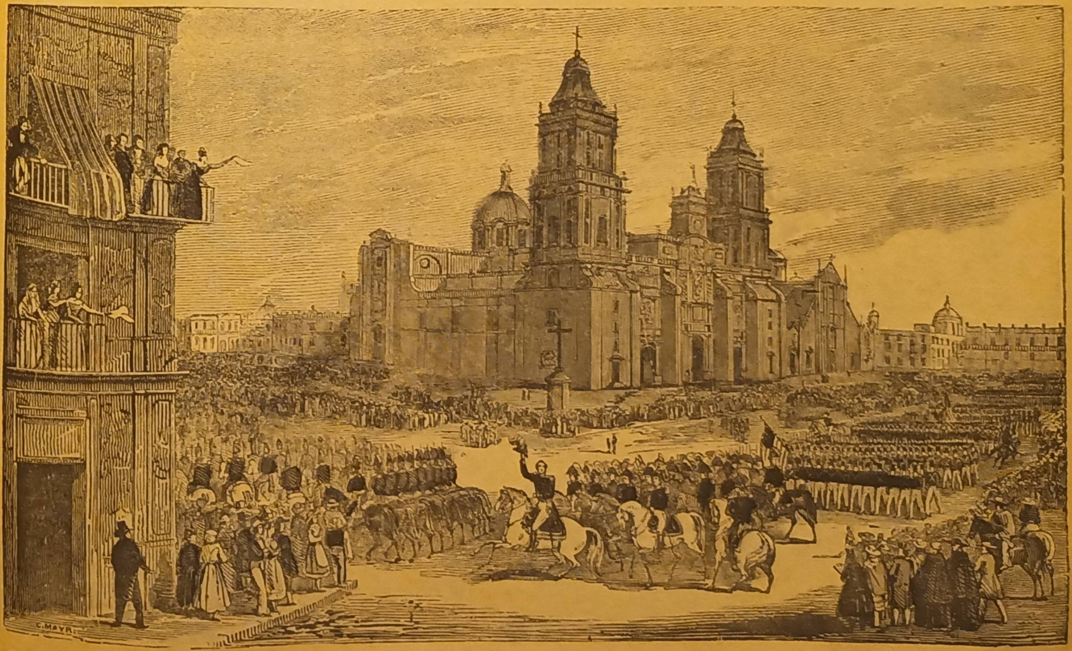
Leaton's Fort was in Texas, opposite the Presidio del Norte. While encamped there the great fighting chief of the Apaches came into their camp, and spent several days with them. He was known in Mexico as the terror of the whole country, and was called Mangas Colorado, or Red Blanket. He was friendly with the party; he fought the Mexicans. He had with him his principal wife, a handsome little Apache squaw, of pure blood.

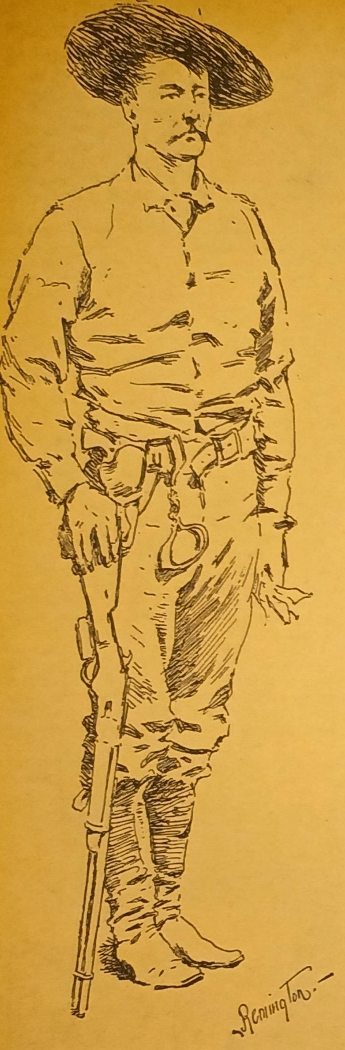
WHEN THE expedition started back, it divided into three parties, being too many in number to stop together at a waterhole. They expected to suffer for want of water on the way. One party bore up toward the Concho River, and they took a more direct easterly route, and a small party, headed by Colonel Hays, consisting of six persons, among them a little son of Leaton whom he was sending along to go to school, and a gentleman named Peacock, bore down in a more southeasterly direction, against the advice of the Indians who accompanied the expedition, and the Mexicans in that country. This little party of six was the last to get into San Antonio, the other two parties arriving before them, and reporting them as, in all probability, dead, thinking they could never get through that country alive. But the indomitable perseverance of Colonel Hays prevailed over every obstacle, and they arrived safe at the last.

The party had suffered for want of food and water, and their animals were very poor. They had traveled through formidable Indian country, but had no apprehensions in regard to them. At one time they met a small party of Comanches who had a boy prisoner with them, whom they rescued, and they also took from the Indians their horses and mules, which were of great assistance to them in getting in.

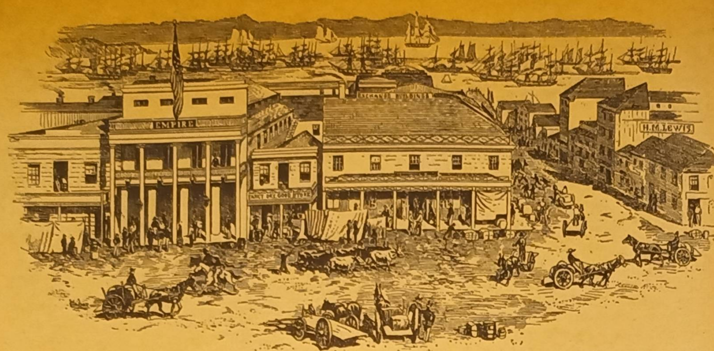
After a time they struck the Las Moras River, at a point where they thought they might have trouble with the Indians, especially as they had an Indian prisoner with them. They built their campfires and slipped away in the night, knowing

Entrance of the American Army into the Capital of Mexico. This old lithographic print shows a parade of neatly uniformed regulars but when the Rangers rode by, they presented a quite different appearance in their motley array of hats, buckskins and firearms.





A Texas Ranger, sketched by Frederic Remington for Harper's Magazine. The holstered Colt Peacemaker and Winchester repeating rifle are of the era succeeding the period of Hays' exploits.



Century Magazine, February 1892.

Corner of the Plaza, San Francisco, during the period Jack Hays served as sheriff of that city

the Indians were around them. Their Indian prisoner disappeared at this point, but whether he escaped or was killed by old Lorenzo they could not tell. Here they killed turkeys and deer, and were well supplied with food.

When they got within about eighty miles of San Antonio they found an encampment of Government soldiers, who supplied them with flour and bacon. There Colonel Hays left the party and went ahead, and the party, traveling slowly, as brought up by Major John Caperton, one of their number. They got back in a very dilapidated condition, so far as clothing and shoes were concerned.

In coming back, the party did not separate until they crossed the Pecos River, at a place called Horsehead Crossing. In going through that country, they saw for the first time a blacktail deer. Even the Indians and Mexicans who were of the party had never seen a deer of this kind before, except old Lorenzo.

The object of the expedition was fully carried out. They were the first party of Americans that ever went over that route, and they opened the way, which has been availed of since, and proved the feasibility of that route of travel. The Government afterwards sent out other exploring parties, who traveled on the trail of this expedition, and posts were set up along the line. A regular route of travel opened through that country, and the current of trade to a great extent changed in its direction. Military encampments were made along this route, mail points established, settlements started at various points, and the road has proved of vast advantage to both countries. No credit was ever given to Colonel Hays or any members of the expedition for what was accomplished by them, though they deserved a great deal. The route to El Paso now goes over a great portion of that country where this expedition first traveled, El Paso being on the Rio Grande above Presidio del Norte.

The doctor who went crazy on account of starvation, and was lost, was last seen by his companions munching a piece of raw mule meat. He was picked up by the Indians, who, finding him insane, took care of him and fed him. They have always a great respect for an insane person. Some months afterwards, it might have been a year, he came into the settlements of Texas, to the great surprise of his wife who had given him up for dead and was on the eve of being married to another man.

IN 1849, one year after the close of the Mexican War, the richness in gold of the hills and valleys of California spread far and wide, and called the adventurous and daring of every land.

When Colonel Hays went to California with Major Caperton, they went over the same route, crossing their old trail at various points, and found the remains of some of their old campfires on the Pecos River. They started to cross the plains in July, 1849, from San Antonio, Texas, with a party of about forty, with pack mules and wagons, and went with the army as far as El Paso. They went down the Gila, then crossed to Fort Yuma.

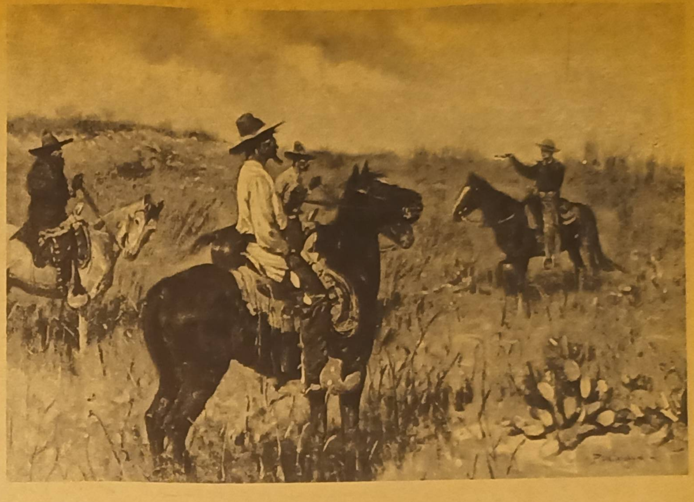
Colonel Van Horn, who was in command of the troops, was also an Indian agent, and they sent for the Apaches to meet them at Ben Moore's Peak, to treat with them. The party camped there to wait for the Indians, and during the evening heard the report of firearms, and afterwards a bugler and supposed they were signals for the Indians to come in. In the morning they ascended the Peak, which commanded an extended view of the country, and saw Indians on all sides, running in every direction, and also a file of men coming into their camp, who proved to be a Mexican force under command of General Elias. They then learned that the firing of the evening before was the noise of an engagement between the Mexicans and the Indians, in which the latter were defeated and some of their captives recovered. It was a very rare thing for the Mexicans to win in a fight with the Indians.

General Elias furnished the party with guides for a new route to Tucson, a route known to the Mexicans as Paso del Pado. On reaching Tucson, most of the party went on, but Colonel Hays remained, with about eight others, on account of the sickness of one of the party. They finally left with one wagon, crossed the desert to the Colorado, and as they did so, saw a large number of dead horses and oxen which had perished for want of water. A great many abandoned wagons and other property had been left by emigrants who could not get through with it.

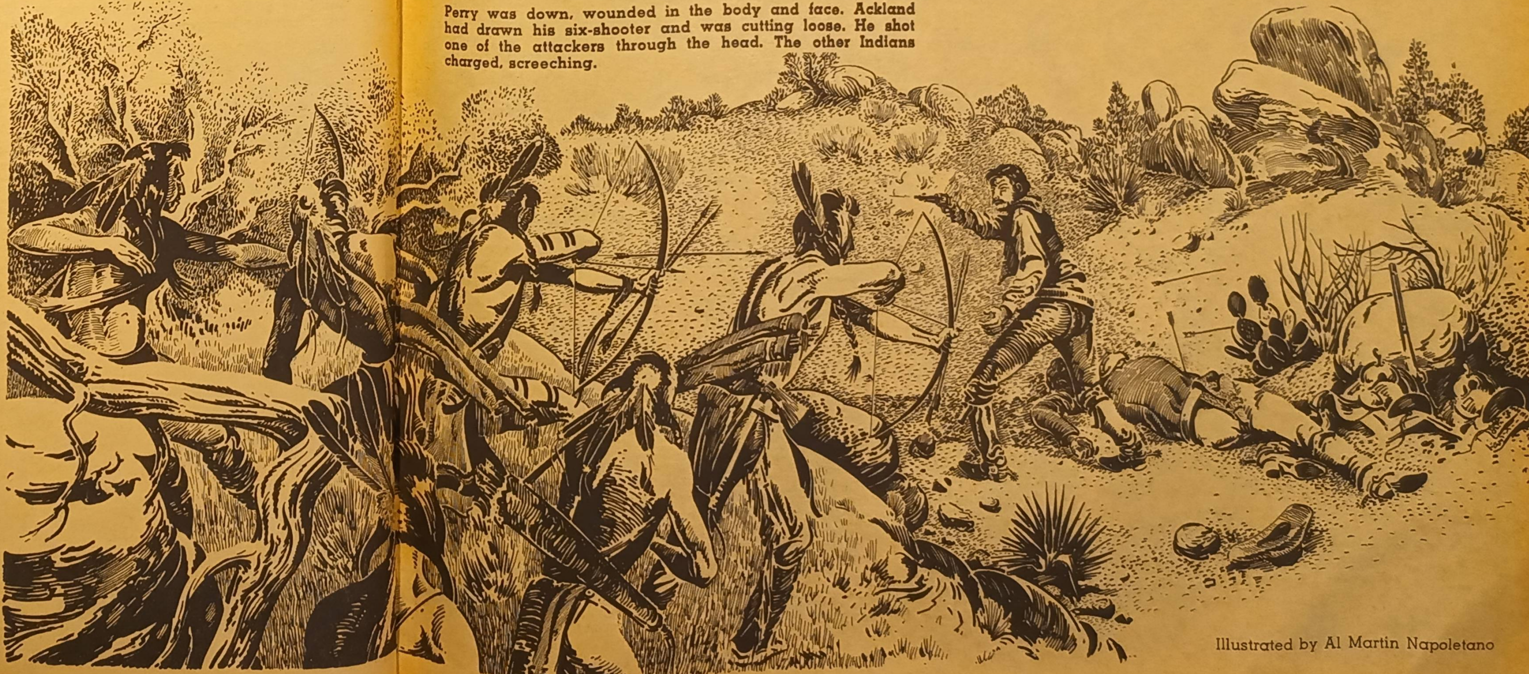
At the Colorado they were so fortunate as to find a portion of the Mexican Boundary Commission, and Colonel Carrasco, a Mexican officer, who had met Colonel Hays many times in battle, and who treated him now like a brother. He had them ferried across the river without charge, a great kindness, as they had no money. They found at the river a great quantity of mesquite beans, cached by the Indians, on which they fed their animals, and they bought a small supply of beans and dried pumpkin from the Indians for themselves. At the New River, as it is called in the desert, they found a little meat the Government had sent out there. They got into San Diego, without provisions and nearly starved, and from that point came up to San Francisco on the brig *Fremont*, fifteen days passage.

Colonel Hays was in the vanguard of the goldseekers, although he never worked at mining in California. The state and city governments were being organized on his arrival, and the People's Party enthusiastically elected the young and heroic Texan the first sheriff of San Francisco, an office he held for four years.

During his term of office the interference of the Vigilante Committee (prompted apparently more by the shocking laxness of the courts of justice than by dissatisfaction with the activities of the Sheriff) was distasteful, but he nevertheless bore himself throughout that trying period in such a manner as to retain the confidence and respect of the better portion of the community. This was demonstrated in the winter of 1851, when the southern portion of the state was in imminent danger from attack by the confederated tribes of Indians. At that time two companies of volunteers were authorized to be raised to reinforce the United States troops, one under the command of John W. Geary, and the other under Captain Daniel Aldrich, while Colonel Hays was named as commander of the battalion. Fortunately the services of the volunteers were not required.



Texas Ranger holding up chaparral bandits. In this excellent illustration, Remington has again depicted the later-day Ranger but the hand weapon is still the favored Colt revolving pistol—as much a symbol of Ranger authority as the badge itself.



Perry was down, wounded in the body and face. Ackland had drawn his six-shooter and was cutting loose. He shot one of the attackers through the head. The other Indians charged, screeching.

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

DURING his encumbency as Sheriff of San Francisco, attention began to be directed to the eastern side of the bay for desirable residence property. The entire region now covered by the City of Oakland and its suburbs of Temescal and Berkeley was then held as a *rancho* by Vincente Peralta under a Spanish grant. The southerly end of the ranch, including the portion south of a line drawn from Lake Merritt to the bay at about Twentieth Street, was covered with a thick growth of live oaks, and was known as the Encinal, or Oak Grove. Along the estuary or San Antonio Creek, Horace W. Carpenter was claiming squatter's rights.

The honest old Mexican, Peralta, saw his estate in danger of being overrun by squatters, and in the loose state of the laws of the times felt himself powerless to contend against intruders and protect his own property. In this extremity a proposition of sale was made to him which he gladly accepted, and conveyed to John C. Hays and certain associates the present site of the city of Oakland.

This was a bona fide bargain and sale, Hays and associates paying a valuable consideration in coin to Peralta for his land, and the conveyance was subsequently recognized by the Government and the courts and through it alone is any title to land in this city now held. Carpenter and his associate squatters were driven on to the marsh or tidelands of the estuary, which they have since been enabled to hold. But Hays and his associates, Caperton, Cameron and Jones, all of whom it is believed were his subordinates in the San Francisco Sheriff's office, obtained in a perfectly honorable and legal manner all of the dry land north of the estuary and south of Lake Merritt now included in the city of Oakland, and all present titles date back through them. Colonel Hays caused the lower or southerly portion to be platted, and it was sold off as city lots, yielding him a handsome return for his venture.

On retiring from the office of Sheriff of San Francisco, Colonel Hays took up his residence on this side of the bay, but was at once appointed United States Surveyor General for California by President Pierce, a position he filled to the satisfaction of all who had any business with the Government Land Department.

Colonel Hays had his last Indian fight in Nevada in 1860. At that time Virginia City was a mining town, and many Texans, Californians, and others had gathered there. The Paiute Indians declared war against the whites and committed many depredations, among others massacring Major Ormsby and his men. At the mines at this time was an old Texas Ranger, Captain Edward Storey, a man of great courage and very popular among the people. He had fought Indians in Texas under Colonel Hays and Henry McCulloch.

Captain Storey at once raised a company, called the Virginia City Rifles, and proceeded against the Indians. Colonel Jack Hays heard of the war which his old comrade, Captain Storey, was engaged in, and came over from California with several companies to help him, and together they attacked the Indians at Pyramid Lake, about twenty-five miles from Virginia City. The Indians were about 1,000 strong and well armed, and flushed with their victory over Major Ormsby and his men. They had the advantage of position in the mountains and more than doubled the number of the whites.

A complete victory was won by Hays and Storey, but at fearful loss, and among the slain was the brave Captain Storey. This was on the 2nd of June, 1860. The dead captain was rolled up in a blanket and conveyed to Virginia City on a pack horse.

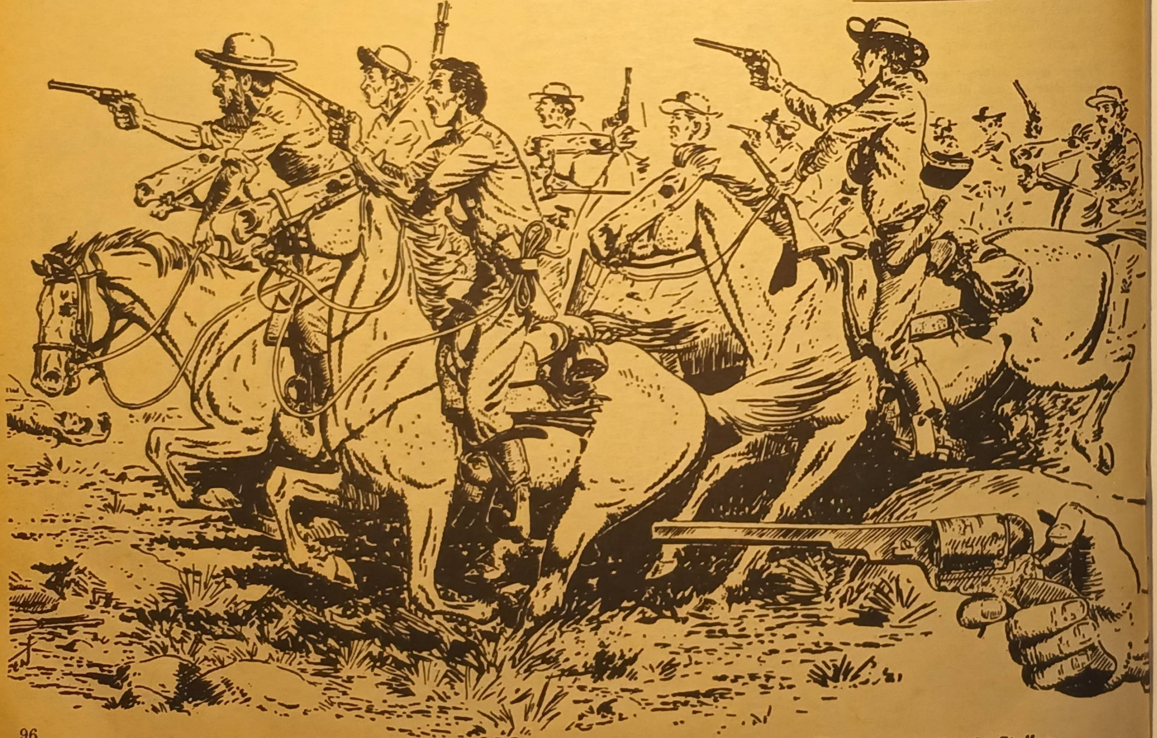
Colonel Hays in later years became very wealthy. He never made Texas his home again, but occasionally came on visits to see old friends and relatives. He died at his home near Piedmont, California, in 1883.

His residence near Piedmont, where he died, is one of the most beautiful of the state. It is located at the base of the verdure-clad hills of the Coast Range, in a quiet nook secluded from the bustle and turmoil of that busy world in which this hero so long maintained a gallant and successful career.

His small daughter, whose recollections of him are as delightful as they are necessarily few, had a favorite game that appeared to please her father as much as it did her—"playing Indian" by stalking and hunting each other among the trees of Fernwood. He took great pride in making a rider of her, having a tiny red velvet saddle made specially.

Other times he would escort her and her little friends to the visiting circus. All the neighboring Indian children would come to town on circus day, and such small dirty unfortunates as could not muster the admission price planted themselves outside the tent. The Colonel would spy them and bargain with the gateman for a blanket entrance fee for all the Indians in sight. His party would be escorted through the gates by a horde of them, sprung apparently from the ground.

Colonel Hays seemed to have caught that liking for Indian ways—and for the redskins themselves—which marks their most successful enemies.



Illustrated by Randy Steffen

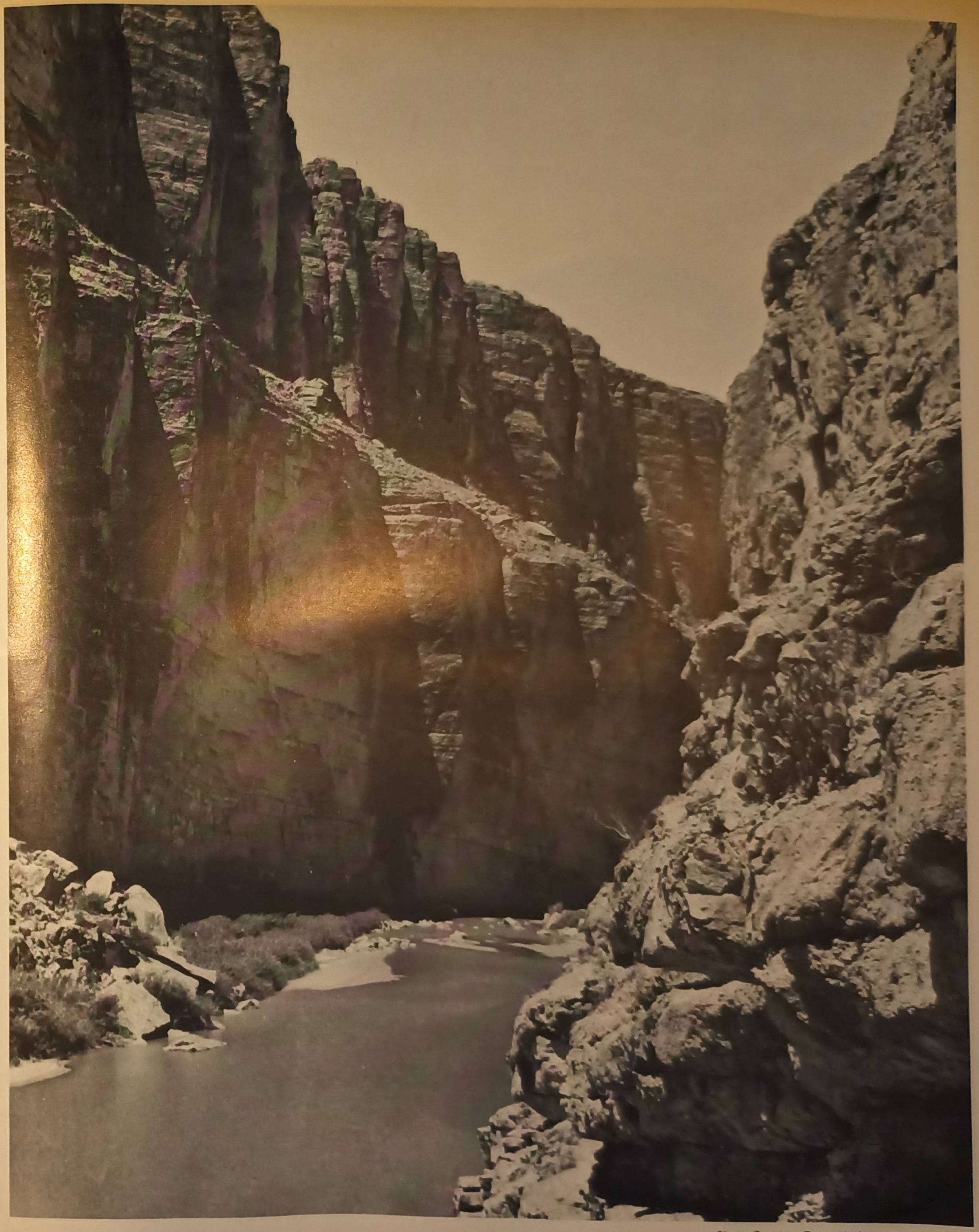


Photo Courtesy Texas Highway Department

Would you recognize this scene as border country . . . as the terrain that figures so significantly in the exploits of Jack Hays and his Rangers? It most certainly is. That's the Rio Grande flowing in the foreground, Mexico on the left and Texas at right. This view of the Santa Elena Canyon in Big Bend National Park conveys well the almost unbelievable ruggedness of part of the territory the Rangers traversed and in which they fought so gallantly throughout the Border Wars.